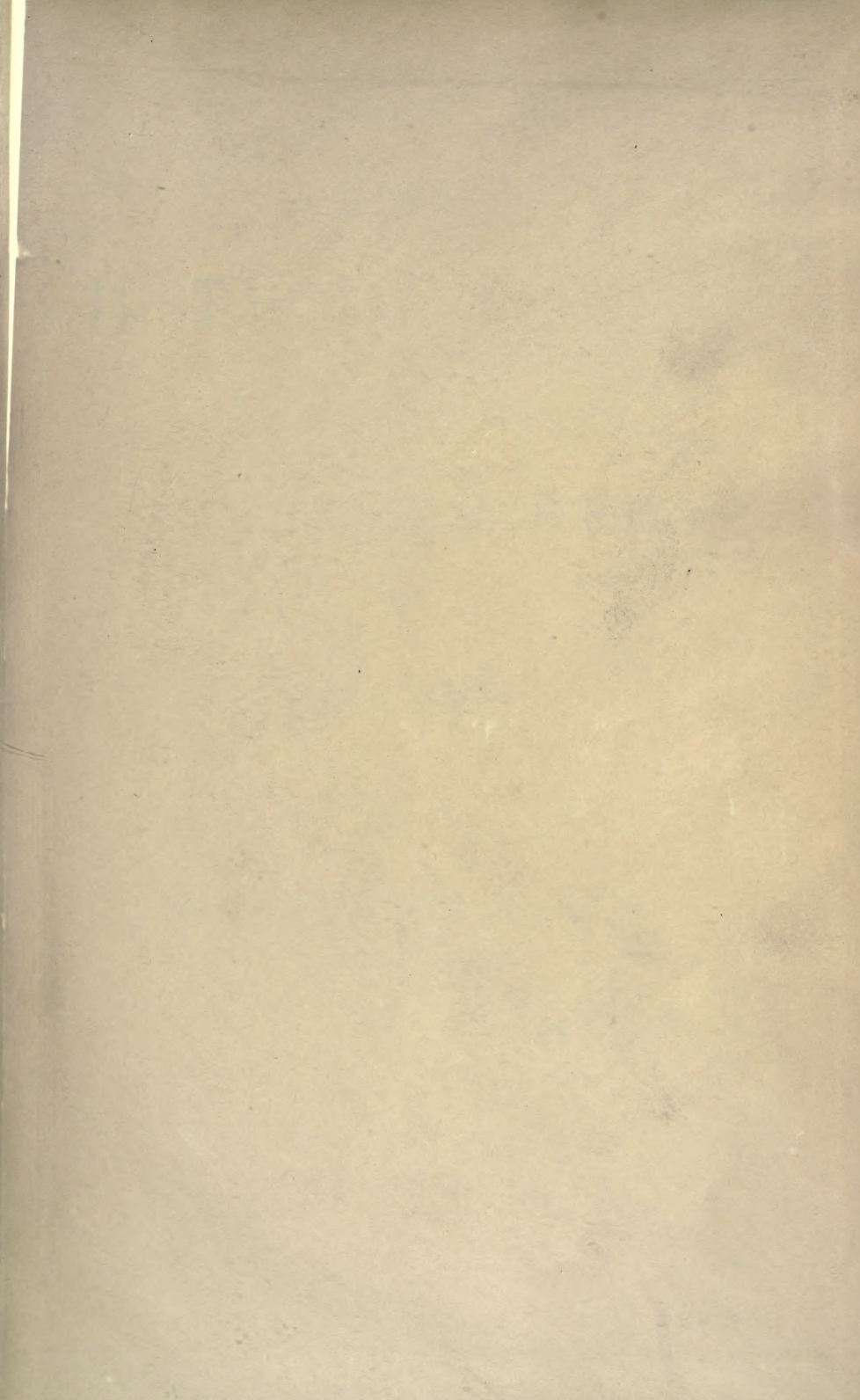



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1900 - 1901 - 1902

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Yours Truly
Thomas H. Burton Jr.

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. I.

THOMAS HART BENTON, JR.

BY T. S. PARVIN, LL.D.



IOWA is not only "beautiful for situation" among her sister States in the Mississippi Valley, the garden spot of the world, but she was very fortunate in the character and enterprise of her *pioneers* (those coming to the Territory prior to its admission into the union in 1846) and her *old settlers*, those of a later day to the year 1857, when her present constitution was adopted, and under which with slight amendments she has continued to grow and prosper in an unprecedented manner.

Robert Lucas, the first Territorial Governor, in his speech to the citizens of Burlington, then the Capital of the Territory, at a banquet given him in the fall of 1838, said of her people, that he "had supposed her (Iowa) population was the same as is generally found in frontier settlements [Iowa was then the frontier settlement in the Union. None of the great States west of the Missouri, originally a part of the great Louisiana purchase of 1803, had even a settlement at that early period], hospitable yet rude." In this, he said, "he was most agreeably disappointed. For intelligence and enterprise and high moral character, he expressed his firm conviction based on actual observation since his arrival [he had but recently re-

turned from an extensive tour through the Territory, the settlements of which were then confined to a strip along the Mississippi river extending back into the interior only about thirty miles] that Iowa Territory would compare with any of the western, aye and some of the eastern, States, too."

This was the testimony of one, himself an early pioneer of Ohio, to which he had emigrated in his youthful days from Virginia. The emigrants of that period were originally citizens of the New England and the Middle States, many of whom, however, had removed to what was then the "far-west," Ohio, Indiana, etc., where they had undergone a transformation, casting off the rigid puritanism of the early emigrants to the Atlantic seaboard and acclimating themselves to the new condition in which they were placed in the opening up of a new country and making for themselves homes, later to be surrounded with the comforts of life. Elsewhere we have spoken in detail of those "Who Made Iowa," and among them gave a prominent place to the early *school teacher*. The science of pedagogy, if known, was not practiced at that early day by the teachers of the schools. All were pay schools, as they were termed, and not free or common as at this day. Iowa had been by Congressional enactment made the heir to the rich inheritance of the Northwestern Territory and the Ordinance of 1787, which declared that "Religion, morality and *knowledge* being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind *schools* and *the means of education* shall be forever encouraged." With this thought prominent in the minds of the pioneers, at the earliest date they commenced the erection of the school house and the church, those great centers of modern civilization and advancement, which were later to culminate in the college and the University, the head of our educational system.

To the better understanding of the work of the early teacher in the cause of education and morality, we may prefix a few statements, outlining the history and the geography of the country. Iowa was the favorite by nature, and the

avored historically of the States carved out of the Louisiana Purchase. The first settlement within its borders was made at Dubuque, by a Frenchman of that name, in 1788. The following year a settlement was made at Montrose, at the head of the lower Des Moines rapids, by another Frenchman, Tesson, by name. The one became the center of the "Dubuque mines," and the other of the "half-breed tract" so famous in the early history of the Territory. Those early settlements, however, soon vanished and others were made succeeding them, between the years 1824 and 1834. In this latter year the aegis of government was thrown around the district known as the "Iowa District" or territory south of Canada, north of Missouri, west of the Mississippi and east of the Missouri, by attaching it to the territory of Michigan, for judicial purposes. In 1836, Wisconsin was separated from Michigan, and organized into a territorial government with the "Iowa District" constituting a part. Prior to this, however, two counties had been organized, those of Dubuque and Des Moines, with Dubuque and Burlington as their county-seats. It is somewhat surprising that prior to these dates, however, and quite coeval with the first settlements, schools were established. the first being in Lee County, taught by Berryman Jennings, October to December, 1830. This was the first school taught in Iowa. Mr. Jennings was a young Kentuckian, studied medicine with his patron Dr. Galland, and later removed to Oregon, where he practiced his profession with distinction. became an enterprising pioneer in that he established the first line of steamships between Portland, Oregon and San Francisco, California, and was the first to navigate the waters of the Columbia River. Of his pupils of that early period two are surviving, Washington Galland, a son of the doctor, who is the oldest living settler of Iowa, entered the service of his country in the War of the Rebellion, and attained the rank of Captain: His associate captain (of the line of steamers) J. W. Campbell, an honored citizen of Ft. Madison. Three years later Dr. Wm. R. Ross, the first post-master of Bur-

lington, built the first school house, a log cabin, within the limits of the present city of Burlington, in which Zadok C. Inghram taught a school in the winter of 1833-34. Mr. Inghram later became clerk of the District Court of Louisa County, and removed to Wapello. In the winter of the same year George Cubbage taught school in Dubuque, in the first church building erected in the new limits, the subscription paper for which is preserved in the Historical Society, at Iowa City, containing a proviso that when not used for religious purposes it might be used as a school house. The same year Mrs. Rebecca Parmer, the first lady school teacher of Iowa, taught a school at Ft. Madison, and raised a family of boys who honored the State in later years as first class business men.

The first classical school taught in Iowa was at Dubuque, in 1838-39, by Col. Thos. Hart Benton, the subject of this sketch. A female Seminary had been organized previously, taught by Mrs. King and her daughter, as teacher of Fench, Miss Louisa C. F. That young lady is the sole survivor of the teachers of the pioneer period; she is the relict of the late Hon. Thos. Hughes, of Iowa City, and has kept up her family reputation by giving to the State University, one of her daughters, bearing the mother's name, who is teacher of Latin in her Alma Mater. Though outside of our date we may here mention that the first *Teachers' Institute* held in Iowa, was in the year 1849, presided over by Dr. Pickard, then an early educator of Wisconsin, later president of S. U. I., now its most beloved citizen and President of the State Historical Society of Iowa, at whose request we prepare this paper.

Iowa had been open to settlement and civilization at the close of the famous Black-Hawk War of 1832. Its population in 1836, while yet a part of Wisconsin, was ten thousand; in 1838, when on the 4th of July, the Territory of Iowa was organized, (of which we are the sole surviving participant), its population was twenty-two thousand; at the date of her

admission into the Union, in 1846, it was only ninety-seven thousand; while ten years later, when the present Constitution was adopted, in 1857, it had risen to the large figure of five hundred and twenty thousand. During these years the growth in enterprise and *educational progress* was quite equal to that of the growth of population.

In the summer of 1838 we first met Col. Benton, then a young man and a young teacher, as stated, at Dubuque; he taught the classics while his assistant Miss King (now Mrs. Hughes) taught the modern languages—this shows that even at that early period Iowa had an eye single to the education of her youth in the advanced studies of polite literature. Of Col. Benton it may truly be said that he was the greatest, if not the first educator of that period. The Constitution of 1846, under which Iowa became a State, created the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. For that office there were two contestants, men of great prominence at that time and in the later periods of Iowa's history,—Hon. Chas. Mason, Chief Justice of the Territory, and Hon. Jas. Harlan, later U. S. Senator and Secretary of the Interior under Lincoln. The Commission was given to Mr. Harlan, but the courts declared the election illegal and Judge Mason succeeded him in the spring of 1847. At the succeeding election in April, 1848, Col. Benton was elected: reëlected he continued to serve until 1854 when he declined reëlection. To him more than to any other one man is Iowa indebted for her present school system of public education; like the pioneer builders of the State, he laid broad and deep the foundation of her educational system, of which, however, Gov. Lucas was really the author in his recommendation for the basis upon which the system should be established, that of the *township organization*. At the first Territorial Legislature in 1838 the school law was passed, of which Dr. Gideon S. Bailey, an aged pioneer still living at Vernon, Van Buren Co., was the author. Wisconsin had, however, two years previously enacted a law, which for the want of subjects had not gone into effect west of the Mis-

Mississippi River. In 1857 the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction was abolished but re-created in 1858 under the auspices of the "Board of Education," styled in its day the fifth wheel of the General Assembly of the State. Under this new law in January, 1858, Col. Benton became again State Superintendent and continued to fill the office until his resignation in 1863, having enlisted in the service of his country and been appointed Colonel of the 29th Iowa Regiment of Infantry. Under that law Col. Benton became ex-officio the President of the Board of Trustees (Regents) of the State University of Iowa. He was largely instrumental in the organization of the University and lent to its efficiency and growth his best talents, and to him more than any other of the State officials are the young ladies indebted for the privilege of coeducation in the State University: We were a member of its faculty for many years, and we remember that such were the prejudices of the members of the faculty, including ourself, that we were opposed to the admission of girls into the University course; but Col. Benton was a man of firmness, decision of character and of broad and extensive views, he insisted and he carried his point, that the girls should enjoy equal and common advantages with the boys of the State. In less than a year all of the members of the faculty became converts to his views and ably coöperated with him in the promotion of the interest of the State and the welfare of the young women. In 1867 Col. Benton delivered the Commencement address, it was a historical address, and at the special request of the trustees and faculty he elaborated it into a monograph which has become the basis of the historical accounts and records of the University in its history and progress. Through all the formative period of Iowa's history as a Territory and a State Col. Benton was a conspicuous figure, engaged primarily and largely in educational matters and when engaging in other services and duties never lost sight of that great work.

Col. Benton became a member of the first State Senate jointly with Theophilus Crawford, a distinguished lawyer

representing the county of Dubuque. He was, if our memory serves us correctly, made Chairman of the Committee on Education, and we know that he rendered the cause valuable service in his legislative capacity, and proved himself a useful member. It was his first and only experience in a legislative capacity in the State, though he served it in an executive capacity for many years as the head of the school system. The educators, teachers and others of today do not fully appreciate the services rendered their cause, the most important in that of the State, by this distinguished fellow citizen.

“———— When a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.”

Thomas Hart Benton, nephew of the celebrated American statesman and author, whose name, at his uncle's own request, he bore, was born September 5th, 1816 in Williamson County, Tennessee. His father Samuel Benton was a man of marked ability, quite a noted man, and held many responsible positions in his State and nation, representing at one time the State of Texas, to which he had removed, in the Congress of that independent republic. He died the year Iowa became a State.

The year after the birth of the son the father left Tennessee for Missouri and settled in St. Louis, but in 1822 returned to Tennessee and settled in Shelby Co., near the present site of Memphis, which was then a mere village. Three years later he left the States and emigrated to Texas and materially aided her in securing her independence from the Mexican Republic.

Young Benton had the influence and early training of a boy from an interested father who secured to the son the best advantages attainable at that period in his State. After graduating from the Academy at Huntington, Tennessee, he was, upon the removal to Missouri, sent to Marion College of that State, where he acquired a knowledge of *belles lettres* and classical literature essential to a thorough culture and development of the mind. He was not, however, graduated from the

college, but early struck out into the world to carve his own fortune. Justly proud as he was of the lustre and brilliant fame of his great uncle, he resolved, in his early manhood, to seek a new field for the exercise of his cultured faculties, and later removed to Iowa and located at Dubuque in the summer of 1837. It was here, a year later, that we first met him and made his acquaintance, an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship interrupted only when

"Through the waters of death he entered life."

Without the resources of wealth or the desire for it, he opened a school, a "classical school," and made himself useful to others and to the State and so laid the foundation for that educational success in the founding and building of which Iowa became so celebrated, and so largely indebted to him—a debt of gratitude she owes to his memory. Later he engaged in merchandising and continued in the business of a merchant until elected, as we have stated, to the first Senate of the new State.

A writer of an early period in speaking of Col. Benton's services as an educator and his long continuance in the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, said that "it would seem that Iowa had but one scholar"—in this he was very greatly mistaken, she had many who would have adorned the office, but head and shoulders, like Saul of old, Col. Benton stood above all competitors. Possessed of an extraordinary executive and organizing ability it was well for the future progress of education that the mantle of that office fell upon his shoulders, for during the period of his superintendency he organized to a grand success the school system of the State which has done more to give Iowa an honorable name among the States and the nations of the world than all the advantages, and they are great, nature has bestowed with such a lavish hand upon her area. He declined a third term and removed to Council Bluffs in 1854 and engaged in the banking business. The financial crash of 1857, however, ruined his prospects in

this line, so that he was prepared in 1858, when the office was re-created and he summoned to take charge of the educational interest as Secretary of the Board of Education, to enter anew upon his great and life's greatest work.

It was while in the midst of his successful work as an educator that the tocsin of alarm was sounded through the land, grim visaged war was stalking abroad and Col. Benton was among the earliest of her citizens to tender his services to his country in defense of her flag and all that is dear to free men. He was commissioned in 1862 by Gov. Kirkwood as Colonel of the 29th Iowa Infantry. "His military record (says the historian of that period) is not a glaring one—indeed, there have been but few brilliant ones made in the department (west of the Mississippi) where he served—but no officer of of the army has a more honorable record than he. Great confidence was always placed in him by his superior officers." At the close of his three years' service his shattered regiment was mustered out, in October, 1865, when he was brevetted Brigadier General. Capt. A. A. Stuart of the 17th Iowa Infantry the author of the volume "Iowa's Colonels and Regiments" in his military sketch of Col. Benton presents somewhat in detail an account of his services, which were largely confined to the territorial limits of the State of Arkansas, he being a member of the famous Arkansas expedition first under Gen. Steele at the capture of Little Rock and later under Gen. Banks in his course up the Red River: In that campaign he rendered valuable services, was often in the forefront of battle and on one occasion had his horse shot under him. For his services he received the commendation of his superiors in command and was placed in and made military Governor of the capital, Little Rock.

We do not purpose to present in detail or even in general, his services as a military man, but a single incident occurred which we have related elsewhere (in our Address at the Tomb of General Pike, 1895) and may with propriety repeat here: Col. Benton was a Freemason, very prominent in the frater-

nity, holding its chief executive office, that of Grand Master of Masons of the State at the time of his enlistment. He had attained to this high dignity by reason of his talents and his services and the general love of his brethren. He had been made a Mason in Iowa City Lodge No. 4, one of the four constituting the Grand Lodge at its organization in 1844. Nor do we purpose to speak of his Masonic services, which were equal to that of any of his predecessors and won for him the respect and love of the Craft,—the service which he rendered, and to which we shall refer, was a national one. While in command at Little Rock, Gen. Albert Pike, the lawyer-poet and literary genius had accumulated one of the largest, if not the largest, and most valuable library west of the Mississippi—it now constitutes a part, and the major part, of the large and valuable library of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasons of the Southern Jurisdiction, and is lodged in the “House of the Temple” of the Order in Washington City, as the result of the wisdom and firmness of Col. Benton. Gen. Pike was engaged as a general officer in the armies of the rebellion and as such had brought upon himself the hostility of a large class of the northern soldiers, so that when the army of the Union was encamped in the city of Little Rock the soldiers determined to destroy the house and burn the library of the General, which would have been a piece of vandalism equal to that of the Saracens when they destroyed the library at Alexandria, Egypt, Col. Benton recognizing the value of such a collection to the literature and history of the great west made the house of the General his headquarters, protected his library for which he afterwards received the unbounded thanks of the General and also the literary public. In this way the names of Col. Benton and Gen. Pike, of Iowa and Arkansas became intimately blended in the sacred cause of literature, science, and those agencies and instrumentalities which go to build up communities in a new and fertile land.

Returning from the war, Col. Benton removed in 1866 to

Marshalltown, where he again engaged in business. In August of that year he was commissioned Collector of the U. S. Revenue for the sixth Congressional district, a position he ably filled till the close of the administration of President Johnson. This was the last public position he held.

In 1865 the soldiers who had served in the War of the Rebellion from Iowa, disapproving of the Constitutional Amendment giving the negro the right of suffrage, and perhaps having other grievances, called and held a Convention and nominated a "Soldiers' Ticket" in opposition to that of the Republicans, with which party a large majority of the boys in blue had previously acted.

For Governor they nominated Gen. Thos. H. Benton, who wisely or unwisely accepted the nomination and made a canvass for the office. The vote stood Col. Wm. M. Stone (for 2nd term) 70,000, for Gen. Benton 54,000, Stone's majority being 16,000, while the Republican majority for five years, 1860-64, had averaged 26,000 showing the great personal popularity of General Benton in leading a forlorn hope. While he would have made an excellent executive officer, it was perhaps well for the State and the party that the people stuck to their "first love." These side issues and party breaks are more or less fraught with mischief if not dishonor.

In September, 1851, he married Miss Susan Culbertson, a noble christian woman, of Tipton, Iowa, who made him a most faithful and loving wife and mother—there having been born to them a daughter, named for her aunt (Maria), who later, after completing her education in Europe, became the wife of the Hon. Benjamin Cable, of Rock Island, where they have a most beautiful home, stored with a most valuable collection of books, although she and her husband spend much of their time in travelling and in Europe.

In 1869 the Colonel lost his wife, and after her decease removed to Cedar Rapids, where for several years he was engaged as auditor of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota (now Northern) Railway Company, which position he

held until failing health compelled his retirement from active business, when he went to St. Louis, stopping with his sister, Mrs. Brant, awaiting in her hospitable home the return of his daughter Maria from her European absence. There with sister and daughter and other relatives he lived, loving and beloved, a physical sufferer, soothed by the indwelling spirit of his Divine Master, in whom living he ever put his trust, and to whom dying he could so confidently commend his spirit—and departed hence on the morning of the 10th of April, 1879.

His body was borne by loving and fraternal hands to Marshalltown, Iowa, and there laid away by his brethren of the Mystic Tie, in the beautiful cemetery where rests the wife of his youth and the mother of his only daughter. There “they sleep their last sleep of earth, to rise at the final day to a glorious life on the other shore.”

Our friend and brother's life was a noble life, full of labor, of honor and usefulness. He was a devoted christian, accepting the doctrines and practicing the virtues of a broad catholic christianity. He was a life long member of the Methodist Church, always and everywhere, without ostentation or officiousness, ready to proclaim his adherence to the Church and his devotion to his God. We well remember when fifty years and more ago we were troubled in spirit and in doubt, we sought his counsel and, like an elder brother, he pointed us the way he himself so faithfully trod, and through him and the light he opened before us we found “the way, the truth, and the life—for no man cometh to the Father but by the Son.”

Pure in thought, pure in life, honorable and honest in business, active and laborious in all good works our friend and brother descended to the tomb more loved and honored than any son of Iowa, at that day, who tenants the silent city of the dead. Col. Benton was tall in stature, being six feet in height, well formed in person, having dark brown hair, a light complexion, and mild blue eyes. He was over social and familiar with his friends and impressed them with the dignity and majesty that characterized his distinguished uncle. Like him,

however, he was possessed of large self-esteem and full confidence in his ability and went directly at the object which he sought and never asked another to do for himself what he could do as well or better.

He had been a Democrat in politics up to the great agitation of the slavery question and the organization of the Republican party in 1854 when he identified himself with it and became an ardent republican. He was not, however, offensive in his politics but liberal there as in all things else. Honorable as was his military and great and useful as was his educational career, it was as a man and in the social and home circle that he shone most conspicuously. We may properly and truly apply to him words which he eloquently uttered of others in the performance of his official duty, and say that he was justly and truly a great and good man, and quote with him the lines of the good poet Montgomery:

“ Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Thus star by star declines,
’Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven’s own light.”

He was truly beloved by all who knew him. But few men engrossed as he was in the active and diversified duties of life for so long a period, have sustained a reputation so pure and unsullied. His death deprived society of one of its brightest and most useful ornaments. When summoned to the world of spirits he did not go

“ Like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approached the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

I knew him well and long, and loved him as I knew him; and were I to epitomize his character I should say, that "In religion he was more a christian than a sectarian; in politics, more a patriot than a partisan; in society, he sought the substance and not the shadow; in the army, he was a soldier and not a martinet; in Masonry, he was a philosopher, rather than a ritualist, and sought the line of duty rather than that of distinction." In all the relations of life he was full of sympathy for his fellows, and ever believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He recognized under special and lasting obligations the warm greetings and uniform courtesy which he ever received in his intercourse with his fellow-men, and time cannot obliterate from the memory the pleasant associations with him of the past.

It was on a bright morning in April 1879, twenty years ago, that we laid our friend, pale and silent, in the presence of his brethren and friends, in his last and final resting place, till he should be summoned to "come up higher" and share in the rewards of those who are "faithful unto the end."

*"The last, last word—O let it tell
The very soul of love, Farewell.*

* * * *

Farewell! the lights grow dim—the tear

Lingers and sparkles in each eye—

'So mote it be!' I hear, I hear,—

I feel, I feel, the unanswering sigh!

It is the burst of sympathy—

It tells of that mysterious tie

Once, twice, and thrice about us wound

When first on consecrated ground

He walked the dark mysterious round.

By all the secrets it doth tell,

Of bonds, and links, and love—*Farewell.*"

KEOKUK IN TERRITORIAL DAYS.

COMPILED FROM THE HISTORY OF LEE COUNTY—WESTERN HISTORICAL
COMPANY, CHICAGO, 1879.



THE "Half Breed Tract" lying between the Mississippi River and the Des Moines River, with its northern boundary an extension of the Missouri line across the Des Moines River till it touches the Mississippi River, not far from Fort Madison, was set apart by an act of Congress, approved January 30th, 1834, as a reservation for the sole use and behoof of "half breeds" of the Sac and Fox Nations.

As the rapids in the Mississippi along the eastern border of the reservation obstructed the navigation of the river, and it became necessary to break the bulk of freight and to use "lighters" over the rapids, it was natural that settlements should be made at the "head" and the "foot of the rapids." Indians were attracted by the magnificence of the scenery. White fur traders found good opportunities for the prosecution of their traffic. The government had established forts in the vicinity, and had garrisoned them.

Traders and military officers had married Indian women. When, at the close of the Blackhawk War, the Sacs and Foxes removed from the banks of the Mississippi, there were many families within the territory ceded to the United States, whose children were of mixed blood. For the benefit of these children the reservation above referred to was made.

In writing of Keokuk located within the "Half Breed Tract," one family is prominently named that of Dr. Samuel E. Muir. Dr. Muir was a Scotchman, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. Holding the position of Surgeon in the United States Army, he was subject to the general order which required all officers to abandon their Indian wives and children. Dr. Muir displayed his nobility of character in resigning from the army rather than to obey the order, making use of this beautiful sentiment—"May God forbid

that a son of Caledonia should ever desert his child or disown his clan."

The prosperous city may well be proud of its first settler who as he left the army established a home for his Indian wife and children upon its site. The year 1820 witnessed the building of a log cabin by Dr. Muir. The place was then known as "Puck-e-she-tuck" or "Foot of the Rapids."

After the resignation of Dr. Muir circumstances compelled him to engage in professional work and he leased his cabin to Messrs. Reynolds and Culver of St. Louis. Moses Stillwell, the agent and representative of Reynolds and Culver, in the winter of 1827-8 built a log cabin, to which he moved his family in the spring of 1828. The family consisted of himself, his wife, four children and his wife's brother, Valencourt Vanorsdal, a lad of ten years of age. Mr. Vanorsdal died Nov. 1st, 1892. In his recollections of these early days he expressed the belief that Mr. Stillwell's family were the only white residents in any portion of the country now known as Iowa. The ground was covered with heavy timber. The woods were full of wild turkeys, deer, squirrels, and other wild game. A person could go out at any time without going half a mile from the river, and in an hour's hunt load himself down with game. The only meat of the settlers for many years was wild game. Honey was plentiful. Stillwell's business was cutting wood for steamboats and in selling calicoes, blankets, knives and trinkets to the Indians. In the summer of 1828 he raised corn and potatoes upon a little clearing he made about his cabin. In 1830 he built a cabin upon the bank of the river which he occupied till the time of his death in 1834. In 1830 Dr. Muir returned, the lease of his premises having expired. The American Fur Traders Company had erected a row of hewed-log buildings which they used as their headquarters. Of later years it has been known as "Rat Row." The Fur Company employed as itinerant peddlers several white men who had married Indian wives and were on very friendly terms with the Indians.

In 1831 Isaac R. Campbell, who for ten years had been engaged in the navigation of the Mississippi in keel boats owned by his father-in-law or on lighters over the rapids, came to Puck-e-she-tuck and associated himself with Dr. Muir occupying a part of his cabin. Soon after this date the Fur Company found competition so strong, as the population increased somewhat rapidly, that they determined upon removal. Mr. Campbell, (his associate Dr. Muir having died of cholera in 1832), secured the Fur Company's buildings and continued in his trade, supplying Indians, half-breeds, and whites with the necessities of life. In connection with merchandise he furnished entertainment for travelers, and towed and "lightened" round the rapids for steamers.

Of the social character of the population at the time Mr. Campbell writes as follows:

"In our pioneer days, there was not the reserve nor restraint in society that there is to-day. When our red friends presented us with a painted stick, we asked no questions, but followed them to their wigwam and fared sumptuously on dog meat. In winter, whites and half-breeds mingled in the dance, their favorite dancing tune being original, was called "Guilneah" or stump-tailed-dog. Those who did not dance could be found in an adjoining room engaged in cards. Our favorite game was "brag" played with three cards, and one who was so stupid as not to understand or appreciate its beauty, was considered ineligible to our best society. Horse racing was another great source of amusement. In this sport our red friends were always ready to participate, and at times lost, as the result, every article they possessed on earth. When amusements of this kind ceased to be entertaining, we called upon our pugilists to prove their powers by knocking down and dragging out some of the disinterested spectators.

"Before this era civil law of course was unknown, and our salutary mode of punishment for crime was by prohibiting the criminal from the use of intoxicating liquors, this being the greatest punishment we could inflict."

In the early summer of 1832, there were about a dozen families at Puck-e-she-tuck. With unmarried men there were not more than fifty adult males, including boys old enough to aid in defence of the place. Before the opening of the land to settlement, in June 1833, the resident male population was reduced to Mr. I. R. Campbell and thirty four employees.

When the half breeds were put in possession of their reservation, companies of speculators were organized, one in New York and another in St. Louis, to make purchase of the land. The competition in purchase of half breed titles was sharp, but the New York Company had as their agent one Dr. Galland, a very shrewd man, who had settled at the head of the rapids, a short distance below Montrose, in 1829. He obtained possession of the site of Keokuk, and in 1837, purchased the farm which Mr. Campbell had cleared upon the side of the hill where he had built his first cabin six years before. Dr. Galland at once caused a survey to be made of the original town plat which was subdivided into blocks and lots with the needed streets and alleys. The surveyor's certificate bears date July 23, 1840. The certificate of the proprietors is acknowledged July 30, 1840. The plat was filed for record in October and was recorded in November. Dr. Galland and Mr. Campbell differ as to the time when the name of *Keokuk* was substituted for that of Puck-e-she-tuck. Dr. Galland says that it was at the celebration of the 4th of July, 1829, held upon a steamboat at the levee. Mr. Campbell fixes the date at sometime in 1835. Both agree that the honor of naming the town, belongs to steamboat men, and that it commemorates the name of the great peace chief of the Sac tribe. Capt. James W. Campbell, son of Isaac R. Campbell, in an address before the Old Settlers Association, September, 1875, gives the date of the naming of Keokuk as early as 1832. He proceeds to say "The ten log houses comprising our little village then (1831), which to my childish imagination was as mighty as Babylon, have all been removed.

Even our graveyard, once held sacred by every pioneer, has been rooted up for the benefit of civilization, and not one landmark remains of our childhood homes. But when I look over the panorama of the past, I see them distinctly before me. The first log house erected in 1820, where I learned under James Wheat, a private teacher, to commemorate the words, 'baker,' 'shaker,' 'tidy,' 'holy,' etc—the second also a double house with an open entry—the one story stone building with the bluff serving as its rear wall—the American Fur Company's building, row of five joined together with a porch in front—a clap-board frame house—two small log houses on the side of the hill—and another log house on the hill—are recalled. The entire population in 1831, consisted of some thirty odd persons, English, French, and half breeds. John Forsythe's log cabin upon the side hill was occupied in 1833 by a shoemaker named Jesse Creighton, who found it difficult to support himself at his trade, owing to our custom of going barefoot in summer and of wearing moccasins in the winter. So he opened a private school. His pupils were Valencourt Vanorsdal, Forsythe Morgan, Henry D. and Mary Bartlett, John Riggs, George Crawford, Eliza Anderson and myself. Our number embraced about all the little folks in Keokuk at that time. * * * I remember very well when Black Hawk danced his war dance upon the rocky beach of Puck-e-she-tuck, in 1832. He had with him about four hundred warriors, who marched four abreast. They halted in front of my father's house, and Black Hawk, his son and five or six others stepped into the entry between our room and Dr. Muir's and again began their war dance." On account of fear of the Indians, families of settlers left for places of greater safety."

The first public sale of town lots in Keokuk occurred in June, 1837. It was largely attended by parties from St. Louis, but was not a great success. One corner lot sold for \$1,500 which greatly gratified Dr. Galland and others interested with him. Up to 1840 there was no perceptible improvement. In July, 1841, the population was estimated at 150, and increased

only 350 up to the time of the admission of Iowa to the Union.

The first regularly appointed Post Master was L. B. Fleak, whose commission bears date June 24, 1841. Previous to this time mails were brought in a skiff from Warsaw, Ill., and were distributed by John Gaines who served without commission.

RELIGIOUS INTERESTS.

The first church building erected in Keokuk in 1838, was a frame building called "St. John's Roman Catholic Church." In 1840 or 1841 Rev. Samuel Clark, father of Hon. S. M. Clark, editor of the *Gate City*, held the first quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1842, Rev. Daniel G. Cartwright and Rev. William Simpson preached occasionally. Services were held in a log school house. In 1844, work was begun upon a church edifice of brick, 42 x 60 feet. Hawkins Taylor built the house, taking the subscription list of \$600 as his pay, of which he received probably less than \$50 in cash. The house was not dedicated until August 27, 1847.

Previous to 1843, Presbyterians had a church organization in Keokuk, as is evident from the fact that in 1843 the members proceeded to organize themselves "with such of the brethren and sisters as sympathize with us into a new church to be called the Congregational Church of Keokuk." Their edifice was a small frame, erected in 1841 or 1842. In 1845 the organization returned to the Presbyterian form of government.

SCHOOLS.

Two private schools have been alluded to.

The first public school was taught in a log house 16x18 ft. Each school was housed in like manner until 1853, under the instruction of one teacher who had in charge from twenty to thirty scholars.

Mercantile transactions with Indians were not confined to

barter in furs, trinkets and whisky. The following note of hand is in evidence:

"One day after date, we or either of us, promise to pay to Isaac R. Campbell & Co. or bearer, the sum of One Thousand and Seventy-Six Dollars for value received of them as witness our hand and seals this fifteenth day of August, 1837, at Keokuk, Wisconsin Territory.

"Witness

KEOKUK P. his mark (L. S.)
 PAW SHIPA HO × his mark (L. S.)
 WAW PAW LO × his mark (L. S.)
 APANOSE × his mark (L. S.)
 PAP NAW SI × his mark (L. S.)
 NAN AW E. QUIT × his mark (L. S.)
 NAW PAY SHAW CAN × his mark (L. S.)
 NAW WAY NUC × his mark (L. S.)
 WA PAY CO CASH CAK × his mark (L. S.)"

The note was given in settlement of book account. The makers of the note evidently agreed with some of the whites in later years that the signing of the note was a settlement in full of their account, for the note is still in possession of a descendant of one of the firm and unpaid.

THE EARLIEST SCANDINAVIAN SETTLEMENT IN IOWA.

BY B. L. WICK, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.



IT WAS Father Marquette who first had the opportunity to look upon the prairies of Iowa in the year 1673, and it was by that adventure of one of its citizens that France laid claim to our State for nearly a century later, still it seems that no settlement was made until Julian Dubuque began his mining operations near

the city which now bears his name, about the year 1787. First in 1838, the Territory of Iowa was organized, and law took the place of force as exercised on the frontier.

Many a Norse trapper and hunter may have traversed the plains of Iowa before this, but no record remains; till Nils C. Boye arrived at Muscatine with his family in the year 1837, to make this his home. Boye was born in Denmark, 1786, and was thoroughly educated, entering on a business career in which he prospered until the disastrous failures caused by the Napoleonic wars. After a few years of hard work to retrieve his fallen fortunes, he migrated to America, landing in Philadelphia in 1827, and at once set to work to recover large tracts of land which had been left by a deceased brother who had been surveyor of the State of Virginia. Not succeeding in this, he began his search for a location, and coming to Muscatine, he remained there for one year and later came to Linn County in the vicinity of Lisbon. From this place he drifted to Iowa City in 1842, and became a successful merchant. He died from cholera in 1849, while on a business trip to St. Louis.

This first settler left a wife and a large family of children who failed to keep up any communication with their native land. Hence no emigration began and no settlements were formed and Danish emigration to Iowa began at a much later period.

The hardy Norsemen who discovered Vineland the Good as early as the year 1001, kept up a continuous traffic with the newly discovered country till the Black Death reached Norway in 1449, desolating entire valleys, cities and towns. From this time, America seemed to have been entirely forgotten and it is not till the Dutch took possession of New Albany, that we find Norsemen again arriving in the country that Leif and Bjarne discovered several hundred years before. During the American Revolution a few Norse sailors fought in the American Navy, but few, if any, remained after the war was over. It was not till 1821 that Kleng Peerson and

Knud Eide arrived in New York, having been sent by the Norse peasants to find a new home where the poor and unfortunate could find refuge.

On July 4th, 1825, the first emigrant ship left Stavanger Harbor with a cargo of iron and 52 passengers. The reason for this exodus at this time is perhaps vague, still it seems to have been due to the kindly advice of Stephen Grellet, a French nobleman, who had been exiled from his native land during the revolution and had fled to America where he later adopted the views of the Quakers.

While on a religious visit to Europe in 1818, he also visited Stavanger, Norway, in company with a wealthy banker, William Allen of London. It was while on this visit that he mingled with a large number of religious people who had adopted the views of Fox while detained as prisoners in London during the war with Napoleon and his allies. It would stand to reason that this traveller who had found such a welcome in America, would naturally invite the hard-working, honest peasant to come to America, the land of great possibilities, of rich soil, and of free institutions. The Norse peasants always conservative, even in this instance, would not accept the views of a stranger, and hence sent two of their own number to observe for themselves and report the conditions; and we may be assured that these two men were not long in making up their minds, what was best to do under the circumstances. They returned with wonderful tales of what they had seen, and the country districts were filled with anxious enthusiasts who were willing to trade their small homesteads for a passage across the Atlantic.

From 1825 up to the present time, thousands upon thousands have left their native land to make for themselves and for their descendants free homes in the far west, so that at the present time, there are as many of Norse birth with their descendants in America as there are in their native land.

Kleng Peerson, the first emigrant was possessed of an adventurous spirit and never felt at home for any length of time,

but was always searching for new locations, explored for his countrymen. In his search for location, he travelled much of the country between New York and Texas, while he made not less than three trips across the Atlantic, on each trip returning with large numbers of emigrants who came in search of land.

On one of these exploring trips, Peerson crossed the southeastern part of Iowa, but at this time he had his mind set on Shelby County, Missouri, where he founded the first settlement of Scandinavians about the year 1838. The location was unfavorable; there was no market; the land was unproductive; no work was to be had for the laboring people, and malaria and kindred diseases clung to the unfortunate settlers during the entire time they were there. Early in the spring of 1840, the little colony disbanded and began its journey eastward, having heard of the natural advantages that the infant territory of Iowa offered. Arriving at Sugar Creek, about twelve miles northwest of the city of Keokuk, these emigrants found another band of their own nationality, who had just settled temporarily at this place. All were somewhat discouraged but new hopes arose when they found a ready market on the banks of the Mississippi; wages could be earned and land was plentiful and cheap. One party traded an old breech loading musket for a quarter section of land, another a yoke of oxen for another quarter, and thus the first Norwegian settlement in Iowa was founded.

It would be difficult to describe in particular, the various personages who composed this first settlement, because they were as varied and as many sided as the various country districts from which they came. Some were extremely religious; others decidedly atheistic; still they had this in common, perseverance, stick-to-ativeness and daring. Possessed of strong arms and faith in themselves and in the country which they had selected from a sense of choice, and not from necessity, they set to work building their log cabins, clearing the timber and tilling the soil, and year by year they saw their small earnings increase; their acres multiplied and their log cabins

were soon given up for larger and more commodious houses. They were not selfish and hence wrote letters to the older settlements and to the native valleys of the old country, telling of the rich soil and the good fortune with which they had been blessed. Year by year this settlement grew in numbers, till it extended into Henry County, into Mahaska, and finally into Marshall County a few years later.

A partial list only of these first settlers can be given. Kleng Peerson, who was not an actual settler for any length of time, is one of the most important personages in the early Norse emigration to Iowa. Ommund Olson, Knud and Jacob Slogvig, Eric Knudson, Eric Oie, Endre Simson, Ole and Knud Ericson, Eric Heng, Lars Monson, Gjirmund Helligson, Tosten Rud, Berge Anderson, Jacob Olson, Andrew J. Sogn, Per Ericson, Caroline Omundson, Bernt C. Larson, Ole Soppeland, Ole Oiesoen, Jacob Hettletvedt, Hans, William, and P. Tesman, G. Person, Nels, Christie, and Aad Nelson, Peter Gjeli. These were some of the first who with their families located here between the years 1840 and 1846. The first Norwegian religious meeting established in the State was in about 1842, when Ommund Olson, erected on his farm a house of worship. This was of logs and as they had no money with which to pay carpenters, an old country method of having it erected by the members of the neighborhood, free of charge, was suggested. Olson had become a Quaker, although this may not have changed his faith, and when his neighbors demanded free whiskey or no work done, he considered for a long time which was the right method to pursue. According to the views held by his forefathers, it was proper to drink whiskey, but according to the tenets of his new creed, this was prohibited. He reasoned with Loyola, "that the end justifies the means," and as he had in view the erection of a meeting house and the conversion of his countrymen, he furnished a small jug of whiskey, believing that they might be temperate and still not prohibitionists in the true sense of the word. The willing workers caught the master napping and when the

whiskey was all consumed they also quit work and he was left alone with his work.

In this meeting house the first religious services were held in both Norwegian and English. In Salem, Henry County, the Quakers from the Eastern States had erected a meeting house, and to this meeting the Norwegians living in the neighborhood went,—Eric Knudson and others speaking in the English language. About this time the Mormons came in large numbers, having for a time located on the other side of the river at Nauvoo, and to this body, quite a large number of Norwegians allied themselves, some of them going to Salt Lake, where to this day several of the first Sugar Creek pioneers can be found. When the Swedes arrived Lutheran churches were erected, in which services are still held in their native language. And closely following the church were found school houses, where the young had the advantage of learning both languages, if they chose.

One of the men who exercised leadership, while he lived in this infant colony, was Hans Barlien, who also had been one of the unfortunates who had wandered to Missouri. In his native land he had taken up with views held by the enthusiasts of the French Revolution and on account of the pointed articles regarding State and Church which he wrote had been under arrest several times in his native land before coming to this country. On arriving in this new settlement he wrote home "Now at last I am able to breathe freely." As an organizer he was strong, baffling all obstacles he pushed onward to the goal without complaining. He died, 1842, deeply mourned by all.

Another of these early pioneers with whom I have spent many a pleasant evening listening with ever increasing interest to his wonderful stories, was Peter Gjele who died at New Sharon, 1894, at the advanced age of ninety-four. He would traverse on foot yearly every part of the Western States where he could find a Scandinavian settlement, and wherever he went he was welcome; for he carried the first news from

settlement to settlement; was of good cheer and a splendid entertainer. He was never rich and still never out of money, for he always had a dollar in his purse and a clean change of raiment in his valise, and would frequently make a trip of several weeks' duration, like Curran's bishop, and return without changing either. He was far from slovenly in his habits, nor was he without money, for he left a farm, well improved to his family. That old viking, sea-roving disposition held him spell-bound to the last.

Another of the old settlers, whom I saw on several occasions, was the one who erected the first house for worship in the settlement, Ommund Olson, a strong minded person, with a giant's strength, and when touched by compassion as tender as a woman. Born in Norway in 1817, he died in this settlement, that he saw flourish, in 1889, a well-to-do and respected pioneer, mourned by all for his kindness of heart and just dealings with his fellowmen. It is said of him that when on a business trip to Des Moines, at one time, he lost a small valise, and when asked about the affair, he expressed great sorrow, not at the loss of the valise, but for the poor thief who would be so disappointed on opening the valise, as it contained only a pair of stockings and a red bandana.

Of the few settlers still living can be mentioned Eric Knutson, now residing at West Branch, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. On account of his religious scruples he refused to enter the army in his native land, and to escape, emigrated with a sister, in 1840, coming to Wisconsin where he remained for a short time, proceeding to La Salle county, Illinois, and thence to Lee county, Iowa. Later he moved to Salem, Henry county, where he was married to Sarina Llewelling, a widow of Welsh descent, whose son was lately governor of Kansas. This wife died about 1860, and in 1864 he was married to Hannah Mather, of Springdale. Of the many settlers of Norse descent who have wielded influence over their countrymen in religious matters, must be placed Eric Knutson. He was a bright business man, and financier, and above

all a man who carried his religious tenets into every day life. He travelled, engaged in religious affairs in his native land, England and Ireland, and in various parts of this country, and frequently spoke before large gatherings. He was also a generous giver, and supported temperance societies, peace conferences and in every way tried to help his countrymen, and those less fortunate than himself.

Another of the Lee county pioneers was Knud A. Slogvig, who left his native land in 1829, for the sole reason it is said, that he could see no reason, why he, the eldest should be entitled to the little farm, when a younger brother was less able to earn a living for himself, should receive nothing. He settled first at Rochester, N. Y., and later came to Illinois, returned to his old home and once more brought a number of emigrants to Shelby county, Mo., and when hearing of the Iowa settlement came there to make his home, and it was there that after a long and useful life that he was at last laid to rest.

Lars Tallakson was another who came at an early date from Clark county, Mo., and purchased a farm, where he remained for six years, when, together with Kleng Peerson, they were persuaded to join the Bishop Hill community in Henry county, Illinois, where a new communistic society had been organized by the Swedes, where all members divided their property equally, and at the end of the year if the division was not equal they divided again. Thither both went, and were duly admitted to membership, but found after a while, that even in a communistic society there is plenty of work, and very little division of property. Both of these parties left the community before the abandonment of this colony by the enthusiastic founder.

It was not until 1856 that the Des Moines Valley railway was extended through this settlement, but by this time a great many had moved to other quarters for various reasons. The land had become unproductive by long cultivation. The Half Breed Tract of land on which many had located, created no

end of trouble and litigation, and many encounters had been fought in courts and out of courts, between the various contestants.

This is a short summary of the first Norse settlement in Iowa, where from recent statistics, more than seventy thousand Norsemen have since found a home, and where they have been the makers of Iowa history. They found the vast plains a wilderness, and left them a veritable garden; they brought no inheritances other than strong arms and willing hearts, and have left to their children respected names and broad acres, and well kept farms. Although ever true to the institutions of the land of their adoption, they were not ashamed of their nationality, their language and the tenets of their creeds, for they have in a measure retained all. On Christmas day many a Norway home is gladdened by presents from those on this side of the Atlantic. What has been said of the men can be equally said of the women. They had the homely virtues and strength of character, which have descended on their sons. If the true story of these early settlers should be correctly written, it "should be written out of the hearts of the women, rather than out of the minds of the men. It is more what women can endure, than what men can achieve."

IOWA HISTORY FROM 1699 TO 1821.

A HISTORY OF GOVERNMENTS.

BY BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH.



THE early history of Iowa is best characterized by saying of it what Judge Cooley has said of the history of Michigan, namely: it is *a history of governments*. For the changes in sovereign and subordinate jurisdiction have been as great in Iowa as in Michigan. Indeed, from the discovery and occupation of the

territory west of the Mississippi river down to the year 1821, Iowa's history—so far as it may be said to have had a history during this period—is wholly a history of governments. People with occupations, customs, manners, and morals, forming a society and developing institutions, constitute no part of its earlier annals. It is, for the most part, a bare record of treaties, grants, appointments, statutes, ordinances, and proclamations. It is true that in certain parts of this western country there were, even during this early period, societies forming and developing which called for a certain amount of governmental activity; but in the region that is afterwards to become Iowa, the inhabitants were too few and too far removed from the settled country either to take any part in the earlier governments or be effected in any other than a nominal way by their regulations. Nevertheless a sketch of the early history of Iowa would be incomplete without a summary view of these historic governments. Since through them Iowa, on the one hand, touches historically, by way of Louisiana, France, and Spain, the institutions of the Civil Law of Rome, and on the other hand is actually linked by way of the Northwest Territory to the institutions of the Common Law of England.

§ 2. Geographically Iowa constitutes a portion of the territory known in American history as the "Louisiana Purchase." Its earliest history, therefore, takes its beginnings in the history of Louisiana. Now Louisiana was first settled by the French near the close of the seventeenth century. It was in the year 1699 that D'Ibberville was sent to the Mississippi to establish a new colony of which he was to be the Governor.* Louisiana was settled as an independent colony; yet its laws "seemed to be intended to perpetuate its dependence, by checking the rapidity of its progress. The care of peopling this new and almost uninhabited country, instead of being placed under the charge of the superior departments of the government, was

* *History of Louisiana* by Barbé Marbois, p. 107.

principally confided to the agents of the Paris police.”* Of course the colony grew slowly.

In 1712 the exclusive trade of the colony for twelve years was granted to Crozat by letters patent† from Louis XIV. But Crozat did not value the grant any more than Louis XIV appreciated the possibilities of his American possessions. In 1717 he gave up the grant, which was then transferred to the Western Company.‡ This transfer was followed by the schemes of John Law, the “Mississippi Bubble,” and the miserable failure of all these speculative projects. In 1723 Louisiana fell within the privileges of a company created for the Indies.§ The Governor and Intendent of Louisiana were now named by the members of this association. In 1731 the company for the Indies gave up its privileges;|| and from this time on Louisiana remained a direct dependency of the crown and was governed as such. By a treaty concluded in 1762 the country was ceded to the crown of Spain.

While under the dominion of France the government of Louisiana was absolute; and its history consisted of the acts of those who administered it.**

§ 3. The transfer of Louisiana from the Crown of France to the Crown of Spain occasioned no immediate or radical change either in the form of government or in the system of

* *History of Louisiana*, by Barbé Marbois, p. 109.

† For a copy of this instrument see *Historical Collections of Louisiana* by Benj. F. French, Pt. III, p. 38. See also *History of Louisiana*, French Domination, by Charles Gayarrè, Vol. I, p. 102.

‡ For the letters patent relating to this grant see *Historical Collections of Louisiana*, by Benj. F. French, Pt. III, p. 49. See also *History of Louisiana*, French Domination, by Charles Gayarrè, Vol. I, pp. 184, 194.

§ *History of Louisiana* by Barbé Marbois, p. 115.

|| *Ibid*, p. 120.

** *History of Louisiana* by Barbé Marbois, p. 137. “The progress of France in more distant quarters has been restricted by an incurable incapacity for successful colonization and over-administration.”—*England in the 18th Century* by W. E. H. Lecky, p. 358.

jurisprudence.* And yet in the course of time Spain did change "almost the whole of the French colonial jurisprudence," preserving only "the principles of *allodium* in their grants of land, and in the settlement and distribution of estates *ab intestato*; and this was most probably done out of respect to the civil law."†

It is to be observed that during the period of the Spanish dominion the Province of Louisiana was roughly divided into two main parts. All south of a point called "Hope Encampment," which was nearly opposite Chickasaw Bluffs,‡ was known as "Lower Louisiana;" while the remaining country to the north was designated "Upper Louisiana." New Orleans and St. Louis were respectively the capitals of Lower and Upper Louisiana. This geographical division, however, did not carry with it a distinct political separation. For the government which had its seat at New Orleans was a general government extending over the whole Province, and to this general government the government in Upper Louisiana was subordinate.

At the head of the general government, which was both civil and military in character, stood the Governor, or Governor-general as he is frequently called. Appointed by the Crown, he was the head of the civil government as well as the chief of the army and militia.§ In a measure he was the legislator for the whole Province.¶ He promulgated ordinances for the benefit and good government of the people.** He appointed the officers of the militia. In the districts the com-

* *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Miscellaneous, Vol. I, p. 351. *History of Louisiana* by Barbé Marbois, p. 137.

† *Sketches of Louisiana*, by Major Amos Stoddard, p. 270. *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Miscellaneous, Vol. I, p. 351.

‡ *Sketches of Louisiana*, by Stoddard, p. 205.

§ *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Miscellaneous, I, p. 353. *Sketches of Louisiana*, by Stoddard, p. 276.

¶ *Sketches of Louisiana*, by Stoddard, p. 276.

** *Ibid*, p. 276.

mandants were subject to his appointment and removal. He is a judge; and his court has a civil and military jurisdiction throughout the Province.* But he has no power to pardon criminals.† Appeals lay to his court from Upper Louisiana; while appeals from his court could be carried to a superior tribunal which sat in Cuba, and ultimately to the Council of the Indies in Spain.‡

Besides the Governor, but wholly independent of him,§ was the Intendant or Intendant General. The department of finance was created in 1799 with the Intendant at its head. Prior to this his functions were performed by the Governor. || The Intendant apportioned, levied, and collected taxes.** He regulated commerce, navigation, the admission of settlers, and the sale of the public lands.†† He had charge of Indian affairs. As a judge he had exclusive control over suits relating to the affairs of his department.‡‡

Upper Louisiana although dependent on Lower Louisiana had nevertheless its own subordinate government. §§ At the head of this subordinate government was the Lieutenant-Governor. He was appointed by the Crown, but must obey the orders of both the Governor and the Intendant, to whom (i. e. the Intendant) he stood in the relation of sub-delegate. ||| As the subordinate of the Governor he was the chief of the army and militia. He nominated the Commandants for the Upper Louisiana districts, and appointed the Syndics.* Without limitation in civil causes, his judicial authority "extended to criminal matters under the degree of capital." All his decisions, however, were subject to revision on appeals.† As sub-delegate to the Intendant, on the other hand, he had charge of all matters in his own province relating to finance,

* Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 351. *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 276.

† *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 352.

‡ *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 284. Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 352.

§ *Ibid*, p. 275.

†† *Ibid*, p. 277.

||| *Ibid*, p. 275.

|| *Ibid*, p. 276.

‡‡ *Ibid*, p. 275.

* *Ibid*, p. 275.

** *Ibid*, p. 276.

§§ *Ibid*, p. 275.

† *Ibid*, p. 275.

taxes, commerce, the public lands, and the Indians.* Thus in Upper Louisiana the functions of the Governor and the Intendant were combined in the one officer, the Lieutenant-Governor.

Besides the general division into upper and lower, the Province of Louisiana was further sub-divided, apparently for administrative purposes, into districts. The executive officer in each district was the Commandant.† Generally taken from the army or militia, the Commandants in Lower Louisiana were appointed by the Governor, and in Upper Louisiana they were named by the Lieutenant-governor.‡ It was the especial duty of the Commandant to superintend the police and execute the mandates of his superiors. In his district he was sheriff, notary public, and justice of the peace.§

In addition to those already enumerated there were a number of subordinate officers connected with the Louisiana government. The "Assessor" and the "Auditor" were special officers connected with the tribunals of the Province. They were Doctors of the Civil Law, and acted as legal advisers. An ecclesiastical tribunal had its special officers to look after the affairs of the church.|| There was a Secretary of the government, and another of the Intendancy.** Subordinate to the Intendant were the Contador, Treasurer, Administrator, and Intervenor.†† Nor must the Surveyor-general, the Harbor Master, the Store-Keeper, and the Interpreter be omitted from the list.‡‡

* *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 275.

† *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 353.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 353. *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 275.

§ *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 353.

In the smaller districts Syndics undertook the duties of the Commandant—Stoddard, p. 274.

|| *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 353. *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 279.

** *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 280.

†† *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Misc. p. 354.

‡‡ *Ibid*, p. 354.

There were special officers for the City of New Orleans: the twelve members of Cabildo,* the Mayor, the High Sheriff, and the Alcalde. The Procureur-general was an officer peculiar to the Civil Law. He acted as solicitor for the Crown. After conviction he made known the punishment. He was "curator of orphans, the expounder of the privileges of the city, and the public accuser of all public officers, who either infringed the laws, or omitted to perform the duties assigned them."†

The foregoing account of government, though necessarily incomplete, will perhaps afford sufficient data for a general notion of what that government was like. In the first place, the striking feature of this government is its military character. This, however, is not surprising. For the conditions of the country and the people were such as to give to society a militant rather than an industrial type. The military chief is everywhere the head of the civil government. There is no separation of powers. Legislative, Judicial, Executive and

* "The Cabildo is an hereditary council of twelve, chosen originally from the most wealthy and respectable families. The Governor presides over their meetings. Their office is very honorable, but it is acquired by purchase. They have a right to represent and even to remonstrate to the Governor in respect to the interior government of the province. The police of the city is under their control and direction. In it they regulate the admission of physicians and surgeons to practice. Two members of the Cabildo serve by turn monthly, and take upon themselves the immediate superintendence of markets, bakers, streets, bridges, and the general police of the city. This council distributes among its members several important offices, such as Alguazil Mayor, or High Sheriff, Alcalde Provincial, Procureur General, etc. The last mentioned is a very important charge. The person who holds it is not merely the King's attorney, but an officer peculiar to the civil law. He does not always prosecute; but, after conviction, he indicates the punishment annexed by law to the crime, and which may be, and is mitigated by the court. Like the chancellor in the English system, he is the curator and protector of orphans, etc.; and finally he is the expounder of the law, the defender of the privileges belonging to the town, province or colony, and the accuser of every public officer that infringes them. The Cabildo is also vested with a species of judicial authority.—See further "*Digest of the Laws of Louisiana*," Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 362. Also Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 353.

† *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 277.

Administrative functions are performed by the same set of officers. There are no officers chosen by the people. Indeed, the people have no hand in the government under which they live. The sale and purchase of office is a common practice. Laws are not always made public, a knowledge of them being confined to the office-holding class. Slavery was sanctioned by not being prohibited. The system of Jurisprudence is that of the Civil Law. "The Roman code, indeed, may be said to have furnished laws for the government of Louisiana by adoption. * * * They laid down precise rules for the fulfillment of the different species of contracts and obligations, and dictated the decisions to be given in contestations on the multiplicity of grounds incident to them."*

Although absolute and without guarantees, the government of Louisiana was not on that account necessarily bad. As a matter of fact justice was generally well administered. It was speedily administered; and with the change that took place on the transfer of sovereign jurisdiction in 1803, delays were complained of. The people "preferred the judgment of one man to that of twelve."†

§ 4. Some notice should be taken, and properly in this connection, of the system of land tenures and the administration of the public domain. For it is at this point that Iowa touches the Civil Law. Spanish land grants to territory that subsequently fell within the boundaries of Iowa afford the legitimate historical continuity.

It has already been pointed out that the principles of allodial tenures in land grants established under the French dominion were left intact by Spain.‡ These principles were as clearly recognized in the grants to Crozat in 1712 and the Western Company in 1717 as in the subsequent Spanish grants to actual settlers.§

* *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 271.

† *Ibid*, p. 281.

‡ See above, p. 32.

§ *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard p. 244.

Under the Spanish dominion lands were conceded only on application by petition.* Concessions were either *special* or *general*. A *general* concession was a sort of "floating claim," and could be located anywhere on the vacant lands of the public domain; while a *special* concession was one in which certain metes and bounds were definitely designated.†

Titles were derived from the Crown, from the Governor, from the Intendant (after 1799), from the Lieutenant-Governor and from the Commandants. But only those issuing from the Crown and the Governor were regarded as *complete titles*.‡ Titles "derived from the naked concessions of the Lieutenant-Governor, or of the Commandants, and unsanctioned by the highest representative of the Crown at the capital of the province," were held as *incomplete*.§ And by far the greater portion of the land held by the inhabitants was held under incomplete titles.¶ Yet the "imperfect rights" arising from these titles "were suffered by the government to descend by inheritance, and even to be transferred by private contract. When requisite, they have been seized by judicial authority, and sold for the payment of debts."**

§ 5. The retrocession of Louisiana to France by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, October 1st, 1800, occasioned no changes in the colonial government. Indeed, France did not take actual possession of the country until November, 1803; and by that time it had been sold by Napoleon to the United States. The year 1803 is significant, therefore, not because Louisiana was then absolved from all allegiance to Spain but because it marks the acquisition of the whole province by the United States. To America at large this was "an event so

* *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, p. 245.

† *Ibid*, p. 245.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 245.

§ *Ibid*, p. 245.

¶ *Ibid*, p. 245. *An Account of Louisiana*, Am. State Papers, Misc. I, p. 351.

** *An Account of Louisiana* by Duane, p. 27.

For Spanish regulations governing land in Louisiana see *Digest of Laws of Missouri Territory* by Henry S. Geyer, St. Louis, 1818, pp. 438-450. See also *History of Louisiana, The Spanish Domination*, by Charles Gayarré, Appendix, pp. 632-640.

portentous as to defy measurement; it gave a new face to politics, and ranked in historical importance next to the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution.”* While to the future Commonwealth of Iowa the acquisition had a no less serious significance. It determined the form of government and fixed the system of Jurisprudence. Through it Iowa, born to the Civil Law, fell heir to the institutions of the Common Law of England.†

§ 6. The constitutional or governmental history of the Louisiana country under its new political sovereign begins properly with the treaty which was concluded at Paris in the month of April, 1803.‡ That treaty declared with the force of supreme law,§ that “the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States.” In the meantime they were guaranteed the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion.** These treaty provisions,

* *History of U. S.* by Henry Adams, Vol. II, p. 49.

† For an account of the introduction of the Common Law into Iowa see lecture by Chancellor Emlin McClain published in *Iowa Historical Lectures*, 1892.

‡ *American State Papers, Foreign Relations*, Vol. II, p. 507. *Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 3.

§ Constitution of the U. S., Art. VI. *Foster v. Neilson*, 2 Pet. 253; *Head Money Cases*, 112 U. S. 580; *Chinese Exclusion Case*, 130 U. S. 581.

|| *Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 5.

** Under the Spanish dominion there was no such freedom of religion as is guaranteed by this treaty. The following extracts from a set of land regulations issued by the Governor in 1797 will illustrate the point:

“Sec. 6. The privilege of enjoying liberty of conscience, is not to extend beyond the first generation. The children of those who enjoy it, must positively be Catholics. Those who will not conform to this rule, are not to be admitted [admitted as settlers in the territory]; but are to be sent back out of the province immediately, even though they possess much property.”

“Sec. 8. The Commandants will take particular care, that no protestant preacher, or one of any sect other than the Catholic, shall introduce himself into the province:”—Instructions of the Governor, New Orleans, 9th of Sept. 1797. *Digest of the Laws of Missouri* by Geyer, p. 439.

however, created of themselves no sort of political organization; they simply stood as a guarantee of legal rights and privileges. It remained for Congress to provide the government.

Now the problem which confronted Congress involved this difficulty: that while it seemed inexpedient from the working or administrative point of view to give a population accustomed to an absolute and militant political organization everywhere inextricably bound up in the practices of the Civil Law, a republican form of government with Common Law rights and privileges, any other solution of the problem would have been *a priori* out of harmony with American political notions. Evidently the conditions called for a government which was more or less military in character.* A *a priori* considerations, therefore, gave way to administrative necessities. And in October the President was authorized to take possession of and occupy the country—virtually as absolute and supreme ruler.† For “all the military, civil and judicial powers, exercised by the officers of the existing government” were to be vested in such persons and exercised in such manner as he shall direct.‡

On the 20th of December the United States took formal

Further Illustrations from “Black Code” put into force March, 1724:

Art. 1, “Decrees the expulsion of the Jews from the Colony.”

Art. 2, “Permits the exercise of the Roman Catholic creed only. Every other mode of worship is prohibited.”

The other 52 (in all 54) articles contain most if not all of the provisions found in the so-called “Black Code” of the slave States before the Rebellion.

For copies of this “Black Code of Louisiana,” see French’s Historical Collections of Louisiana, Pt. III, p. 89, foot-note. Also Gayarré’s History of Louisiana, French Domination, Vol. I, Appendix.

* Henry Adams says that Louisiana “required a military government for itself”—*History of U. S.* Vol. III, p. 17.

† Act of Congress approved October 31, 1803.—*U. S. Stat. at Large*, Vol. II, p. 245. *Shambaugh’s Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 14. Of course this was intended simply as a provisional arrangement, but it continued in force until October 1st, 1804.

‡ *Shambaugh’s Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 15.

possession of the government at New Orleans.* But Upper Louisiana still remained in the hands of Spain and was not delivered to the United States until March of the year next following (i. e. March 1804).† About the time of this latter transfer the President approved an act of Congress which provided for a temporary government.‡ By this act the whole Province of Louisiana was divided by “an east and west line to commence on the Mississippi river, at the thirty-third degree of north latitude, and to extend to the western boundary of the said cession.” All south of this line and of the Mississippi Territory was erected into the Territory of Orleans. And the residue of the Province to the north was called the District of Louisiana. Observe now that it is the governmental history of the latter Territory, the District of Louisiana, that concerns us in this connection.

§ 7. Moreover, the District of Louisiana was placed under the jurisdiction of the Governor and Judges of the Indiana Territory.§ That is to say, the legislative, judicial and executive powers of the Governor and Judges of the Indiana Territory were extended to the District of Louisiana. At the same time Indiana and Louisiana remained as two distinct and separate governments; they were united only so far as having the same officers. The laws enacted for Louisiana did not affect Indiana; neither did the laws of Indiana extend in form to Louisiana.**

Now the governmental powers prescribed for the Governor and Judges of Indiana and the manner of their exercise were, it is well known, copied from the Ordinance of 1787. Congress, therefore, in extending these powers to the District of

* *Annals of Congress*, 2nd Sess., 8th Cong. pp. 1229-1230.

† *Sketches of Louisiana* by Stoddard, preface. Also *Annals of the West*, p. 777.

‡ Act of Congress approved March 26th, 1804.—*U. S. Stat. at Large*, pp. 283-289. *Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 19.

§ *Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 19.

|| *Indiana*, by J. P. Dunn, in “*American Commonwealths*,” p. 318.

** *Ibid.*, p. 318.

Louisiana formally introduced the Common Law into all that territory west of the Mississippi river. Of course this was by no means an extension *in toto* of the Ordinance of 1787. Trial by jury and freedom of religion are the only two of the specific rights enumerated in the first three articles of that great compact which were actually guaranteed by the act of Congress. Slavery was tacitly recognized, there being at this time, perhaps, no thought of ever abolishing the institution. And, moreover, all the laws then in force in the District were to remain in force until formally altered or repealed by the Governor and Judges. The introduction of the Common Law at this time was, therefore, rather more formal than complete. It was to supersede the Civil Law not by a sweeping revolutionary change, but by a gradual process of selection and rejection.

§ 8. But the dual government of Indiana-Louisiana proved unsatisfactory, especially to the inhabitants west of the Mississippi river who longed for an independent political organization. They remonstrated against the "dictates of a foreign government," the unnatural connection with Indiana, the absenteeism of government officers, and the absence of a separation of powers.* They feared that the transfer of Indians from the east side of the Mississippi would overwhelm them;† they demanded as of right the preservation of the institution of slavery; they asked for a popular representation in their territorial government.‡ In the midst of this indignation the Governor and Judges of Indiana, sitting at Vincennes, passed, on the first of October, six laws for the District

* *Remonstrance of the People of Louisiana*, drawn up by the representatives of the people of the District met at St. Louis, in the month of September, 1804. See *American State Papers*, Miscellaneous, Vol. I, pp. 400-404.

† See act of March 26th, 1804, regarding the removal of Indians west of the Mississippi river—*U. S. Stat. at Large*, Vol. II, p. 289.

‡ *Remonstrance, etc.*—*American State Papers*, Miscellaneous, Vol. I, pp. 400-404.

of Louisiana.* But the remonstrance of the Louisiana freemen proved effective. And by the act of March 3rd, 1805, the District of Louisiana was erected into a separate and distinct Territory under the name and title of the Territory of Louisiana.†

§ 9. The political organization provided for the new Territory was based on the principles of the Ordinance of 1787. Indeed, the form of government as outlined in that instrument and subsequently modified by the act of Aug. 7th, 1789,‡ was closely followed. Executive power was vested in a Governor who held office for a term of three years. The Governor participated in legislation. He was chief of the militia, and superintendent ex-officio of Indian affairs. His power of appointment extended to military officers under the rank of general officers, and to inferior magistrates and other civil officers. A Secretary appointed for four years kept the official records, and stood ready in case of a vacancy in the office of Governor to execute the government of the Territory.

Legislative power was vested in a sort of legislative board§ made up of the Governor and three Judges. This body had power to establish inferior courts and prescribe their jurisdiction, and to make laws for "the good government of the inhabitants."

* *Indiana*, by J. P. Dunn, in "American Commonwealths," p. 318. For the six laws referred to see *Revised Laws of the Territory of Louisiana*, 1808.

In a collection of laws of the District of Louisiana, the Territory of Louisiana and the Territory of Missouri, sixteen (16) laws are recorded as having been passed by the Governor and Judges of Indiana, for the District of Louisiana, on October 1st. See *Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 24.

† *U. S. Stat. at Large*, Vol. II, pp. 331-332. This act went into effect on July 4th, 1805.

‡ *U. S. Stat. at Large*, Vol. I, pp. 50-53.

§ The following may throw some light on the constitution of this crude legislature:

In Michigan (1806) the Governor and Judges are deemed to "constitute a kind of legislative board," any three of whom are "considered to form a quorum, and of which quorum the votes of any two determine a question."

At the head of the Judiciary were the three Judges, appointed for a term of four years. With the same jurisdiction possessed by the Judges of Indiana, they were directed to hold two courts annually, within the Territory. The appointment of the Judges vested, as did the appointment of Governor and Secretary, with the President of the United States.

§ 10. The next stage in this history or evolution of governments is marked by the reorganization of the Territory of Louisiana under the name of Missouri. This was in 1812.* And it marks a great advance in the direction of the more perfect organization of the American commonwealth. For, with greater coherency and completeness as a whole, the Territory of Missouri exhibits a large differentiation in governmental functions.

Without going into details, it may be well to indicate the more important changes which are to be found in the act of reorganization.

Hitherto the legislative power of the Territory had been confided to a board consisting of the Governor and the three Judges. These officers were of presidential appointment, and the laws they enacted were to be in force unless disapproved by Congress. In other words the government "was neither derived from the people governed nor responsible to them."†

According to the new organization, the legislative power

"It has not been unknown that a different construction has obtained in other territories; that the words, *or a majority of them*, have been construed to apply to the Judges only; and that without both the *presence* and *concurrence* of the Governor, no law can be passed.

"In the territory of Michigan the construction has been *unanimous*, that, in this form of government, the Governor is a component member of the legislative board, and is entitled to be president of it; but that the other members may act without the Governor, and that their votes carry a question against the concurrence of the Governor."—*Woodward's Code*, Preface, in *Laws of Michigan*, Vol. I, preface, p. 3.

* Act of Congress approved June 4th, 1812, and to have full force after the first Monday in December of the same year.—*U. S. Stat. at Large*, Vol. II, pp. 743—747.

† *Michigan*, by Thomas M. Cooley, in "American Commonwealths," p. 146.

was vested in a General Assembly consisting of the Governor, a House of Representatives and a Legislative Council. The House of Representatives was composed of members elected every second year, by the people of the Territory. And there was to be one representative for every five hundred free white male inhabitants. The members of the Council, on the other hand, were not elected by the people, but were nominated and appointed as follows: As soon as elected, the representatives were convened by the Governor, to nominate eighteen persons for the Council. The names of these persons were returned to the President of the United States, who then appointed and commissioned, as members of the Council, nine out of the eighteen candidates.* The Governor who, of course, was still appointed by the President, had the power of an absolute and final veto over all legislation. But the Judges were now shut out entirely from this department of government.

It is moreover important to note the qualifications of members of the Assembly and of electors; for along this line there is considerable development in the twenty years next following. As fixed by the act of 1812, the qualifications of representatives were, twenty-one years of age, one year's residence within the Territory and the possession of a freehold within the county in which he is elected. Those of members of the Council were, one year's residence in the Territory, and the possession of two hundred acres of land in his own right. Electors of representatives consisted of "all the free white male citizens of the United States, above the age of twenty-one, who have resided in the said territory twelve months next preceding an election, and who shall have paid a territorial or county tax."

It is also observed that for the first time provision is made for a Delegate to Congress. This was an important innovation.

* By an act of Congress approved, April 29th, 1816, each county in Missouri Territory was authorized to elect one member to the Legislative Council.—*U. S. Stat. at Large*, Vol. III, p. 328

For up to this time, although the Territorial government centered in Washington, the people had no official representative in the National councils.

Another significant passage in the organic law, is the one enumerating the rights secured to the people. It is true that the treaty of 1803 guaranteed to the inhabitants the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion, and that in the acts of 1804 and 1805, freedom of religion and trial by jury are expressly mentioned. But further than this there was no enumeration. In fact, Congress, while extending to the territory west of the Mississippi, the principles of the Ordinance of 1787 as to governmental organization, did not fully guarantee to the inhabitants those several fundamental rights enumerated in the articles of the famous compact.* In 1812, these rights are first fully recognized and incorporated in the organic law of the Territory. But there still remained one exception—FREEDOM OF LABOR. It remained for the Compromise of 1820† to accomplish the extension of this clause of the Ordinance.‡

In the meantime the laws and regulations of the preceding governments, so far as they were not inconsistent with the act of Congress, were continued in full force. But at every point the Common Law was inevitably taking the place of the Roman Code. By an act of the Territory passed in 1816, the Common Law of England was adopted as the rule of decision, so far as not in conflict with the laws of the Territory.§ It had already been made the basis of the organic

* Of course Congress was not bound in any legal or constitutional sense to extend the Ordinance of 1787 *in toto* west of the Mississippi; for that Ordinance was not created and passed for any other territory than that Northwest of the Ohio river.

† *The Missouri Compromise.*

‡ Iowa, be it noted, was the first fruit of the Missouri Compromise. See the first case passed upon by the Supreme Court of the Territory of Iowa, *I Morris*.—See Wilson's address, *Publications of the Pioneer Law-Makers' Association*, 1890, pp. 87-88.

§ *Territorial Laws of Missouri*, Vol. I, p. 436. Reprinted in *Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa*, Vol. I, p. 41.

laws. However, it would be extremely difficult to determine to what extent the Civil Law did actually constitute a part of the Territorial code at this time.

§ 11. In 1819 a portion of the Missouri Territory was erected into the Territory of Arkansas; and in 1821 another and the most thickly settled portion was admitted into the Union as the State of Missouri. But further than the prohibition of slavery, no provision was made at this time for the remaining territory lying to the north and west of Missouri. This country which included the future Territory of Iowa, was in fact left without any subordinate jurisdiction whatsoever. It was a country without laws. A sort of no-government's land, with no local constitutional status. And in this condition the country remained until 1834.

NOTES.

THE Old Settlers' Society of Muscatine has recently given to the people of Iowa an example of what ought to be done in every town and county in the State. In November this Old Settlers' Society marked the site of the first house erected in Muscatine by planting thereon a memorial stone. The house which the stone commemorates was a trading-house built in 1833. The old settlers of Iowa are able to render the History of the State an invaluable service by marking historic spots with monuments.

RECORD of Precipitation for sixty years kept by Hon. H. W. Lathrop and for the last five years by Prof. A. A. Veblen, shows

Average Annual Fall	40.02 inches		
Greatest " "	61.81	"	1839
Least " "	20.54	"	1886
Greatest Precipitation in five consecutive years 1850-1854	303.31 inches		
Least, 1885-1889	139.32	"	

DEATHS.

At her home in Clinton, occurred the death of Mrs. Franklin R. Peck, a pioneer resident of Clinton. She came to that city 61 years ago. Her husband bought of the government a large tract of land, on which now stands a large portion of the city. The deceased was born in Kentucky, in 1818. She has always resided on the same piece of ground where they built the first log cabin.

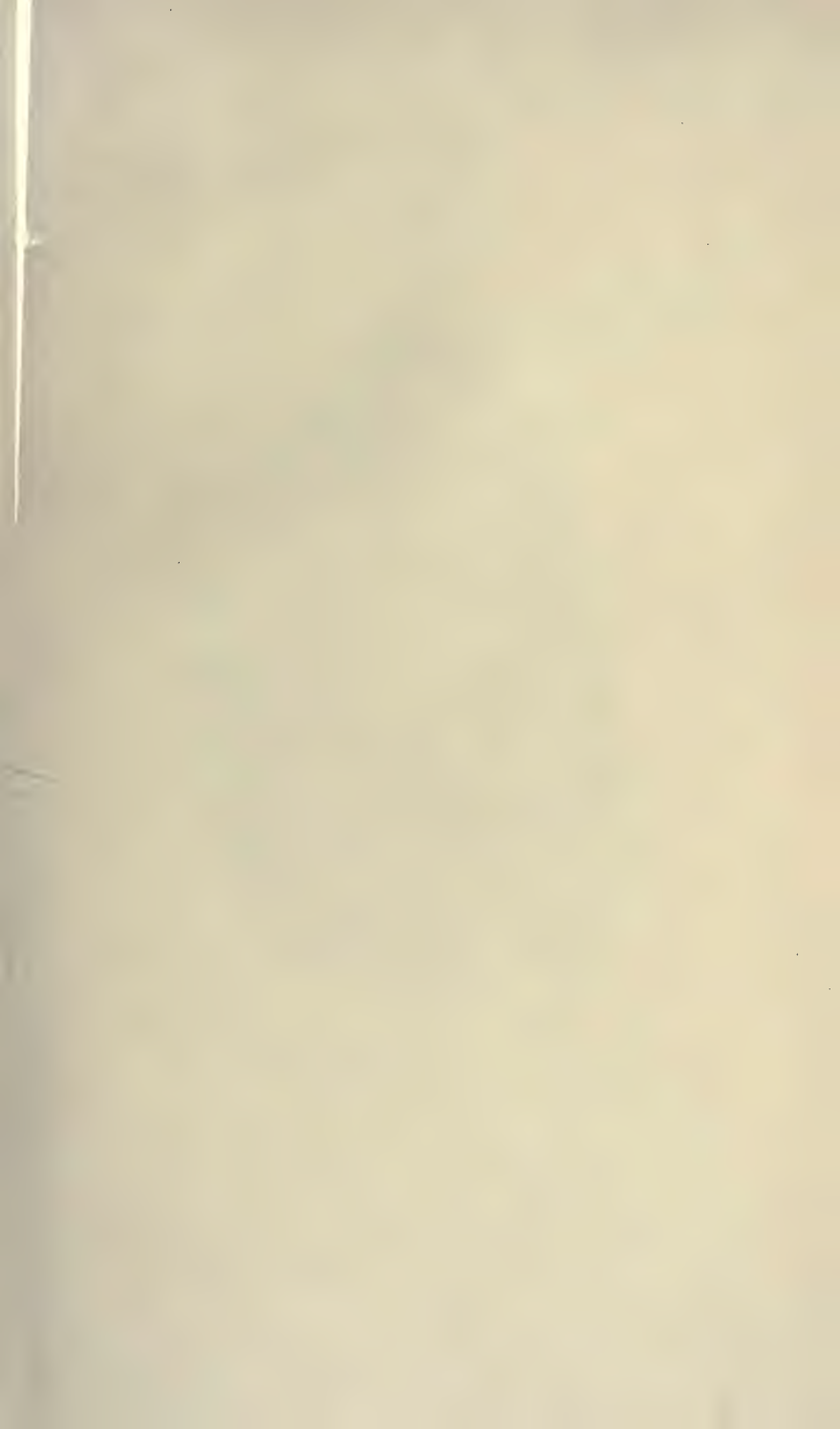
REV. URIAH EBERHART died at Chicago Lawn, September 17th, 1899. He had attained the age of seventy-eight years—forty years of which were spent in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in West Virginia, Illinois, and Iowa. During the Civil War he was for two years Chaplain of the 20th Iowa Regiment. After the capture of Vicksburg he was appointed by General Grant to take charge of 17,000 contrabands of war—colored people—and later had charge of a hospital at New Orleans.

JOHN SIMPSON WOOLSON, United States District Judge for the Southern District of Iowa, died at Des Moines, December 4th. Judge Woolson was born in Tonawanda, New York, December 6th, 1840. In 1856 he came to Iowa. During the war of the Rebellion he served in the U. S. navy. After the war he took up the practice of the law. From 1870 to 1891 he was chairman of the state board of commissioners of insanity. In 1876 he was elected to the Iowa Senate from Henry county: to this post he was continuously reelected until 1891. Finally in 1891 he was appointed United States Judge from the Southern District of this State.

JAMES HARLAN was born August 26, 1820, a farmer boy. He worked his way through Asbury University at Green Castle, Indiana, when Bishop Simpson was the president of it. He graduated at twenty-five and came at once to Iowa City, Iowa, to take charge of a Methodist academy at that

place. He was the first Superintendent of Public Instruction Iowa had. In 1853 he was elected president of Iowa Wesleyan University at Mt. Pleasant. That has been his home ever since. In 1855 he was elected to the United States Senate. He continued in the body until 1873, with the exception of the short time he was in the cabinet in 1865. We cannot make any adequate review of his life and character now. We hope soon to publish a full sketch of his eventful life.

JOSIAH PROCTOR WALTON died in Muscatine, November 24th, 1899. Mr. Walton was born in the town of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, February 26th, 1826. At the age of twelve he arrived with his parents at the settlement of Geneva, three miles above Muscatine, in what was then the Territory of Wisconsin. At the age of fifteen he was left to struggle alone by the death of his father. From 1842 to 1847 he was engaged in farming on Muscatine Island. He then removed to the city of Muscatine, where he spent the remaining years of his life. Mr. Walton was a typical pioneer, a real factor in the life of the community in which he lived. He was one of the charter members of the Muscatine Academy of Science. He was a member of the Trinity Episcopal Church, and was for many years the superintendent of its Sabbath school. At one time he served as a director of the Muscatine Board of Trade. For thirty years and more he took the meteorological observations at Muscatine for the United States Signal Service Bureau. He served as President of the Muscatine County Old Settlers' Society for fifteen successive terms.





Jan. H. Rothrock

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JAMES HARVEY ROTHROCK.

BY W. R. BOYD.



JAMES H. ROTHROCK was born in 1829 at Milroy, Pennsylvania, one of the most picturesque little villages in the central part of the State. It lies nestled in the heart of a rugged mountain scene. It is a place where one might well imagine that men of rugged character might be born. In 1838 his parents removed to Adams County, Ohio, where the elder Rothrock settled upon a farm in a clearing in the forest. Here the future jurist attended the common school the customary "three months in the winter time." In 1847 he left home and went to Parker's Academy, at New Richmond, Ohio, a short distance from Cincinnati. Here he was prepared for college, and when the preparation was complete entered Franklin University, at New Athens. He continued at his studies there for some time, stopping now and then to teach school in order to procure the necessary funds for continuing his course. He left the institution in the middle of his junior year, in 1852, and began the study of the law at West Union, Ohio. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court at Columbus, Ohio, in 1854, and began practice at Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio. The next year he was married to Miss Austia Foote, of Hillsborough, and the same year was elected

prosecuting attorney for Highland County, and served one term. In 1860 he removed to Iowa and settled at Tipton, the county seat of Cedar County. He began the practice of his profession there without associate. In 1861 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the General Assembly of the State. In that body he was associated with Rush Clark, afterwards Congressman from the old fifth district; James T. Lane, of Davenport; S. H. Fairall, of Iowa City; J. B. Young, of Linn County; Jed Lake, of Independence, and others. The last three weeks of the regular session Rush Clark, who was Speaker of the House, was unable to perform his duties on account of illness, and Mr. Rothrock was elected speaker pro tem. and presided over the deliberations of that body. The legislature was largely taken up with war measures. During the summer an extra session was held for the purpose of passing a law allowing soldiers to vote on the field. Mr. Rothrock during that session was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Iowa Infantry and went into camp at Muscatine without returning home.

The regiment went to the front in October of that year. The first winter was spent in Tennessee and Kentucky and at Cairo, Illinois. The following spring the regiment was attached to the Fifteenth Army Corps under Sherman, and at once became engaged in the Vicksburg campaign. Colonel Rothrock was much of the time in command of the rear guard of the army, and frequently was what we called "officer of the day." He was in command of his regiment on the 22nd of May, when the famous assault was made upon the rebel fortifications. Gen. William L. Davis, of Cedar Rapids, was a member of the Thirty-fifth Regiment. Some years ago, in writing up a description of that assault, he used this language: "When the signal gun was fired, Colonel Rothrock sprang to the front, ordered the regiment to charge and taking the lead with sword in one hand and hat in the other, he led his regiment into that shower of lead and iron. The line was repulsed with fearful slaughter."

He took part in General Grant's Vicksburg campaign, was at the battles of Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, the charges of the 18th and 22nd of May, 1863, and at the siege of Vicksburg. He was much of the time in command of the regiment, as his colonel commanded a brigade. He was a gallant and able officer.

Soon after the siege of Vicksburg, he had typhoid fever of a very severe character which left him in so weak physical condition that he was honorably discharged from the service. Colonel Rothrock returned to Tipton and resumed the practice of law as soon as his health would permit, forming a partnership with the late Judge William P. Wolf, which partnership continued until 1866.

In 1866 he was nominated without opposition and elected by a very large majority to be District Judge of the eighth judicial district. He was twice renominated and reelected to the same position without opposition. Before his third term expired, he was appointed by Governor Kirkwood one of the Supreme Judges of the State and was three times nominated and elected by the people to be Supreme Judge. He was nominated by acclamation twice and would have been so nominated the third time only for the excitement on account of the Supreme Court having held the amendment to the constitution, known as the "prohibition amendment," to be void for irregularities. As it was, he was renominated by a large majority on the first ballot.

He voluntarily retired from the bench on January 1, 1897, having declined a renomination, and having served nine consecutive years as District Judge and twenty-one years as Supreme Judge.

Of his services as Judge, we are indebted to Judge N. M. Hubbard for the substance of what follows: For a number of years before the Circuit Court was established, the duties of the District Judge were exceedingly arduous. The country was new. There was much litigation and considerable criminal business. Court was held almost continually and the

sessions lasted from eight to ten hours daily. The famous "Jones County Calf Case" originated in Judge Rothrock's court. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that when Bob Johnson, the principal figure in the "Jones County Calf Case," was brought before the grand jury in Jones County, Judge Rothrock advised against his indictment, but the pressure was too strong and the indictment followed, notwithstanding.

When it is remembered that Iowa was settled by the choicest young men and women from the Eastern and Middle States, this short story of his rise to one of the first places in the State testifies to his ability and worth.

I have known Judge Rothrock quite intimately during all his life in Iowa. His chief characteristics are probity, strong common sense and an unbiased judgment. The words "unbiased judgment" need definition. Men are much swayed by their passions and sentiments. When a man *feels* stronger than he *reasons*, his judgment is not safe. Judge Rothrock, as a judge, never *felt*—he *reasoned*, and his judgment was sound.

One of the panegyrists of Lord Mansfield said: "It is the business of the judge, not only to determine controversies betwixt man and man, but also to satisfy the beaten party that he got justice, to the end that he should have contentment and ease of mind." Judge Rothrock came nearer possessing this remarkable quality than any other judge I ever knew. In all the thirty years I practiced before him, I never knew him to show the least feeling. When zealous, and sometimes angry, counsel *raved*, he *reasoned*. And thus it was, at the end, the defeated party generally felt that he had been justly beaten.

His written opinions contained in sixty-one volumes of Iowa Reports are models of compact statement, clear analysis, which march with irresistible force to an irresistible conclusion. There is a perspicuous method of stating the material, leading facts of a case that points to a just conclusion.

When you have read his *statement* of a case, you know how

it is to be decided, and you do not have to look at the end for the words "Affirmed" or "Reversed." His language is plain, simple, terse, vigorous Saxon, without Latin quotations. If he wants to say anew, he does not say *de novo*. He was not a great scholar, nor a man of any considerable literary attainments. He had devoted his life to the elucidation of truth from varying human testimony, and to the faithful administration of justice.

His opinions and judgments show painstaking labor to master the facts, and a steady searchlight of judgment to discern the truth.

Iowa, for so young a State, has produced many eminent jurists, among them Justice Samuel F. Miller, Judges Dillon, Love, Cole, Wright and others, but for clearness of analysis, freedom from dicta, absence of feeling, and the presence always of strong, unbiased reasoning, the written judgments of Rothrock will stand in the estimation of the future bar of this country on an eminent equality with those of any American Judge.

One of the most learned members in the profession in Iowa, speaking to the writer the other day, regarding Judge Rothrock's work in the Supreme Court, stated that it was painstaking and thorough to a degree. He never wrote an opinion, said this authority, without the most conscientious research. He did his best every time, and to his indefatigable labor, the State is indebted beyond its power to comprehend.

Like every other strong man, Judge Rothrock possessed a great fund of common sense, and in his interpretation of the law he used his common sense together with his knowledge of technicality and precedent, and it was this common sense quality that made him specially strong. Since 1881 he was a citizen of Cedar Rapids. Day in and day out he came amongst us as a model officer and a just and an upright citizen. Though removed as no other official was from the people, he continued one of them to such a degree that it can be truthfully said that no man more thoroughly understood or more

deeply sympathized with men as they are than he who for more than thirty years, by virtue of his judicial career had been somewhat removed from active participation in the ordinary affairs of life.

From every point of view Judge Rothrock was an heroic figure. In his prime he stood six feet, weighing 230 pounds, with a massive brain at the top. He was a good talker, a better listener, and withal of rare judicial bearing, indicating honesty, patience and all the attributes of a wise and just judge. The people of Iowa, without dissent, honor him as one of her first citizens and jurists.

If we were asked to characterize in the briefest possible manner him whose life has just ended, we should do it by quoting the lines which Tennyson wrote concerning the Duke of Wellington.

" Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are—
In his simplicity sublime."

He was in all things sincere and natural. He believed that nothing was to be gained by keeping one's head above the clouds. He looked at everything from the standpoint of genuine human nature.

His heritage of blood was precious. His ancestry was "Pennsylvania German," which means that honesty of heart and life, love of home, industry, prudence and uncommon common sense belonged to him as a gift from the ages.

His life was singularly simple. He mingled with his fellow-men in all the walks of life, as an equal, and yet without loss of dignity. He loved companionship, but he despised the limitations and frivolities of society as that word is popularly understood. His idea of a good time socially was to meet informally either in his own, or in the house of a friend, those whom he knew, trusted and loved.

He was fond of the companionship of those who were younger than himself. It will never be known how many young men have been encouraged by his kindly interest, his

wise counsel, and his beneficent and indulgent friendship; but they are legion. The young lawyer struggling with his first case while he occupied the district bench, or the attorney who appeared with diffidence for the first time before the Supreme Court, recognized almost instinctively that Judge Rothrock desired above all things to put him at his ease.

And he was loyal in his friendships. Advancement in official position, and increase in earthly possessions, changed neither his manner nor his spirit. If he knew any difference among friends of equal merit, it was with him as with Grant—the friends of his adversity were cherished most. One instance of this true fidelity may be pardonable in this connection. Some seven or eight years ago, a sensational crime was committed by a young man of hitherto excellent reputation. He had yielded to the tempter in an hour of weakness and appropriated a considerable sum of money, which he returned to the lawful owners, after a day or two, voluntarily. He was arrested and committed to jail. In a few days there appeared in some of the newspapers of the State, harsh criticism of Judge Rothrock because he had visited this young man in his prison cell. The writer of this article addressed a letter to the Judge, saying in substance that he knew the criticism must be unfounded, and asked for a statement of the facts that it might be as clear to the public in general as it was to his friends, that no judicial impropriety had been committed when he made that visit to the jail. His reply was that he did not care for any defense whatsoever; he did not even so much as desire that an explanation be made. "For your eye only," he said, "I will state the reasons which prompted my visit, now a subject of criticism for partisan purposes. When I was in the army, the father of this man nursed me through a spell of typhoid fever, and together with the doctor, saved my life. He and his wife are still living, they are old and poor now, and this has been a terrible blow to them. I desire to do, in the capacity of a friend, what I can to break the force of that blow, and with that in mind I visited

the unfortunate young man. I was there in no judicial capacity. I do not intend in any way to seek to influence the court. I presume that the young man will have to go to the penitentiary. I expect to be in the court room when he is sentenced to sustain and comfort his aged parents as best I may, when the blow falls. I am sure I committed no impropriety in this, and so feeling I do not care what criticisms are levelled against me. I wish neither apologies nor explanation." Such was Judge Rothrock's conception of the word "friendship."

His home life was very happy from the beginning until the end. The death of Mrs. Rothrock in 1893 was a bitter experience, but he found in his daughter one who was able in as great a degree as is possible, after such a loss, to preserve the true home atmosphere.

As husband and as father, he was indulgent, but not recklessly so.

He had reached his seventieth year, but yet he did not seem old, and those who knew him intimately cannot rid themselves of the impression that his death, which occurred January 14, was untimely. But there can be no regrets over such a life. It was complete, it was symmetrical, and above all, it was noble. And now—

"Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!"

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO GOVERNOR LUCAS.

BY BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH.



THE most interesting incident in the administration of the first Governor of the Territory of Iowa was his quarrel with the Legislative Assembly. By virtue of his absolute veto power the Governor was not simply the executive: he was at the same time a constitu-

ent branch of the Legislature. Nor did Robert Lucas hesitate to exercise his legislative function when in his own judgment the public good demanded such interference.

But the free exercise of the veto naturally provoked opposition among the members of the Legislative Assembly. They did not like to see their pet measures criticised and defeated by one man. They petitioned the President of the United States to remove the Governor from office since in their opinion he was "unfit to be the ruler of a free people." At the same time a joint resolution was passed by both houses asking Congress to so amend the Organic Act as to curtail the veto power of the Governor. Lucas was not removed from office; but by an amendment to the Organic Act the Legislative Assembly was empowered to pass measures over his vetoes.

At the close of his term of three years Robert Lucas was not re-appointed Governor of the Territory. He did not leave Iowa. In 1844 he served as a member of the first Constitutional Convention. Two years later, after the formation of the Constitution of 1846, it seems that he announced that he would become a candidate for the office of Governor. This led to a bitter attack upon his political career through the columns of *The Iowa Capital Reporter*. The venerable ex-Governor replied in *The Iowa Standard* of September 23, 1846.

The following documents are reprinted literally from the pages of *The Iowa Standard*. They throw a new and fuller light upon certain phases of the political career of the first Governor of the Territory of Iowa.

GOVERNOR LUCAS AND THE CAPITAL REPORTER.

We have been requested to publish so much of the article in the *Iowa Capital Reporter* of the 19th of August last as alludes to the political course of ex-Governor Lucas, and which is replied to by that gentleman in this paper. The article

alluded to is too long for insertion. It sets out with a warning to the democrats of a plot of the whigs to run a distinguished democrat for Governor—that this democrat had been seduced by the whigs, as it was said, but the editor was induced to believe it was a whig slander, and that he, the editor, would be most happy to vindicate the gentleman's political integrity from the foul aspersion, but that appearances were against him. &c.

From the remainder of the editorial we extract the following:

THE DENOUEMENT.—Since the above was in type, we learn that *Robert Lucas*, the individual there alluded to, has actually declared himself a candidate for Governor. The fulsome flattery and artful appliances of federalism, together with his inordinate thirst for office, have proved too much for the infirmities of age. Mr. Lucas has never been regarded as a sound democrat, by those who knew him intimately. He has always been vacillating, never fixed in his principles, and of late years all his sympathies and predilections have been with the federal party.

To those who are acquainted with his sudden transitions back and forth between this territory and Ohio, in constant and eager pursuit of office, this consummation of his treachery will not be a matter of much surprise. He came to Iowa with a Governor's commission in his pocket. Being thus *provided for*, he was exceedingly zealous for the cause of democracy, and took an active part against General Harrison in 1840. But lo and behold! no sooner was it ascertained that old Tip. was elected, than a change came over the spirit of his dreams. Governor Lucas was then disposed to look with a good degree of complaisance upon the new order of things, and was repeatedly heard to say, as we are credibly informed, that General Harrison's Administration bid fair to be the most popular one that had ever been known. He hoped by this course to conciliate the Whig Administration, and be permitted to retain his place.

Being disappointed in this, he again cast himself upon the democratic party, and has been a standing candidate for office from that day to this. In 1843 he went back to Ohio, and became a candidate for Congress. A question was raised as to his eligibility, not being considered a resident of the States. Owing in part to this objection, and in part to a general lack of confidence in his democracy, he was beaten by Joseph Vance. In that canvass he claimed his residence in Ohio. But no sooner was he beaten, than he again turned his face to Iowa, and within nine months from the date of his defeat in Ohio, was a candidate for Delegate to our first Constitutional Convention. This was in August, 1844; the Convention sat in November of the same year. Soon after its adjournment he was again found in Ohio, craving the influence of the Democracy of that State, to induce Mr. Polk to confer upon him the Governorship of Iowa. But by this time he had come to be regarded as such an arrant office-seeker, that he could make very little headway with the Democracy. He did not, however, cease his efforts to obtain this appointment, until it was conferred upon his Excellency, James Clark.

* * * * *

He stands the poorest chance of an election of any man that can be brought out. It is with reluctance that we make this exposure of Mr. Lucas' imbecility and vacillation; but he has made his own bed; and on it he must lie. We regret exceedingly that our opponents are so heartless as to encourage an old man, bending under the weight of years, with one foot in the grave, to enter the political arena in this manner, when his thoughts should be on that world of spirits to which he is so rapidly hastening.

—*Reprinted from The Iowa Standard, New Series, Vol. I., No. 15, September 23, 1846.*

TO THE CITIZENS OF IOWA.

The calumnious articles, published in the Iowa Capital Reporter of the 19th of August last, appear to be a continuation

of the persecutions commenced against me at the first organization of the Territorial Government. I was not an applicant for the office of Governor of Iowa Territory, at the time of its organization; neither did I know of my name being presented for that office, until after the appointment was made. Having accepted the appointment, I repaired to the Territory with a full determination to discharge the duties of the office faithfully and impartially, to the best of my abilities. On my arrival in the Territory, I was informed by a friend high in office in Wisconsin, that I would meet with a determined opposition, and that every method would be used by certain individuals to oppose my administration, and to drive me from the Territory. This admonition was passed over by me at the time, and I proceeded to organize the Territorial Government in accordance with the act of Congress.

In my first Message to the Legislative Assembly, I urged upon their consideration such measures as I conceived would advance the prosperity of the Territory and happiness of the people, (*to which Message I most respectfully invite the attention of the public*); but it was soon manifested by the Legislative Assembly that some of my recommendations did not meet their approbation. Though none dared to oppose the measures recommended openly, yet secretly they commenced their persecutions, and transmitted to the President of the United States a secret memorial, requesting my removal as Governor. A copy of the correspondence with the State Department on that subject, is herewith submitted to the public, to which I respectfully solicit a calm, candid and impartial consideration. My communication being satisfactory to the President, this persecuting *clique* failed in their effort to crush me; but subsequently some of them, in connection with others have continued their persecutions even in my retirement, with a degree of malignity unknown in our political annals, perhaps with the single exception of the persecutions in New York against the venerable statesman, De Witt Clinton. Failing in their memorial to the President, as well as in their efforts to draw me

under party shackles and to control my official acts, a clique was formed in Burlington in the winter of 1839-'40, and one of their determinations was, *to get rid of the "Old Man,"* (as they were pleased to call me.) Of this clique, four men, who all now hold high offices under the United States, were heard to make the above declaration in the presence of a man now resident in this city, and to whom reference can be had if required. Three of these office-holding gentlemen, (as I have been credibly informed,) left their official stations, and have been perambulating the Territory responding to the calumnies in the Reporter of the 19th ult., and endeavoring by every method in their power to excite a prejudice in the public mind against me, and thereby to forestall public opinion in anticipation of the approaching election, by denouncing me as *anti-Democratic*, &c., &c. To these individuals and to all the members of the clique, I will say, as well as to the public at large, that I now am, and ever have been, and as long as I live shall continue to be a Democrat of the Old School; that my opinions have been spread before the world in my various public communications; that the various opinions thus expressed have underwent no change; and that I stand ready to try principles with my traducers, and to have them tested by the true standard of Democracy;—not the fluctuating edicts of Tammany Hall, but by the opinions and acts of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, which are acknowledged by all statesman to be the true test of Democracy. All I ask of the public is, that they will carefully and impartially examine my various communications and acts while acting as Governor of the Territory, as well as my acts and votes in the first Convention convened to form a Constitution for the State, and that each individual will act upon the true Democratic principle of thinking, judging and acting independently for himself. If I have erred in my official proceedings in either of those stations, it is unknown to me. I feel conscious that my best efforts in all cases were directed to the advancement of

the public good; and if I have erred, it is an error of judgment and not of intention.

Very respectfully, &c.,

ROBERT LUCAS.

Iowa City, September 21, 1846.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

Washington, 5th of February, 1839.

ROBERT LUCAS, ESQ.,

Governor of the Territory of Iowa:

Sir—I am directed by the President to transmit to you the enclosed copies of a communication and its enclosures addressed to him by members of the Iowa Legislature, and to desire you to furnish this Department with your explanation of the circumstances which form the ground of their complaints.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN FORSYTH.

(Copy)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Territory of Iowa, Jan. 12, 1839.

To His Excellency MARTIN VAN BUREN, *President of the United States:*

We, the undersigned members of the Iowa Legislature would respectfully avow that it is our pride and pleasure that we are the supporters of your Administration, and the advocates of those principles upon which you have thus far administered the Government of our growing Republic. Standing as we do in this friendly relation to the General Government, it is with regret and pain that we feel ourselves bound in duty to the citizens of this Territory, to ourselves and to your Excellency, to remonstrate, in strong terms, against the continuance of Governor Lucas as chief magistrate of this Territory. He was well received in this place, and every indulgence was

extended to him in consequence of his advanced age, and former services; but the fact can no longer be disguised that he does not possess the qualifications which are required of a Governor in a new Territory. If any measure is called for by the *People* of this Territory, it is a lamentable fact that it meets with an executive "Veto," unless it agrees with *his whims* of the moment. He exercises his Veto in all cases without regard to judgment or propriety, and without respect to the feelings or rights of the Legislature.—We are well convinced that in consequence of these facts anything like harmony cannot exist, and the peace of this Territory is destroyed so long as *Robert Lucas* is Governor of the same. But a few members of either house call on him, and then it is frequently those few are treated with silent contempt. He has refused to inform the House whether he has approved the laws they have passed (it would be well to recollect the fact that he *vetoed* the act regulating the intercourse between the Governor and the two Houses.) To some of the laws he has given a qualified approval and the fate of others is not yet known. In making these remarks we are actuated by no other motives than the welfare of Iowa and the honor of your Administration.

Another fact has this day come to light, which should not be concealed from the President. An act passed the Legislature of this Territory to incorporate the "Bloomington and Cedar River Canal Company," by which the privilege of banking, or what amounts to the same thing, was conferred on Judge Williams, Charles A. Warfield and others. This fact was highly objectionable to the Democratic members; but some of them voted for it to *try* the Democracy of the Governor. Mr. Clarke's paper, the Iowa Territorial Gazette, appeared last evening, on the 11th instant, and it contained the enclosed advertisement; and your Excellency will observe that the bill was not approved by the Governor, because it was not presented until this day, the 12th instant. Thus it will be seen that the action of this Territorial Government

was *foreknown* and *pledged* to a corporation before the bill could be signed. The good intentions of Governor Lucas, through all the innumerable difficulties which his want of judgment has occasioned, has been heretofore admitted; but we cannot any longer acknowledge our belief in his good intentions. To enable paper money speculators to publish their proposals for receiving money on fictitious capitals, *before* a *formal* grant of the unjust monopoly can take place by a regular compliance with the rules of Legislation, argues bad intentions, or such sheer ignorance as should fully disqualify any man for the station of Governor. A memorial detailing *all* the *facts* which have thus far disgraced the Administration of Governor Lucas, will be forwarded to your Excellency before the final adjournment of the Legislature of Iowa; and it is well known that the free and democratic citizens of this Territory will sustain their Representatives. We feel a deep interest in having a Governor in whom we can place confidence, and who has feelings in common with our infant Territory; and a change cannot be for the worse. If, in our opinion, harmony could have been *honorably* obtained with our present Governor on any terms, we would not at this time have brought this subject to your notice; but that state of things being hopeless, we submit our views and wishes for your consideration.

[Names of Signers omitted.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Territory of Iowa, Jan. 12, 1836.

To the Honorable WM. B. CONWAY,
Secretary of the Territory:

Sir—You will have the goodness to state, for the information of the members of the House of Representatives, whether an act for incorporating the Bloomington and Cedar River Canal Company has been deposited in your office; and if so,

you will be particular in stating the date of its approval by the Governor.

Yours respectfully,

[Signed by two members of the Legislative Assembly.]

The foregoing is a true copy of a letter to the Secretary, of this date, and was answered with his usual promptness; which answer is herewith enclosed.

(Copy)

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

Territory of Iowa, Jan. 12, 1839.

To ——— AND ———, Esqs.,

Of the House of Representatives:

Gentlemen:—Your note of this date has been received, and in reply to your inquiry, I hereby inform you that the "Act for incorporating the Bloomington and Cedar River Canal Company" was deposited in my office by Col. Williams, one of the Governor's aids, about 11 o'clock this morning, and the date of the approval endorsed on said Act, is this day, January 12th, 1839.

Very respectfully, your ob't, etc.,

WM. B. CONWAY,
Sec'y of the Territory.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Territory of Iowa, Jan. 12, 1839.

Mr. Beeler, from the joint committee on Enrollments, made the following report:

The joint committee on Enrollments report that they did on this day lay before the Governor for his approval, "An Act to incorporate the Bloomington and Cedar River Canal Company."

This shall certify that the above report was made in this House this day, January 12th, 1839.

JOS. T. FALES,
Chief Clerk.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, I. T.,

Burlington, March 12, 1839.

Sir—On my return to this place, after a short tour to the interior and frontier of the Territory, I received your communication of 5th ultimo, in which you inform me that you had been directed by the President to transmit to me the enclosed copies of a communication and its enclosures addressed to him by members of the Iowa Legislature, and to desire that I would furnish that Department with my explanation of the circumstances which formed the ground of complaint, for which communication and enclosures I sincerely thank you.

I had been informed that a communication had been forwarded to the President by certain dissatisfied members of the Legislature; but never, until the receipt of your communication could learn who they were, or the purport of their complaint.

I will take a brief notice of the communication, and present to the consideration of the President a few facts as they exist.

To the first complaint—that, I do not possess the qualifications which are required of a Governor in a new Territory—I will not reply, leaving that question with those who are acquainted with my public services in Ohio and elsewhere, for many years past.

The next complaint is, that, "If any measure is called for by the People of the Territory, it is a lamented fact that it meets with an Executive *Veto*, unless it agrees with his whim of the moment—he exercises his veto in all cases without regard to judgment or propriety, and without respect to the feelings and rights of the Legislature." *This charge has no foundation* in truth, and as a refutation of the same, I transmit to the Department copies of all my communications to the Legislative Assembly from the commencement to the close of the session, that can have any relation to the charge, and will solicit for them a careful consideration; if there is anything contained therein that encroaches upon the prerogatives of the Legislative Assembly, or inconsistent with the wishes of

the people of the Territory, it has escaped my notice. But on the other hand it will be found that in some of the Acts and Resolutions from which I withheld any assent a disposition was manifested by the Legislative Assembly to exercise power not guaranteed to them, to dictate to the Executive—and to control his official acts.

The complaint about the treatment of members who called upon the Executive, has not the shadow of truth to support it, and is of too trivial a character to meet with a special notice.

The complaint relative to my vetoing the "Act regulating the intercourse between the Legislature and Executive Department of the Territory of Iowa," will be explained in my communication to the Council, returning the bill; to which I respectfully refer you.

With regard to special approval, I did note on some bills chartering Ferries across the Mississippi River, a note of explanation to the following effect:

"NOTE—So far as this act may be construed to interfere with private rights, or of the United States, it will be considered void, in other cases valid; with this note of explanation I give it my assent." I did not consider that the Legislature had any right to grant to individuals an exclusive privilege to occupy a ferry landing, where the property was either owned by private persons or the United States. The above indorsement was made on some ferry bills that passed early in the session, afterwards several bills passed with a proviso corresponding with that notice and were approved generally; the above contain the whole of the special approvals complained of. If I was in error in thus endeavoring to protect the rights of individuals, and the property of the U. States I have not been enabled to discover where the error lies.

The complaint relative to the Bloomington and Cedar canal company, I consider scarcely worth a notice. From their own statement, it is evident that they did not understand the provisions of the bill, if they suppose it to confer banking privileges. It was a bill in which many citizens of the Terri-

tory feel a deep interest and on its presentation to me was approved—as to any previous pledge given by the Executive, or the notice spoken of as having been published in the Territorial Gazette before the bill had been presented to the Executive for his approval, I know nothing of them, and never heard of them till I saw it in the communication transmitted to me from Washington.

The gentlemen's complainants state, that "the bill was highly objectionable to the Democratic members, but some of them voted for it to try the Democracy of the Governor." I was unable to discover that the bill had any relation to the principles of democracy—and if these self-styled Democratic members, who they say "voted for the bill to try the democracy of the Governor" could thus sport with the oaths they had taken at the commencement of the session, "*faithfully and impartially to discharge their duties to the best of their judgment and understanding,*" and at the same time vote against their judgment and understanding, to try the democracy of the Governor; I confess that I do not envy the state of their moral sensibility.

But some of these same members, subsequently to the passage of the Bill of which they complain, voted for the passage of one containing far more exceptionable principles and which I confess was approved by the Executive with great reluctance.

They promised "that a memorial stating all the facts which have thus far disgraced the administration of Governor Lucas, would be presented before the final adjournment of the Legislature of Iowa, and it was well known that the free and democratic citizens of the Territory will sustain their Representatives." To the assertion that the free and democratic citizens of Iowa will sustain their Representatives, as far as opinions have been recently expressed, *the direct negative is given.*

The promised memorial, and a counter memorial, I understand have been forwarded to the President, as well as a

Remonstrance from the people against the memorial of a majority of the Legislature—to which I respectfully solicit the attention of the President.

As far as I have been enabled to judge from the expression of the people, during a tour of three weeks through the interior of the Territory, I am satisfied that my Administration is approved by a *large majority* of the people of the Territory.

The principles of my message at the meeting of the Legislature were approved by the people generally through the country. I have strictly adhered to the principles therein recommended, and have in no instance knowingly departed from them. I was well aware of the responsibility I incurred in referring in my message to the practice of intemperance, gambling and other vicious practices. Our situation and want of a proper organized government expose us to the depredations of reckless, dissolute characters, our want of prisons render our penal laws entirely nugatory “to see the laws faithfully executed,” and having no means of performing this duty but through the agency of civil officers to be appointed by the authority of the Territory, I concluded at once to set my face against vice, and declared my determination to nominate none to office, who were known to be of bad moral character, or addicted to the habits of gambling or intemperance. This declaration was made public in my message—none, however, dared to oppose it openly, but it has met with a secret and determined opposition from a certain class of the community.

I have herewith transmitted copies of all communications from me to the Legislature during its session, (except those nominating officers to the Council,) from which the President will be enabled to judge as to the truth of the charge of my having “exercised the veto power without regard to judgment or propriety.” My only doubts are, that in my general desire to coincide with the Legislative Assembly, I have permitted some bills to pass, that were erroneous in principle and defective in detail.

With the exception of the bills referred to in the communications herewith transmitted, every bill that was presented to me during the session of the Legislature was approved. Two bills were presented the evening after the Legislature had adjourned and after many of the members had called to take leave of me.

One was an act to repeal "all acts and parts of acts of a general nature adopted and passed by the Legislative authorities of the Territories of Michigan and Wisconsin, and now in force in this Territory."

This bill if approved would have left the Territory without laws on many important subjects, to-wit: the laws authorizing marriages, together with many others of importance would have been repealed.

The other bill was "an act to provide for the compensation of printers of the Legislative Assembly, *and for other purposes.*" This last bill contained many extravagant allowances which I considered unwarrantable and in violation of the organic law of the Territory, among which are allowances to the secretary of the Territory to the amount of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, the greater part of which are for the performance of duties that I consider as properly devolving upon him as secretary of the Territory and for which the United States pays him an annual salary of \$1200.

The Legislature having adjourned before the bills above alluded to were presented for my consideration, and their character being highly objectionable, were of course filed among the Executive papers, to be reported to the next Legislative Assembly at the commencement of its session. I would here remark, that the Legislature during its session declared that a Resolution signed by the presiding officers, without the Executive sanction, was a sufficient voucher for the payment of money—in which opinion the Secretary concurred, and, as I am informed, paid the printers, members of the Legislative Assembly, their *host* of officers, and sundry other allowances, upon such Resolutions. (This I do not state officially, as no

such resolution was ever presented to the Executive for his approval.) The printed documents herewith transmitted, will cast some light upon the subject, relative to the arrangement entered into between the Secretary and Legislative Assembly.

These two acts, and those referred to in my communications to the Legislature, will present to the Department every act passed by the Legislative Assembly that was not approved by the Executive.

As far as I have been enabled to judge of the *cause* of opposition to my administration, it has grown out of my recommendation to the Legislature to use economy in the expenditures of public funds, and my advice to them not to exceed in their expenditures the appropriations made by Congress, together with my declaration to nominate no man to office who was given to habits of gambling, intemperance, or of known bad moral character.

A common opinion appears to prevail among the members of the Legislature, and expressed by them without reserve, that, as the United States pays the expenses of the Territorial Government, the greater the expenditure the better for the Territory. From this opinion I dissent; I believe that we should be controlled in our disbursements of money appropriated by the United States, by the same strict rules of economy that should govern us in the disbursement of private funds, or of funds drawn directly from the people; and I am satisfied that the great body of the people of the United States are with me in this opinion.

I have had a most arduous and unpleasant duty to perform in organizing the Territory. I left my home on the eighth day after I received notice of my appointment. On my arrival in the Territory, I found that Secretary Conway had *assumed* the Executive prerogative, had issued a proclamation dividing the Territory into Judicial Districts, and was about issuing a proclamation apportioning the Representatives, and ordering an election. He handed me the draft of his proclamation, and left for Davenport in less than an hour after my arrival at Burlington. Subsequently he has not only done

nothing to render me assistance, but *is generally believed to be the prime mover of the opposition to my proceedings, and the author* of the documents forwarded to Washington by the members of the Legislature; and I can briefly state that if Mr. Conway has performed any duty as Secretary of the Territory, further than his connection with the Legislative Assembly it is unknown to me. I know that he has not made up a page of Executive record, neither do I believe that he has recorded the certificates of the oaths of the Territorial officers, as required by the Organic law. He appears to consider his "Department," as he styles it, entirely independent of the Executive. He has not been in this city since the adjournment of the Legislature. The day following the adjournment he sent off (unknown to me,) *all the Legislative Acts of the last session, leaving no record of them at the seat of Government.* He is now at Davenport, and I presume has the acts of the Legislature with him.

In conclusion, I will remark, that since I have been in the Territory, I have been compelled to perform *both* the duties of Executive and Secretary, as far as the duties of Secretary were connected with the Executive Department. I have just completed the organization of the Territory, and transmitted commissions to the various officers of the Territory, without any assistance from the Secretary.

I have made the foregoing statements for the purpose of enabling the President to form a correct opinion relative to the difficulties I have had to contend with, and the interruptions thrown in the way of my Administration.

I feel a consciousness of having thus far faithfully performed the duty entrusted to me by the President, in accordance with the avowed principles of his administration; and shall continue to do so, under the protection of Providence, so long as the Executive duties of the Territory are entrusted to me.

With sincere respect I have the honor to remain

Your obedient servant

HON. JOHN FORSYTH

ROBERT LUCAS.

Secretary of State of the United States.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

April 4th, 1839.

HON. ROBERT LUCAS.

Governor of the Territory of Iowa,
Burlington, Iowa.

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th ultimo, and of the papers therewith transmitted.

I have the honor to be sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN FORSYTH.

PIONEERS OF MUSCATINE.

BY IRVING B. RICHMAN.



IN 1819, when Major Thomas Forsyth was on his voyage of exploration up the Mississippi, from St. Louis to the Falls of St. Anthony, he stopped upon one occasion and passed the night at the head of a large island, which, he says, was called the Grand Mascoutin. This island had no doubt derived its name from the Mascoutin tribe of Indians, who, according to the map of Franquelin, occupied in 1684 the region about Fox River in the State of Wisconsin. The present town of Muscatine, when first laid out, was called Bloomington, the name Muscatine, not being adopted until some years later. The first settler was J. W. Casey, who built his cabin on the present plat in 1835. Succeeding Casey in 1836, came John Vanater and Captain Benjamin Clark. Also at about this time came Suel Foster, Moses Couch, T. M. Isett, Adam and Henry Funck, William Gordon, Adam Ogilvie, Jonathan Pettibone, William St. John, R. P. Lowe, Stephen Whicher, J. E. Fletcher, and a number of others. During the next few years, among those who came to Bloom-

ington, were Theodore S. Parvin, Judge Joseph Williams, S. Clinton Hastings, Wm. G. Woodward, and David R. Warfield. Of the persons named, Judge Joseph Williams figures most prominently in the history of the County and Territory. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and in 1838 President Van Buren appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa Territory, and Judge of the Second Judicial District. Williams was a man of great geniality, condescending even to dance and play the violin. He was of course highly popular, and managed to retain his position through the administration of President Tyler. When Iowa was admitted as a State, Judge Williams was elected to the Supreme Bench. In 1848, he was succeeded by S. Clinton Hastings, a man also of geniality in his way, but that way was not at all like Judge Williams's.

Much could be said about Judge Hastings,—his commanding appearance, ready resources, and sly humor, but our space will hardly permit. He was at one time a Representative of Iowa in Congress, but in later years removed to California. Here he also achieved distinction, rising to the Supreme Bench.

Engaged on the trial of many causes in Muscatine County, as opposing counsel to Hasting, was Stephen Whicher, a man of much dignity not to say austerity of bearing. He was also a man of marked individuality of character, and many anecdotes concerning him were for a long time current in the County. One of these was as follows: It was Mr. Whicher's habit, after a case had been, as he thought, improperly decided against him by a jury, to move the Court "in arrest of judgment" with a certain sardonic smile upon his face. After his death, it was noticed by his friends when viewing the remains, that this peculiar sardonic smile was plainly visible, and some one among them was heard to remark, that before the bar where Whicher was presumably then standing, he was evidently moving the Court "in arrest of judgment."

Still another conspicuous figure among the early lawyers

of Muscatine County was Judge Wm. G. Woodward, a native of Hannibal, New Hampshire. He was educated at Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1828. He was admitted to the bar under the auspices of Rufus Choate in 1832. He was a gentleman of polished manner and much dignity of bearing. Among the positions which he held, both county and State, were those of Prosecuting Attorney, Justice of the Supreme Court, State Representative and Senator, and Clerk of the United States Circuit Court.

But those conspicuous in the earlier history of the County are not alone from the legal profession. There were, for example, such men as General J. E. Fletcher, who in 1846, was appointed Indian Agent for the Winnebagoes, which office he held for eleven years. The agency was at first at Ft. Atkinson and afterwards at Mankato on the Minnesota River. During General Fletcher's term, the Winnebagoes, Sioux, and Chippewas were frequently at war, and the duties of Indian Agent were arduous in the extreme. There were also such men as Jacob Butler, Chester Weed, and General John G. Gordon. Among these, Jacob Butler is especially worthy of mention. He at first engaged in the practice of the law, but afterwards drifted into business where he was eminently successful. In 1863, he was chosen to the General Assembly of the State, and elected Speaker of the House. His manner was earnest and even brusque, and his utterances were forcible and to the point. As Speaker he was perhaps somewhat too much inclined to take sides upon questions. His habit of frequently calling a member to the chair, while he stepped into the arena of vigorous debate, was one not altogether calculated to add to the reputation for impartiality so important for a presiding officer. During Mr. Butler's business life, he held the positions of Trustee of Iowa College, Director of the American Mission Society, President of the North West Conference of the Congregational Association, President of the Muscatine National Bank, and Vice President of the Marine Company Bank of Chicago. In 1872, he rep-

resented the Liberal Party on the electoral ticket of Greely and Brown. Regarding Chester Weed, it may be said that, as for thirty years a member of the firm of Weed & Bridgman, he commanded the liking and respect of the entire community. He was a native of Connecticut, a man of much information, and a great traveler. He made repeated trips to Europe and to the Holy Land at a time when such excursions were not the off-hand affairs that they are to-day. His partner, Joseph Bridgman, was likewise a man of culture and the highest character. The latter, I believe, established the first retail mercantile business in Muscatine.

The period of the Civil War brought into prominence in Muscatine County, as elsewhere, a number of men well fitted to cope with the difficulties of the times. As representative of this class may be mentioned Gen. Edward Hatch, Rev. Dr. A. B. Robbins, Geo. W. Van Horne, and John Mahin. General Hatch achieved marked distinction in the Volunteer service, and at the end of the War entered the Regular Army for life. Dr. Robbins—a native of Salem, Mass.,—was a direct descendant of the Puritans, and as such an uncompromising foe of slavery and the Confederacy. He was a man of absolute sincerity, much culture, and of forcible powers of public speech. His sermons upon slavery and the war were like alarm bells in the night, and stirred the sluggard hearer to action in spite of himself.

George W. Van Horne and John Mahin were both editors, and while the former has passed away, the latter still wields a pen as vigorously as ever. Mr. Van Horne—who was a native of Massachusetts—was a man of fine imagination, scholarly instincts and accomplishments, and of a lovable nature. While still a very young man, some 24 or 25 years old, he was appointed by President Lincoln, U. S. Consul at Marseilles, France, where he remained from 1861 to 1867. While abroad he performed a very important service for the U. S. Government, in connection with the Confederate cruiser Alabama. The cruiser was in the port of Cherbourg, France,

and the question was, how to detain her there until a U. S. war vessel could be communicated with. Mr. Van Horne found a merchant of Marseilles, who had suffered from the depredations of the Alabama, and who was willing to swear out a writ of attachment against the vessel. With the writ in his pocket, Mr. Van Horne went to Paris and to the American Legation. Here little confidence was felt in the efficacy of the attachment, but it was resolved to give it a trial, and through the efforts put forth, the vessel was actually detained until the Kearsarge arrived. Returning to the United States Mr. Van Horne brought with him many curios and rare specimens of trans-Atlantic Art. These now adorn his late home in Muscatine.

The pioneers of Muscatine, who have been named in the foregoing hasty sketch, are of course but a few of those who might be named with propriety, to whom the community is highly indebted, and about whom much that is interesting could be said. As of this class, I would mention, J. Scott Richman, Rev. P. Laurent, J. Carskaddan, Simon G. Stein, Joseph Walton, Thomas Hanna, Suel Foster, Peter and Alexander Jackson, and Wm. F. Brannan.

A MIDLAND PIONEER WOMAN.

BY ELIZABETH LORD CONDIT.



AT the beginning of the century, there lived in the south of Ireland a Scotch-Irish family who, though very poor, were noted for their refinement, gentle disposition, kindness of heart, love of truth and sterling honesty. These cardinal virtues descended from parents to children, who practiced them in homes some of which were far removed from their birthplace. Benjamin, the eldest, served many years under the English government

as postmaster of Dublin; another son, enlisting as a soldier, did valiant service in Her Majesty's army in India; a third decided that America offered the best advantages for an active young man and came to Iowa; he secured a large amount of valuable land, and became a prosperous and influential citizen of that then new state. The youngest of the children, Mary Ann, a dark-haired, brown-eyed lassie, seemed born to exemplify the principles and graces of the Christian religion amid many vicissitudes, heavy cares, and difficult surroundings.

Two years after the birth of this daughter, the Lindsay family removed to Leeds, England, and the little one grew up as an English girl so that from her accent and manner few could realize that England was not her native country. The education of the schools was denied her because of the smallness of the family income; but her brother Benjamin taught her to read and write. A thirst for knowledge, joined with the disposition to observe and discriminate, and the ability to take advantage of all opportunities for improvement, produced an unusually well-informed and capable woman. She possessed a rare voice, and her sweet singing not only gave pleasure to her friends but comfort and encouragement to those in sorrow and despair.

Though the family were Presbyterians, Mary Ann became a member of the Church of England, and made the Episcopal Church her religious home in this country. Her expressed desire was to serve God in whatever state He placed her, and her faith in Him was the anchor of her soul. Courage and cheerfulness marked her daily life, with a spirit of thankfulness for her blessings. All her experiences she made "stepping-stones to higher things."

The account of her marriage is a leaf from an old romance. The intimate friend of her brother John, Cornelius Kennedy of Birkenhead, a young man of fine education and excellent character, visited the family and was impressed with the superior character of this young girl, then but fourteen.

Though fifteen years her senior, he asked her in marriage of her parents, and she accepted him in deference to their wishes. But the love for her husband that had its roots in daughterly obedience was a plant that had a beautiful growth and strengthened with years. There is intimation that though so young, she had thought of devoting herself to missionary work in India, but she cheerfully assumed the responsibilities of an entirely different vocation, believing that God had called her to it and would bless her in the performance of her duties.

For nearly twelve years, Mr. Kennedy, who was engaged in building the Liverpool docks, the Victoria tunnel, public buildings, and aiding in the construction of several railroads that were the "ventures" of those days in England, supported his family in affluence. Then, foreseeing the future greatness of Birkenhead, he invested more largely in land than the time warranted and lost everything. He immediately came to New York, and soon after went on a prospecting tour of the Isthmus of Panama and Central America, while his wife remained in Liverpool and supported herself and her five sons with her needle. When more than a year passed and no word came from her husband, she decided on following him, although others believed that the fever which had proved so fatal to Englishmen at Panama, numbered him among its victims. She accepted only enough money from her brother Benjamin to carry her and the children to the brother in Iowa. Three months on a sailing vessel passed before she reached New Orleans and transferred to a Mississippi river boat, which landed her at Dubuque; and from there she drove thirty miles to her brother's at Colesburg.

Here she was soon visited by her husband who, disappointed at Panama, had come north and found work at stone-cutting at Galena, Illinois. As he could not help financially, he returned to Galena, and was able shortly to engage in his special work as contractor and builder. Mrs. Kennedy at once settled on a heavily wooded section of land three miles west of Colesburg, in Delaware County, and the family lived

in a log cabin, formerly used by hunters, until such time as her husband could build them a home. In the meantime the wilderness was put under cultivation. Then an adjoining one hundred and twenty acre tract of land was added, making the farm inferior to none in the vicinity in fertility and beauty. A stone quarry on one section furnished material for a substantial and comfortable house.

Here nine children were born, of whom three died in infancy, and the younger ones knew little of the early struggles and discomforts except by hearsay. Mrs. Kennedy did not esteem hard work and privations as hardships; rather, she considered them favorable conditions for the formation and development of a strong and noble character in her children. She saw in the dry logs that abounded in her forest home what would have been luxuries at Liverpool; the sweet spring water bubbling from a spring in the hillside near the cabin was accepted as a gift from God; the big trees, singing birds, and quantities of wild flowers and fruit were His rich blessings; and the opportunity to raise her children in such a beautiful spot, far from the evil influences of the old-world cities, was a constant source of thanksgiving. Her face was always bright, her voice encouraging and her laugh cheery. She had no patience with a morose or morbid disposition, if one was well; God was over all, and He helped those who tried to help themselves.

Mrs. Kennedy believed thoroughly in the gospel of work and each child had its allotted tasks. They were not overworked, but little time was allowed for play or idleness, and thus she inculcated habits of industry, faithfulness and self-reliance. Though children on other farms were granted more license, none of the Kennedy family regret their mother's strict discipline. They recall a visit one Sabbath to a neighbor. The boys of the house were away, but their absence was soon explained when they came wheeling in four barrow loads of watermelons, taken (?) from the patch of a farmer, who with his wife was at church. The mother laughed at

their sharpness, and thought Mrs. Kennedy needlessly distressed over the matter when she talked about the wrong of allowing them to do such things and refused to eat or let her children eat any of the stolen fruit. They believe that it was owing to such home influences that the boys of that family, who are now all dead, went wrong.

During the first years on the farm, Mrs. Kennedy fashioned all the children's clothes from wool furnished by their own sheep, which a woolen mill in the vicinity converted into a rough and serviceable fabric. So strong was her aversion to going in debt, that she never would buy an article, however much it might be needed, unless she could pay for it. Many times the children were obliged to go barefoot in winter, so heavy was the demand, as funds and footwear gave out at the same time; she would make sheepskin or cloth wrappings for them until there was money enough to purchase shoes.

Mr. Kennedy's extensive business in the two States brought his wife, home-keeper though she was, into prominence as the woman who was the mother of fourteen children and was also successfully carrying on a farm. Her hospitality was unbounded; passing travelers availed themselves of it, and strangers came to visit her, drawn by the reports of her ability and her goodness. Pleasant friendships were thus formed with many who lived in towns and cities more or less remote, and such associations were welcomed as much for the sake of the children as for her own. Early in life the young folks were sent out from home with their mother's blessing to earn an education and a livelihood. Nine of the ten went through college and the tenth is no mean scholar.

Such a woman could not but have a wide influence, and she was "neighbor" in the broad sense of the word to all who needed help and comfort, regardless of distance. Catholic and Protestant alike sought her in times of sickness and sorrow, and the dying waited for her presence. It was her habit to help those who were in want with a little money, if she had it to give, and she often said that thus she had saved

life and homes, and relieved much distress. At the close of her life she told her children that all such money had been returned to her, even though sometimes many years had passed.

Time and distance did not affect the love existing between the bachelor brother, Benjamin, in Ireland, and the sister in far away America. He took great pride in her family and her achievements. Letters were frequent, and papers and books were supplied to the backwoods home. Some years before his death he made her a long visit, and she was generously remembered in his will. This money was invested in South Dakota lands and securities, and, leasing her farm for a term of years, she removed to Canton in that State in 1892. In the new house she built near the home of one of her sons she spent the remainder of her life in peaceful content.

She greatly enjoyed the privilege of worshipping in her own church, and entered into its activities as far as practicable for a woman of her years. She often referred to what she believed her "mission," the raising of a large family to become useful, God-fearing men and women, and expressed herself satisfied at the result of her labors. Eight children were living when she passed away. Her death in November, 1897, was painless and peaceful. Early one morning she told her son that the word had now come for her to go home. There was time to remember children and friends, and she was gladdened by their presence. Her mind was clear, her heart serene, and she talked much of the good way that the Lord had led her. Her only regret was that her husband must be left waiting alone after so many years of life together but it would not be for long. After five weeks the tide of life, which had daily ebbed and flowed with an outward current, carried her into the heavenly harbor.

THE FIRST IOWAN.

BY B. L. WICK.



OUR great State, ever ready to honor her favorite sons, has in some mysterious manner wholly neglected the first Iowan. He sleeps in an unknown region of a neighboring State and his name is scarcely known by a majority of our population. True, at the time he first trod on our fertile soil, King Corn played no conspicuous part as a factor in our civilization; no orators gave him a welcome, and no marches were played in his honor, and no postoffices were necessary to perpetuate his name. He came unheralded, clad in a priestly garb, sent out to win converts for his church and a country for his king. He died amidst his work surrounded by his converts, far away from his native land where a bishop's mitre or a seigniory might have been his.

James Marquette, the first Iowan, was born at Laon, France, 1637. At the age of seventeen he joined the Jesuits, and in 1666 was sent by this order to labor in America among the Canadian missions. He began by familiarizing himself with the Indian languages, and it is stated that in less than two years he was able to converse in no less than six of the native tongues. In 1668, he was ordered to Quebec to work in the Ottawa mission; but on his way he met with a party of Nez-Perces, who lived along the great regions on the lakes, and thither he went to Sault Ste. Marie, establishing a mission and converting the wives and children of the red man of the forest. From this place he proceeded west and established another mission called St. Prit, at La Point, near the western part of Lake Superior, at which place he arrived on September 13, 1669. For two years, except during the winter of 1670 spent at Mackanac, he labored successfully in this inhospitable region far from the whites and surrounded by warlike tribes.

continually at war with one another. In the spring of that year Father Marquette with a number of Huron converts returned to Michilmackinac where the fishing was good, and safety more secure, while the tribes were more friendly than further west. Here at Point Iroquois, now St. Ignace, Father Dablon had already erected a small mission. Thither he led 386 Huron converts and nearly 100 Outaouacs-inagaux. Still from his own communications to the Jesuit Fathers in that and the previous years it seems that he staid at this point erecting a church in the winter of '70, living on the island of Mackanac while he was erecting his church on the north shore of the lake and preparing for his colony. The French government at home was seeking to enlist the savage and thus obtain control over the region west and north of the Mississippi.

In the summer of '71, a large gathering was held wherein representatives from nearly all the Indian tribes took part, by which a treaty was entered into whereby the Indians came under the protection of France. For the next two years, we find Marquette laboring to unite the Indian tribes and assist them in temporal affairs, while he is ever careful of their spiritual welfare. He writes as follows: "They (the Hurons) have come regularly to prayers and have listened more regularly to instructions I gave them. We must have patience with the untutored minds who know only the devil, who, like their ancestors, have been his slaves, and who often relapse into sins in which they were nurtured. God alone can fix these fickle minds, and place and keep them in his grace and touch their hearts while we stammer at their ears." (Shea's Discoveries and Explorations of the Mississippi.)

In 1672 Louis Frontenac, an impoverished nobleman, became governor of Canada and on his arrival M. Talon laid before the newly appointed official the great importance the unknown region to the west would be to France. The Father of Waters, it was thought, flowed into the Gulf of California. For this great work of discovery Louis Joliet was selected, a trader who had a few years previously abandoned a priest-

hood to become an explorer. However much the new official favored the plan in order to reimburse his own empty purse, and extend the glory of France, all that the resolute discoverer received was one man and one canoe, and this man was Marquette now stationed at the head of the Lakes, busily engaged in saying prayers and in teaching the ignorant savage the white man's burden. In the bleak month of December of that year at the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Joliet arrived at the St. Ignace mission and informed his new acquaintance of the work before them. The pious father was glad of such an opportunity and for the further reason that Joliet had been a member of the Jesuits and was a man of daring, willing to endure privation for the sake of discovery as much as he would for the cause of his church and order. He writes: "Joliet, myself, and five volunteers are firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition has roused our courage and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night."

It was on May 17, 1673, that this journey was begun under such favorable circumstances, and during the winter Marquette drew a map of the region, the rivers and all the Indian villages and tribes likely to be passed on their way; and furthermore he employed a great part of the time in acquiring more of the Indian languages. The first place visited was the Green Bay mission, established in 1669, by Father Claude Allouez, called St. Francois Xavier. The course was then through the Fox river and into Lake Winnebago. They met with many tribes and soon found themselves on the watershed dividing the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. On June 17th the daring adventurers first caught sight of a great river at a place supposed to be where the prosperous town of Prairie Du Chien now stands. "Down this stream the two birch canoes raised their happy sails to unknown breezes and floated down the ocean stream, through prairies and forests, often meeting with wild Illinois, Shawnees, Sioux and Chickasas, Marquette striving to convert the people

to the worship of the true Manitou and the Catholic faith." Nothing is stated whether these adventurers went on shore on either side of the river till they arrived at the Now-in-gon-e-na (Des Moines) where Marquette spent six days about three leagues west from the river arriving on June 25th. This is the account of the first whites who ever trod on Iowa soil. The two guests were welcomed to partake of the best food the original inhabitants of Iowa could set before them. The tribe was known as the Illinois and showed both interest in and kindness to the new visitors who set foot on Iowa soil. On their departure the pipe of peace was handed around, presents were exchanged and according to the rude manner of the forest the red men bid their white brethren a touching farewell. The canoe floated down the river as far as the mouth of the Arkansas river, at which place from the unfavorable reports of the natives it was thought best not to proceed any further, having ascertained that the river did not empty into the Pacific. On July 17th, 1673, the return trip was commenced and a young chief volunteered to take the party by way of the Illinois river,—a much shorter route. By the month of September the party arrived safely at the Mission of Green Bay from which place they had set out on their perilous mission some five months previous.

Joliet returned at once to Quebec to report the discoveries made and in order to receive favors at home, and commissions for new fields of hazardous enterprises to be commenced; while the missionary ever faithful to his vows and his order continued his labors in spite of sickness and disaster to teach by precept and example the better way. At this mission he remained till October 25, 1674, when he once more set sail for the present site of Chicago where it is supposed the first house was erected by the hands of the whites during the spring of the following year; he also preached to about 2,000 of the Indians at Kaskaskia. Constant travelling in the swamps and along the rivers broke down his health and he was compelled to cease his labors among the people he loved so well.

In May of 1675, he set sail for the mission at St. Ignace with two companions, Pierre Porteret and Jacques, promising the devoted converts to return. The devoted followers pulled the canoe through the placid waters of Lake Michigan with utmost speed, while the dying missionary lay on his back, his mind wandering back to sunny France, then on the discoveries he had made and on the converts it had pleased God for him to make. On the 19th of May, he beckoned his faithful companions to land. Here he caused to be erected an altar where mass was said, and preparations for his death and burial made. The place was a small point called Sleeping Bear, a little distance from the river which bears his name on the eastern coast of Lake Michigan. Parkman says, "With perfect cheerfulness and composure he gave directions for his burial, asked their forgiveness for the trouble he had caused them; administered to them the sacrament of penitence and thanked God that he was permitted to die in the wilderness, a missionary of the faith, and a member of the Jesuit brotherhood." The grave was dug in the sand and the two men went on to the mission to impart the sad tidings to the priests and converts at St. Ignace. For two years the remains had not been disturbed, when a party of Kiskakon Ottawas and a number of Iroquois came by the spot where Marquette was buried. He had been their spiritual teacher at St. Esprit. The body was disinterred and placed in a box made of birch bark and carried to the St. Ignace mission where amid the Indian and Catholic rites the remains of the first and greatest Jesuit missionary in the Mississippi Valley were once more placed in the sacred burial grounds beneath the church which he had founded with Father Dablon in the winter of 1670-71.

During the later Indian, French, and English wars for the possession of the West, the stories told of Marquette and his grave had been forgotten and not till 1877 were some human bones with fragments of birch bark discovered on a private claim of David Murray at Point St. Ignace, and here on the site of the old church which was destroyed, a small monument

had been erected which shows the traveler the spot where the bones of the daring missionary, discoverer, explorer, and the first Iowan lies buried. In the old Catholic Church near by one can see an old painting of St. Ignace which, it is said, had been brought from France by the zealous missionary and carried from mission to mission, telling the story by picture as well as by word, the reward expected in the happy hunting grounds of one who in life had lived according to the canons of the Church and the Great Manitou.

Around the seat of this mission one can still find people of French and Indian blood, devotees of the Church Marquette assisted in establishing and of the faith he spread among the red men of the north and west.

Iowa has not in any way been interested in its first adopted son; since then many have come from foreign lands and found homes for themselves and their children; this first one, one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing of the early explorers and missionaries, died thanking his God that it had remained for him to thus die in harness amid the people he sought to convert in a land of strangers far from home.

A BOOK REVIEW.

BY JOHN SPRINGER.

FRAGMENTS OF THE DEBATES OF THE IOWA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS OF 1844 AND 1846, ALONG WITH PRESS COMMENTS AND OTHER MATERIALS ON THE CONSTITUTIONS OF 1844 AND 1846. Compiled and edited by BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH, Ph. D. Published by the State Historical Society of Iowa. Iowa City, 1900. 424 pages.



THOSE who are interested in Iowa history will, no doubt, recall two large octavo volumes, of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of 1857, in which the debates on that constitution are quite fully set out. But no such record was preserved by the conventions of 1844 and 1846. In searching the files of the early

Iowa City newspapers, Professor Shambaugh was struck by the fairly full and interesting accounts of these conventions, especially that of 1844. He set about making copies of the newspaper reports of the conventions, a task the magnitude of which can only be appreciated by those who have undertaken to copy many columns from the unwieldy pages of a bound file of newspapers. The newspapers giving an account of the proceedings of the conventions were the *Iowa Standard*, the precursor of the *Iowa City Republican*; and the *Iowa Capital Reporter*, succeeded by the *Iowa State Press*. To their editorial comments on the conventions are added those of other territorial journals of the time, and some of the extended speeches of members of the convention. It was emphatically worth doing, and in this volume the student of Iowa history—and the general reader—has at hand a most valuable record that heretofore was preserved in but one or two bound volumes of old Iowa territorial newspapers.

Dr. Shambaugh's work makes a stout octavo volume. He has something more than a mere taste for old records and history; he has all the nice appreciation of a "bookish book," that is not satisfied with mere print, and in this, as in his other publications, he has taken pains to secure a handsomely printed volume, on excellent paper, a piece of book-making that meets the most exacting demands of plain, serviceable and lasting work.

Of this volume of 424 pages, the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of 1844, occupy 204, and newspaper articles and speeches of members 112. There was a good deal of politics even at that early day, and the whigs though few in number held up their end of the debate. Johnson County had three members, ex-governor Robert Lucas and Henry Felkner, democrats; and Samuel H. McCrory, whig (later a democrat of great prominence in the party councils). Governor Lucas was next to the oldest member (63), and Mr. McCrory (32) one among the youngest. Lucas and Felkner had each been in Iowa 6 years, McCrory 7; all three gave

their occupations as "Farmers." There were many topics of debate attracting much attention, among others that of opening the convention session each day with prayer; slavery came in for a share; but the boundaries, banks and corporations and the election of the judges occupied the greater part of the time. The boundaries as settled upon were on the south and east as at present, but on the west and north a line was to run from where the Missouri receives the Sioux River to where the Minnesota joins the Mississippi, thus taking in what is now a large part of Minnesota. Congress, however, made the boundaries to be the Mississippi on the east, the State of Missouri on the south, gave a slice of Minnesota on the north, but made the west line where now is the west line of Kossuth County straight south. This boundary was decidedly unpopular. The constitution was rejected, the majority against it being only 996; it was again submitted the same year with the provision that the congressional boundaries should not be accepted, and again defeated by 421 votes.

The convention of 1846 contained but 32 members against 72 in 1844, and sat only 14 days instead of 24 as in the previous convention. This convention adopted the present State boundary lines, though with a great deal of debate. While the convention of 1844 provided that no bank should be chartered except on vote of the people, that of 1846 by one sweeping edict absolutely excluded banks of issue and made the way hard for all kinds of corporations. Unfortunately the reports of debates in this convention are very brief; but they are supplemented by articles from the papers and by a long address from Wm. Penn Clarke, of Iowa City, candidate for the Territorial Council, in which he vigorously opposes the constitution for its hostility toward banks and corporations. As an Iowa Cityan he also opposed it, because it did not locate the seat of government here for twenty years, and hence it would soon be removed to "the rival point," "the Raccoon Forks"—where that is our readers can determine. He says, "We [Iowa City] shall probably be promised a State University, or

something of that character, and then be cheated in the end; for the State will not locate such an institution in the same place where there are already one or two chartered institutions of learning in operation." Mr. Clarke was a whig, and the opposition of the whigs to the constitution in part represented party lines.

The constitution was voted on August 3rd, 1846, and was adopted by the slender majority of 452 in a total vote of 18,528. Despite Mr. Clarke's earnest opposition it carried Johnson County by 44 votes in a poll of 678. The pioneers clung to the idea that the northeast corner of the State should be at the mouth of the Minnesota River.

Some of the democratic addresses are very radical against banks and corporation privileges, though in neither convention did the force of a caucus hold either party "in line." The majority of members were farmers, under 40 years of age, and they manifested a great deal of sturdy independence inside party lines. In the second convention Johnson County was represented by Curtis Bates, a democrat 40 years old, who had been in the Territory 5 years.

This valuable reprint of now almost lost pages of Iowa history gives much light on the formation of the State at its most interesting period. The edition is small, only 500 copies, and when exchanges are made with other societies that publish valuable historical works, the remainder will supply but a limited demand. As the society seeks no profit on its publications, the work will be sold, until the supply is exhausted, at the nominal price of \$1.00 each, a sum but very little above the mere cost of manufacture. Application for copies should be made early to Mr. M. W. Davis, Secretary of the Iowa State Historical Society, Iowa City.

JEFFERSON COUNTY PIONEERS.

[CONTINUED FROM JULY, 1899, NUMBER.]

BY HIRAM HEATON, GLENDALE, IOWA.



MILE southeast of Glendale station is a granite monument to the memory of a Mr. Rhodham Bonnifield, his wife, and several children, all of whom died in 1840 of some illness that at the time baffled the skill of the physicians in the newly settled country. The monument was erected by W. B. Bonnifield, Esq., of Ottumwa, to his parents and kindred, in 1896, and marks one of the saddest experiences of the pioneers. Mr. Bonnifield came from Virginia in 1837, and his wealth and large and intelligent family of fifteen children made a genuine enrichment to the raw country. The Ross and Bonnifield families soon became greatly attached. William Ross married Catherine Bonnifield, while Samuel Bonnifield married Nancy F. Ross.

Wm. Ross and wife live in Kansas, and so lightly have the years touched them that it requires an effort to fully apprehend that they are the very same persons who figured in the first events of this county. To assist in bridging the intervening years, it will help one to recall that Wm. Ross, in early manhood, was a school teacher, held in high esteem by many, who yet remember him. One term that he taught at the Voorhies school house, is memorable because of his whipping a boy named Jacob Phoutz three times the last half day of the school. Those were the days when "lickin' and learnin'" were thought to be closely related. That Ross was not mistaken, is evident from the happy effect his discipline had upon that mischievous boy. Mr. Phoutz lives in Fairfield, and all who know of his splendid record as a member of the First Iowa Cavalry in the civil war, and his prosperous years since, will wish that the present generation of young men had received training from such men as Ross.

That history which best represents the manners, customs, and inner life of the people, as well as the lives of the leading members of the community; which deals most in popular description, and most largely admits the biographical and anecdotal element is the most faithful, as it is interesting.

Mrs. Oliver Hoops, of Fairfield, is a grand-daughter of the Mr. Bonnifield, whose memory is kept alive by the granite monument above mentioned. We have seen in a former paper that Bonnifield built a house in 1838 that is inhabited to this day, being the oldest residence in the county. Before the floor was laid in this house, it was used as a place of worship by the Methodists, and when the house was fitted to live in, the cabin which had sheltered the family was opened to the family of the "traveling preacher." Wm. Taylor was one of the pioneers who deserves to be remembered; he too was a Virginian—the ninth son in a family of nineteen children. He believed himself to be a cousin of President Taylor, but never made any effort to verify his relationship. Mrs. Phoutz, wife of the Mr. Phoutz who has been mentioned, is a grand-daughter of Mr. Taylor.

One Sunday when Mr. Taylor had been at a religious meeting at the Bonnifield home, he met two Indians, who begged for money to buy liquor. They were already tipsy, but it was the strange fashion in which they had dressed their hair that had made them noticeable. They had straightened the hair at full length and daubed it full of mud until their head dress of dried mud stood more than a foot high on their heads. While there were many Indians roaming about the country in those pioneer days, they gave no trouble to the white settlers, excepting that at times they would destroy farm implements, particularly grindstones.

One custom that was quite general with the pioneers was the charivari: the serenading of a newly married couple with loud, barbarous and lugubrious music and noises. These noises were persevered in, until the bridegroom gave the captain of the serenaders a sum of money with which to drink

the health of the newly married couple. Sometimes the serenaders were invited to eat supper instead of being otherwise "treated." The little Swede boy, Frank Danielson, before mentioned, who was sent to borrow a "wheel-latch," was at a charivari at a Mr. Crenshaw's, whose daughter, Nancy, James Ross married, when the serenaders were given several dozens of pumpkin pies; both Crenshaw and Ross being Methodists and not believing it to be right to give money with which to buy whiskey, but the boys and young men contemptuously threw the pies to the floor until it was almost carpeted with the obnoxious "treat."

Shortly after the return of the soldiers from the civil war, a daughter of the little Elisol Howard, whose mother held him up at the Belfast Triumph, was married, and George Kimball collected a company, consisting of a number of returned soldiers, to charivari the happy couple. In this instance, as the bridegroom was also a returned soldier it was intended as a token of respect. The five dollars that the bridegroom gave to the serenaders was spent for "plantation bitters," which was the best substitute for liquor to be had. Whether the large amount of "bitters" imbibed at one time had a happy effect, or from some other cause, almost all the old soldiers who helped at that charivari remain after the flight of thirty-four years.

Where the custom still survives it is said that a substitute is found for liquor in a flavoring extract of lemons, which country storekeepers sell in bottles made for this purpose. Seldom was there a wedding in the early years of this county without its attendant charivari. If it was known that the people objected, that was so much more the greater reason for giving them a rousing serenade; if the people were not much esteemed, a spirit of malicious mischief found opportunity to express itself; but if the married couple were utterly shiftless the boys and young men ignored them. If it was known that the bridegroom was desirous of being serenaded, they would say, "He is too anxious to be charivaried," and so he was omitted from receiving the questionable honor.

It would be a mistake to think that the pioneers and early settlers of Iowa were without any refining influences, and deprived of all culture. As we have seen in the course of these papers, Mr. Ross had enjoyed superior educational advantages in Kentucky; the Bonnifield children had been educated at the academies of Pennsylvania, and many other of the pioneers had received liberal educations; but the mass of the men and women had profited by two agencies that are too often overlooked by the historians of pioneer life in Iowa: the debating society, and the singing school. Hardly a neighborhood was without a debating society, where the young men and boys were trained in discussing questions of every day life, but much more of political questions, to have much wider views than would have been possible for them to have had without this training.

The singing school, however, was of all influences, next to that of the church, the one that chiefly formed the characters of the young people before the civil war.

AN EARLY COMMISSION.

The following commission was issued by Gov. Lucas in connection with the Iowa-Missouri boundary dispute.

In the Name and by the Authority of the Territory of Iowa.

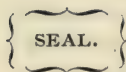
ROBERT LUCAS, GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF SAID TERRITORY.

To SYLVANUS JOHNSON, ESQUIRE, Greeting:

Know You, That by virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and reposing special trust and confidence in your courage, integrity, fidelity and good conduct, I have appointed you 1st Lieut. of the 2nd Company, Second Regiment, First Brigade, Third Division, of Militia of this Territory; *and do hereby* authorize you to

discharge all and singular the duties and services appertaining to your said office, agreeably to law and such instructions as you shall from time to time receive from your superior officers; and to hold the said office, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, for and during the pleasure of the Governor of the said Territory for the time being, until the end of the next Legislative Assembly.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be hereunto affixed.



Done at the City of Burlington, the first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, and in the sixty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

By the Governor's Command.

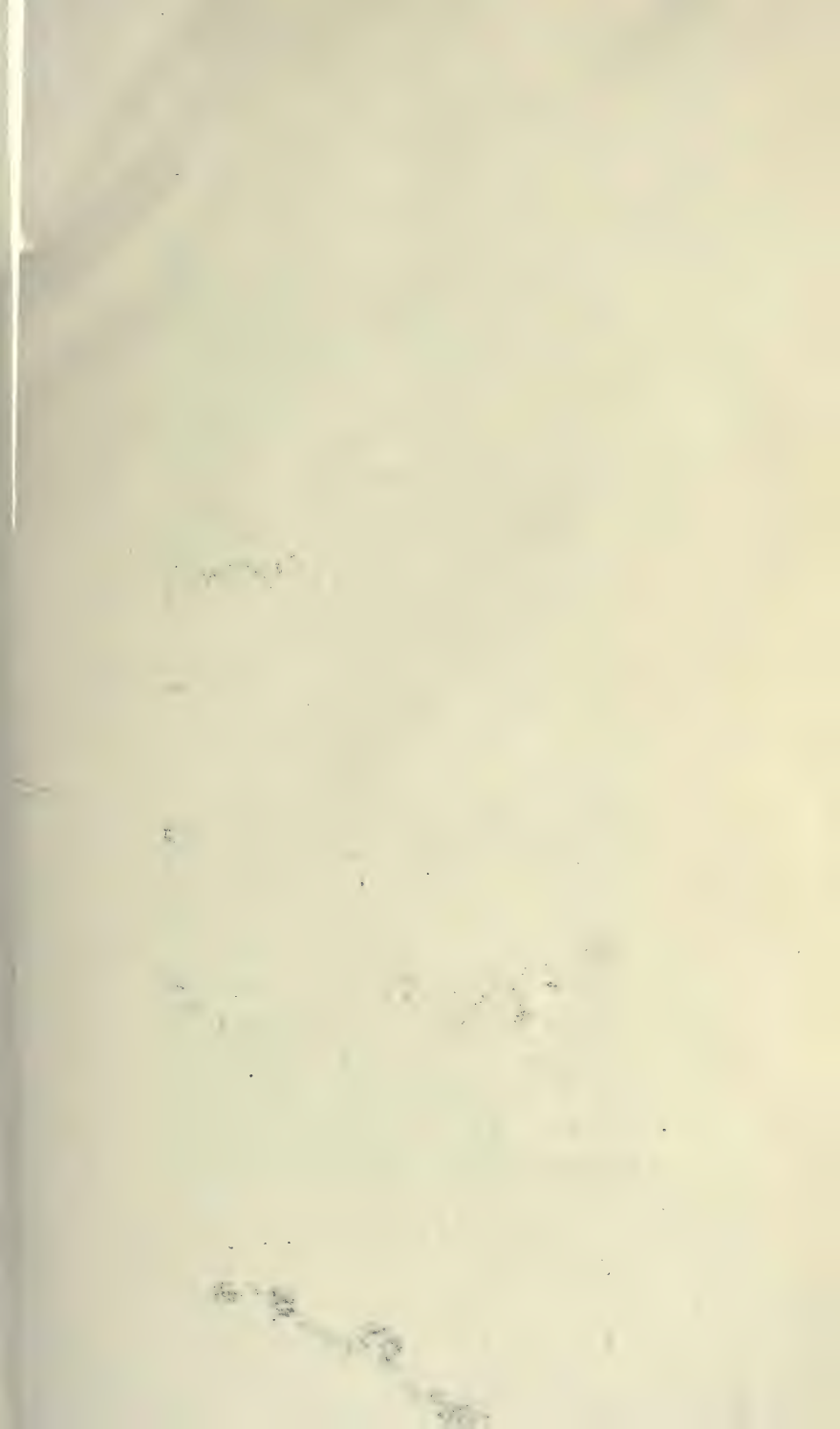
ROBERT LUCAS.

NOTES.

THE present General Assembly has appropriated for the use of the State Historical Society two thousand dollars as a fund for publishing and binding.

AN act has recently passed the General Assembly by which the Historical Department of Iowa has been consolidated with the State Library. Mr. Charles Aldrich will continue to serve the State as Curator of the Historical Department of the State Library.

IN our July number we shall present the first installment of a series of letters written from the field during the Civil War. They will give an interesting account of the experiences and observations of an educated officer of the 24th Iowa Regiment, in the form of a journal as recorded during the progress of the war.





John C. Bennett

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No 3.

JOHN CHASE BENNETT, M. D., LL. B.

MRS. E. V. BENNETT, PEORIA, ILL.



HE subject of this sketch, the late J. C. Bennett, was born June 3rd, 1857. He thus was among the first, if not the very first, born of white parents in Jamestown township, Howard County, Iowa.

From his earliest years he showed a marked capacity for both physical and mental labor, and assisted in the management of home farms, until the teaching in country schools and enlarging plans absorbed his attention. While thus engaged, he became interested in reading law, but before being ready for admittance to the bar, was persuaded by a younger brother to join him in the pursuit of medicine. After both taking class prizes, the brothers were graduated from the Chicago Homœopathic Medical College in the class of 1883.

Dr. Bennett was in practice for a period of years in Cresco the county seat of Howard county, and afterward in Kansas City where he also had a chair in one of the medical colleges there. He went to Chicago early in the nineties and there was Professor of Anatomy in the National Medical College, doing very effective work as a clear, exact and forcible instructor.

But the cast of his mind inclined Dr. Bennett to take up the law again, and in this profession in the year '94 he was admitted to practice. With high hopes and earnestness of purpose, he was an indefatigable worker, and toward the last taxed himself beyond even his limit of strength.

His office associates rendered a most touching tribute to his worth, saying: "We shall sorely miss him. He was always ready to lend a helping hand, always kind, always thoughtful and gentlemanly, thus making our association uniformly agreeable."

He married in '83 Miss Myrtie A. Stevens, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., who survives him. Of the five children of this union two boys and one girl are left without their father's tender heart and his guiding helping hand.

Dr. Bennett was buried in Waterloo, Iowa, where he was placed beside his father (on that father's birthday), November 27th, 1899.

Now peace and rest are his, and may it be his to rise to everlasting life at the call of the Master.

Christ is risen, thanks to God
Who o'er death can victory give;
Christ is risen—thus we know
They who sleep in him shall live.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN CHASE BENNETT, WHO DIED OF
TYPHOID FEVER AT HIS HOME IN CHICAGO,
NOVEMBER 24TH, 1899.

THY PRAIRIES, IOWA.

I

Children and flowers grew at our feet,
On thy prairies, Iowa,
And the pains and cares for both were sweet,
On thy prairies, Iowa.
The flowers toiled not, nor did they spin,
But the children toiled to gather in
Of thy harvests, Iowa.

II

Budding and smiling, from year to year,
In thy springtimes, Iowa,
The flowers withered in autumns sere,
Of thy prairies, Iowa;
But the children reaped, as the years went by,
Sheaves of thought from the air, and sky,
And thy prairies, Iowa.

III

While in drifts like snows, the flowers grew
On thy prairies, Iowa,
In their native haunts (round our cabin new)
On thy prairies, Iowa,
Our first born came, who with thoughtful toil,
Vigor drew from the teeming soil,
Of thy prairies, Iowa.

IV

He labored in love, in zeal, and ruth,
O prairies of Iowa,
As he labored in deed from his tender youth,
On thy prairies, Iowa,
But the heart so true in its love and toil,
Is pulseless now in its native soil,
Of thy prairies, Iowa.

V

For ah, ah me, in his manhood's prime,
To thy prairies, Iowa,
We bore him to rest ere the New Year's chime
Heard thy prairies, Iowa,
For to all thine own there yet is room,
First for a cradle and then a tomb,
O prairies of Iowa.

VI

May your sons and daughters ever be,
Ye prairies of Iowa
Those who have wrought as well as he
On thy prairies, Iowa.
And may springing flowers of wood and dell,
Each to another the story tell,
Of future sons who are loved so well
On thy prairies, Iowa.

DUBUQUE IN 1820, AUGUST 7TH.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

[In 1820, Mr. Schoolcraft accompanied the Hon. Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan Territory, in an expedition to the sources of the Mississippi. He was a man of science, a scholar of great industry and enterprise. He became the most learned man in the United States as to the history of the Indian Tribes. He gave the name of Iowa to a county in Michigan Territory, 1829, and, the late Judge Murdoch said, "there is no doubt suggested the name" for the Territory of Iowa, 1838. RECORD, xii, 458-462. *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1865, pp. 498-505.

His narrative of a visit to the Dubuque mines is more full of interest and information than Lt. Pike's account of a visit there in 1805 and 1806, which was published in the RECORD, x, 111, 112, 117. It makes chapter xv, in his "Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi." It is here slightly abridged, with a few notes inserted.

WILLIAM SALTER.]



LEFT Prairie du Chien in a canoe manned by eight voyageurs, including a guide, at half-past eleven A. M., August 6th, 1820. Opposite the entrance of the Wisconsin is Pike's hill, the high elevation (where the city of McGregor now stands) which Pike recommended to be occupied with a military work. The suggestion has not been adopted; military men thinking that however eligible the site for a work where civilized nations were likely to come into contact, a simpler style of defensive works would serve the purpose of keeping the Indian tribes in check. I encamped at 7 P. M. on the site of a Fox village (now Cassville) on the east bank, a mile below the entrance of Turkey river from the west. The village, consisting of twelve lodges, was deserted; not even a dog left behind. My guide informed me that the cause of the desertion was the fears of an attack from the Sioux, in retaliation for the massacre lately perpetrated by a party of Fox Indians on their people, on the head waters of the St. Peter's.

I embarked on the 7th at half-past three A. M., and landed

at the Fox village of the Kettle chief, at 10 o'clock, at the site of Dubuque's house, which had been burnt down. The village is situated fifteen miles below the entrance of the Little Makokety river, consisting of nineteen lodges, built in two rows, pretty compact, and having a population of two hundred and fifty souls.

There is a large island in the Mississippi, directly opposite this village, which is occupied by traders. I first landed there to get an interpreter of the Fox language, and obtain some information respecting the location of the mines. I succeeded in getting Mr. Gates as interpreter; and was accompanied by Dr. S. Muir, a trader, who politely offered to go with me.

[John P. Gates was an early Prairie du Chien settler. He served as interpreter under Gen. Joseph M. Street in 1827. Dr. Samuel C. Muir had been a U. S. army surgeon; had a romantic alliance with an Indian maiden, and refused to desert her, when army officers were required by the Government to abandon such associations. He was prominent among the first settlers of Galena, Ill., and has been called the founder of Keokuk, having built the first house there. He was witness to a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes at Fort Armstrong, Sept. 3, 1822. He died in the cholera scourge of 1832. *Annals of Iowa*, Ap. 1867, pp. 883-890; *Wis. His. Coll.*, x, 491-2, xi, 357.]

On entering the lodge of Aquoqua, the chief, I found him suffering under a severe attack of bilious fever. As I approached him he sat upon his pallet, being unable to stand, and he bid me welcome, but soon became exhausted by the labor of conversation, and was obliged to resume his former position. He appeared to be a man of eighty years of age, had a venerable look, but was reduced to the last stage of physical debility; yet he retained his faculties of sight and hearing unimpaired, together with his mental powers. He spoke of his death with calm resignation as a thing to be desired.

On stating the object of my visit, some objections were made by the chiefs who surrounded him, and they required time to consider. In the meantime I learned from another source that since the death of Dubuque, to whom the Indians had formerly granted the privilege of working the mines,

they had manifested great jealousy of the whites, were afraid they would encroach on their rights, denied all former grants, and did not make it a practice even to allow strangers to view their diggings. Apprehending some difficulties of this kind, I had provided some presents, and concluding this to be the time, because of the reluctance manifested, directed one of my voyageurs to bring in a present of tobacco and whisky; in a few moments I received their assent, and two guides were furnished. One was a minor chief, called Scabass, or the Yelling Wolf; the other Wa-ba-say-ah, or the White Foxskin. They led me up the cliff, where I understood the Indian woman, Peosta, first found lead ore; after reaching the level of the bluffs, we pursued a path over undulating hills, exhibiting a half prairie and picturesque rural aspect. On reaching the diggings, the most striking part of them, but not all of them, exhibited excavations such as Indians only do not seem persevering enough in labor to have made.

The district of country called Dubuque's Mines embraces an area of about twenty-one square leagues, commencing at the mouth of the Little Maquaquity river, sixty miles below Prairie du Chien, and extending along the west bank of the Mississippi seven leagues in front by three in depth. The principal mines are situated on a tract of one square league, beginning at the Fox village of Aquoqua, the Kettle chief, and extending west. This is the seat of the mining operations carried on by Dubuque, as well as of what are called the Indian Diggings.

The ore is now exclusively dug by the Indian women. Old and superannuated men also partake in the mining labor, but the warriors and men hold themselves above it. In this labor the persons who engage in it employ the hoe, shovel, pick-axe, and crow-bar. These implements are supplied by the traders at the island, who are the purchasers of the crude ore. With these instruments they dig trenches, till arrested by solid rock. There are no shafts, and the windlass and bucket and the use of gunpowder in mining operations are unknown to

them. Their mode of going down into the deepest pits is by digging an inclined way, which permits the women to keep erect in walking. I descended into one of these inclined excavations, which had probably been carried down forty feet at the perpendicular angle.

When a quantity of ore has been got out, it is carried in baskets to the banks of the Mississippi by the females, who are ferried over to the island. They receive at the rate of two dollars for a hundred and twenty pounds, payable in goods. At the profit at which these are sold, the ore may cost the traders at the rate of seventy-five cents or a dollar, cash value, per hundred weight. The traders smelt the ore in furnaces on the island. Formerly, the Indians were in the habit of smelting the ore themselves on log heaps, by which an unusual proportion was converted into lead-ashes, and lost. They are now induced to collect these lead-ashes, for which they receive a dollar per bushel.

There are three mines in addition upon the Upper Mississippi, which are worked by the Indians: 1. Sinsinaway mines, fifteen miles below Aquoqua's village, on the east shore. 2. Mine au Fevre, on the River au Fevre, which enters the Mississippi on its east banks twenty-one miles below Dubuque's mines. The lead ore is found ten miles from its mouth. 3. Mine of the Makokety, or Maquoqueti, fifteen miles above Dubuque's mines. The mineral character and value of the country has been but little explored.

[In the earliest notices of these mines they were known as "Perrot's Mines." Nicholas Perrot was one of the first explorers and traders of the region. On the 8th of April, 1689, he took formal possession of the Upper Mississippi country for France, after the example of La Salle seven years earlier at the mouth of the Mississippi. In 1685, he gave to the St. Francis Xavier Mission at Green Bay, a silver ostensorium, marked with his name and the date, which was unearthed from the ruins of that mission, and is now preserved among famous relics of the Wisconsin Historical Society. In 1690, a Miami Chief gave him a specimen of lead ore from a "ruisseau," or creek, that enters into the Mississippi. He visited the locality. The creek was probably that now known as "Catfish," the site of Dubuque's mines. Perrot had a trading post upon the Mississippi, and built a fort called "St. Nicholas." *Wis. His.*

Coll., x, 59-63, 309, 312, 328, 331, xiii, 273-4. *Proceedings Wis. His. Soc.*, 1899, pp. 119, 147.

Of the chiefs mentioned by Schoolcraft, Aquoqua and Wa-ba-say-ah were signers of the treaty of peace and friendship made with the United States after the war with Great Britain, at Portage des Sioux, September 14, 1815. In that war the Fox Nation had taken the British side, and it was agreed by the treaty that "every injury or act of hostility shall be forgiven and forgot."]

The history of the mines of Dubuque is brief. In 1780, a discovery of lead ore was made by the wife of Peosta, a Fox Indian of Aquoqua's village. This gave the hint for explorations, which resulted in extensive discoveries. The lands were formally granted by the Indians to Julien Dubuque, at a council held at Prairie du Chien, in 1788, by virtue of which he permanently settled on them, erected buildings and furnaces, and continued to work them until 1810. In 1796, he received a confirmation of his grant from Carondelet, the governor of Louisiana, in which they are called "the mines of Spain." By a stone monument which stands on a hill near the mines, Dubuque died on the 24th of March, 1810, aged forty-five years and six months. After his death, the Indians burnt down his house and fences, he leaving no family, I believe. (He had lived with a "Musquaquee squaw"). There is believed to be no instance in America, where the Indians have disannulled grants or privileges to persons settling among them and leaving families founded on the Indian element. They have erased every vestige of civilized life, and revoked or at least denied the grant, and appear to set a very high value on the mines.

Dubuque's claim was assigned to his creditors, by whom it was presented to the commissioners for deciding on land titles, in 1806. By a majority of the board it was determined to be valid, in which condition it was reported to Washington for final action. At this stage of the investigation, Mr. Galatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, made a report stating the facts, and coming to the conclusion that it was not a perfect title, that no patent had been issued for it at New Orleans, the seat of the Spanish authority, from which transcripts of the records of all grants had been transmitted to the treasury.

[Dubuque spent the winter of 1801-2 among the Iowa Indians on the Des Moines river. A British trader was there at the same time, Captain Thomas G. Anderson, who has left a narrative of their furious competition in the business of getting furs. *Wis. His. Coll.*, ix, 151-2. Some time after the death of Dubuque, Col. John Smith, "T." of Missouri, a man of remarkable enterprise and bravery, came in a keel-boat with sixty men to prosecute the business of mining and smelting. He had purchased an interest in the Dubuque claim when it was sold at St. Louis. All Iowa then constituted a part of St. Louis county, Missouri Territory. The Musquagees, however, formed under the Chief Piamoskey, in front of their village in hostile array, and successfully resisted the landing of Col. Smith and his men. *John Darby, Personal Recollections*; St. Louis, 1880, pp. 84-97. *A. C. Dodge, Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Iowa*, June 1, 1883, p. 14.]

It may be proper to add a few words respecting the Fox Indians, by whom the country is owned. The first we hear of these people is from early missionaries of New France, who call them, in a list drawn up for the government in 1736, "Gens du Sang," and "Miskaukis." The latter I found to be the name they apply to themselves. We get nothing, however, by it. It means Red-earths, being a compound from *misk-wau*, red, and *auki*, earth. They are a branch of the Algonquin family. The French, who formed a bad opinion of them, bestowed on them the name of Renouard, from which we derive their popular name. Mr. Gates, my interpreter, who is well acquainted with their language and customs, informs me that their traditions refer to their residence on the north banks of the St. Lawrence, near the ancient Cataraqui. They appear to have been a very erratic, spirited, warlike, and treacherous tribe, dwelling but a short time at a spot, and pushing westward till they reached the Mississippi, which they must have crossed after 1766, for Carver found them living in villages on the Wisconsin. The French defeated them in a sanguinary battle at Butte de Mort (1746), and drove them from Fox river (of Green Bay).

They are at war with most of the tribes around them, except the Iowas, Sauks, and Kickapoos. They are engaged in a deadly war against the Sioux. They recently killed nine men of that nation on the Terre Blue river; and a party of twenty men are now absent in the same direction under a

half-breed named Morgan. They are on bad terms with the Osages and Pawnees of the Missouri, and not on the best terms with their neighbors the Winnebagoes.

Having examined the mines with as much minuteness as the time allowed me would permit, and obtained specimens of its ores and minerals, I returned to the banks of the Mississippi before the daylight departed, and immediately embarking went up the river two leagues, and encamped on an island. I again embarked at four A. M. (8th). My men were stout fellows, and worked with hearty will, and it was thought possible to reach the Prairie during the day by hard and late pushing. We passed Turkey river at two o'clock, and they boldly plied their paddles, sometimes animating their labors with a song; but the Mississippi proved too stout for us; and some time after nightfall we put ashore on an island before reaching the Wisconsin. Observed this day the pelican in a flock on a low sandy spot. This bird has a clumsy, unwieldy look from the duplicate membrane attached to the lower mandible, constructed so as when inflated to give a bag-like appearance. A short sleep served to restore the men, and we were again in our canoe the next morning (9th) before I could certainly tell the time by my watch. Daylight had not yet broke when we passed the influx of the Wisconsin, and we reached the Prairie under a full chorus, and landed at six o'clock.

EARLY IOWA REMINISCENCES.

ADDRESS AT DE WITT.

GOVERNOR B. F. GUE.



ALMOST half a century has glided away in the onward march of time, since I first looked over the great wild prairies of this part of Clinton county; and the picture of pioneer life as I saw it then has never faded from my memory. To the old settlers its charms and privations, its pleasures and hardships, its toils and trag-

edies, its delights and disappointments, are ever present in memory. To the younger generations, who only know Iowa of later years as a progressive state of the highest type of civilization, with beautiful homes of wealth, luxuries, and refinements; large cities, great factories, vast mineral products, traversed everywhere by railroads, a recital of its primitive wildness seems like a fable.

The land I saw on my first ride into Clinton county was one of beauty, into which the pioneers were coming in their canvas covered wagons, seeking for new homes in a wild, unknown country. Crossing the Wapsipinicon at the old "Clamshell Ford," my horse followed the sandy road that wound among the dense thickets of crabapple, wild grape vines and plum trees, hazel bushes and willows. Towering up among the tangled mass were the lofty cottonwoods and sycamores, the walnuts, the graceful elms and sturdy oaks, shutting out the scorching rays of an August sun. Beyond we entered the "barrens" where the stunted jack oaks were scattered like an orchard among the sand hills, wide marshes, and muskrat ponds. Then out onto the great wild prairie with its swaying billows of waving grass rising and falling in the breeze like the swell of the ocean. I was following the windings of the "old territorial road" which in early days had been laid out on the best ground, instead of keeping on section lines through marshes, deep ravines, and over abrupt hills. This road led from the ferry at Lyons, by way of De-Witt, Posten's Grove, Tipton and Rochester, to Iowa City. The log cabins of the settlers were few and far between. North and east was one great sea of gentle rolling prairie, stretching in almost unbroken wildness to the old county seat.

The creeks were mostly unbridged, muskrat houses dotted the ponds, and some of the sloughs were quagmires into which oxen wallowed with the loaded white-top wagons. It was one of the years of the great California emigration. For three months the long heavily laden wagon trains had been slowly moving westward, filled with miners' outfits, and pro-

visions, for the land of gold. From three to five yoke of oxen drew each wagon. Twelve to eighteen miles a day was about the average speed of these wagon trains. Small patches on the settlers' claims were enclosed with the old Virginia worm fence, every rail of which represented the tireless work of the skillful wood chopper of that period. Stalwart men were swinging their scythes with an easy, graceful motion in the slough grass, the free hay and pasture of the pioneer. The odor of the new made prairie hay was as delicious as the perfume of the wild flowers.

Harvest was ended and the haying begun, which might be lengthened out until October frosts withered the wild grass. The wheat, oats, and barley, had been cut by the hand cradles, raked up by hand rakes, bound and stacked. Some had been threshed and stored in rail pens lined with straw, and roofed with prairie hay held down by green saplings. Cattle and horses roamed over the free range of the great prairies at will. Most of the land belonged to the general government and was for sale at \$1.25 an acre, with few buyers. The cabins were in the native groves, close to the springs and creeks. As a rule there was but one room in the log house, with sometimes a rude loft above, reached by climbing a ladder, or on long pegs projecting from the logs. Some of the cabins had home-made oak or walnut shingle roofs, but most of them were covered with staves, split out of oak logs and fastened on the roof by heavy poles running crosswise, held down by notches in projecting logs. A few of the well-to-do farmers indulged in the luxury of double log houses of two rooms each, but as a rule the farm houses of that day were about 16x18 feet square, with kitchen, dining room, pantry, sitting room and bed rooms, all in one. The only partitions were sheets or blankets suspended from the ceiling as bed time came. The floors of our cabins were usually constructed of "puncheons," which translated in terms the youngsters of the present generation can understand, signifies split logs faced on the upper surface, and fitted with an axe (the universal

tool of that period), as close together as the skill of the workman could construct the cabin floor. A rude door on wooden hinges, fastened with a wooden latch, raised from the outside by a deerskin string, and a window or two of 7 x 9 glass, gave entrance, light and ventilation. In one end of the cabin was the huge stone fireplace, in which hung the iron crane supporting pots and kettles suspended over the fire. But all of the settlers were not able to indulge in the luxury of glass windows, "puncheon" floors, pots, kettles and iron cranes. The hard earth was the floor, wooden shutters took the place of window glass, and the covered iron "bake-pan" was a handy substitute for tin oven, pots and kettles. Buried in live coals by the skillful house-keeper, this useful utensil would roast a prairie chicken, fry venison steak, broil a rabbit, or squirrel, bake a corn dodger, or wheat loaf, as delicious to the taste of the hungry pioneers, as can now be served up on the modern gas range, eaten in the tiled dining room, embellished with vases of hot house flowers, cut glass and old china, celery, olive oil, and linen napkins.

Almost every man, woman, boy and girl of that period was necessarily a worker, for we were all starting near the foot of the ladder, and if we ever got above the lower round, we had to do our own climbing. There were no rich fathers to push us upward in the stern struggles for advancement. There were no large cities, no colleges, no railroads, no banks, no daily papers, no telegrams, no daily mails, very little money, and most of that little of doubtful value. There were no furnace heated buildings, public or private, and very few stoves of any kind. There were no water works, other than our springs, creeks, rivers and lakes. The only electric lights were the flashes of forked lightning in the coming storm, and the only kind of gas known to that generation was the never failing flow from the oily tongue of the apple tree peddler, the annual Fourth of July orator, the political stump speaker, or the awe-inspiring eloquence of the county-seat

lawyer to a rural jury. There were no meters to measure the volume of that kind of vapor, but we never kicked on the bills.

The common method of lighting up our log cabins, on extra occasions, when the glow from the fire-place was not sufficient, was the home-made lamp, consisting of a superannuated saucer, half full of lard, with a strip of cotton goods partly buried in the fat, lighted at the upper end; and there you had the lamp of the pioneer housekeeper. Later on in the process of evolution came the tallow dip. Kerosene oil had not been discovered. Our school houses were of logs, with rude slab benches, and usually one chair and a table for the teacher. Each pupil brought such old school books as the father or mother had preserved from their school days. Black-boards were rarely found, and classification was impossible with text-books unlike, and pupils of all ages from five to twenty-one. The self-reliant teacher was usually some ambitious daughter of a pioneer farmer, who by the winter evening fire-light, after the day's work was done, had patiently dug out of the scanty collection of books in the cabin, the knowledge that qualified her for teaching. To help her father provide for a large family, to treat her mother to some of the old time luxuries of the eastern home of her girlhood, or aid a brother or younger sister to have a term in the nearest academy, was often the motive that sent the brave young teacher away from home to board around among strangers; walking beneath the blazing sun, wading the unbridged creeks and sloughs, or facing the fierce blasts and drifting snows of the winter; making the fires, sweeping the room, ruling the rude boys with womanly firmness, learning the first hard lessons of the world's selfishness, lack of appreciation and thoughtless ingratitude. Two dollars a week or less was her compensation in money. But in later years when she reads of one of her bright boys of the old log school house, as a famous doctor, an eloquent and influential minister, a great lawyer, editor, judge, or law-maker, a better compensa-

tion than money comes to the faithful teacher to cheer her mature life. Who can know how much of his success is due to the early influence of his youthful instructor? Once only in our old state archives, has a roll of the pioneer teachers been preserved. When Thomas H. Benton, Jr., was Superintendent of Public Instruction, he procured a full list of the teachers in Iowa, who were employed in the public schools in 1850. That report was printed in an appendix to the senate journal of that year. In glancing over the rare old record, I saw many familiar names. Clinton county then had but seventeen teachers. Among them were three sisters, Mary, Celinda and Elizabeth Parker, the last but seventeen years of age. They were cousins of Jonathan W. Parker, who was your first member of the Territorial Councils of 1838, 1839, and 1840, and its presiding officer in 1841-2, representing the counties of Clinton and Scott. They were also cousins of George W. Parker, who was your Representative in 1860-2 and 1864. Two of them are still living at Wheatland, widows of your former well known pioneer citizens John Walraven and Jerome Dutton. The seventeen-year-old teacher became my wife five years later. On that roll of pioneer teachers is the name of James Thorington, who six years later represented this district in Congress. Another, Bernhart Henn, represented the First district in Congress in 1852-3. Willis Drummond, then a young teacher of twenty-four, became editor of the McGregor News, was elected to the State Senate, and later appointed by President Grant, Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington. Wells Spicer, then teaching in Cedar county at the age of nineteen, became editor of the Tipton Advertiser, a leader of the "Regulators of 1857," and afterwards a county judge in western Iowa. A. J. Kynett was then teaching in Des Moines county at the age of 20. He became a distinguished Methodist minister in Scott and Clinton counties, and was, I believe, presiding elder of this district. Hardin Nowlin, then teaching at the age of 45, had been a member of the First Territorial Council of Wisconsin

Territory, when it included Iowa. Mr. Nowlin was one of the representatives of Dubuque county, which at that time embraced more than half of the future State of Iowa. Caleb Baldwin, then a young teacher in Van Buren, became chief justice of the Supreme Court; and T. J. Stone in the same county became one of the great bankers of the northwest. J. M. Hedrick, a young teacher in Wapello, developed into a famous editor of a daily paper, and a general in the Union army. D. M. Clark, also teaching in Wapello, became a candidate for Governor, and W. H. McHenry, teaching in Polk, was a noted frontier lawyer, in later years a district judge. A. F. Brown, a young Scott county teacher, became an editor, and a member of the State Senate.

I mention these names from that roll of pioneer teachers of almost fifty years ago, because I happened to know them. There were doubtless many others who attained positions of influence in later years, or in the obscurity of quiet life and devotion to every day duties faithfully performed, lived noble lives, full of good deeds and generous sacrifices, and in their frontier school rooms by precept and example exerted an influence for good, that in the lives of their pupils still lives to be handed down to other generations. In my long years of investigation of the history of our State, and of the early lives of the men and women who have made it what it is, I have been deeply impressed with the facts that the farm and the public school have been the chief nurseries of its builders. The habits of industry and economy inseparable from pioneer farm life, and the faithful, unselfish and conscientious instruction, and exemplary lives of the public school teachers, started our boys and girls out for themselves far better equipped for successful careers, than liberal gifts of money and goods from fathers could ever do. Labor of the hand and intellect, continuous and persistent, is the key to success.

The desire to own homes, won by their own hands, sent the pioneers away from their eastern habitations, their old friends, the comforts and luxuries of civilization. Toil had no

terrors for them; the long journey in the canvas-top wagon, through strange lands; the coarse fare, cooked by the wayside camp fire; the weary march day after day to lighten the heavy load; the choosing of a home in a wild grove by the spring or creek; living in the wagon while the log cabin was built; making the rails to enclose the first little patch for sod-corn, potatoes and garden; breaking up the green sod of the virgin prairie; cooking the cornmeal and bacon in the rude bake pan; constructing table, bedsteads, stools and shelves; going from one to three days' journey to mill, grocery and post office; toiling early and late, summer and winter, on the farm and in the cabin—was the beginning of the pioneer's life. When sickness came, often no doctor was within reach; neighborly help and kindness were never lacking; good will and sympathy were the substitutes for skilled physicians. If death cast its dark shadow over the home, willing hands and warm hearts ministered to the stricken family and tenderly performed the last sad offices for the dead. A rude box inclosed the lifeless form, borne by neighbors to the lonely grave. Often no minister, no music or flowers. No carved marble or granite told the name of the dead. The sturdy oak or lofty elm cast a grateful shadow over the grassy mound that alone marked the last resting place of the departed pioneer.

In addition to all the privations endured by the women of the household, many of whom had left comfortable eastern homes, there seemed to be no end to their labor. Remote from towns, stores or factories, they had to spin, weave, cut and make the clothing for the family. They were artisans and manufacturers as well as housekeepers, and often had to become teachers of their children. While pioneer life was hard and toilsome, it had its compensations. There was a charm in the choosing of a home in the wild, unsettled country, as the family journeyed on day after day in the solitude of the vast rolling prairie, fording the streams, winding along the trackless ridges, exploring the fringe of woodland that bordered the creeks and rivers; passing beautiful groves that

loomed up on the broad prairies like islands in the ocean, where some immigrant had camped and staked off his claim. Finding a spring in an unoccupied grove and taking possession for a home. Getting acquainted with the neighbors who had preceded them. Exploring the thickets for wild plums, grapes, crab apples, hazel and hickory nuts; gathering around the logs where the neighbors had come to help put up the new cabin; going to the "corn huskings" which ended with a dance in the evening; hunting the deer, elk, wild turkey, ducks, geese and prairie chickens; riding two or three days' journey to mill or market and camping out nights on the way; going to distant camp meetings, held in the groves, where the grand old hymns were sung in the light of blazing logs by the gathered hundreds, with a fervor that raised enthusiasm to the highest pitch. The eloquence of the uncultured preacher, lurid with fire and brimstone and endless wrath for sinners, suited the sturdy pioneers. Then there were the annual Fourth of July celebrations, with orations that roused patriotism into expression in National songs joined in by all. The picnic dinner spread in the grove, and the dance in the evening. We had no society reporters in those days to give an inventory of the dry goods that adorned the fair forms of our partners. At long intervals the circus came to Davenport, or Camanche, De Witt, or Tipton, and then all of us who owned or could borrow half a dollar, took a day off. We did not go to "take the children to see the animals;" that pious fiction had not been invented then. We started early in the morning with the lumber wagon, a bountiful lunch, and took every man, woman, child and dog on the premises, to see everything beneath the canvas tent.

We had our shooting matches for turkeys, and our wolf hunts with their wild excitement. These were some of the bright spots in the rugged lives of the pioneers.

When the fierce heat of the dog days had manufactured an abundance of malaria from decaying vegetation, came the ague, the chills and fevers, that lingered for months, and

made life a burden. Quinine was the standard medicine of the pioneer household for every known ailment, except rattlesnake bites, which called for whiskey, in generous doses. A family could get along very well without butter, wheat bread, sugar or tea, but whiskey was as indispensable to house-keeping as corn meal, bacon, coffee, tobacco and molasses. It was always present at the house raising, harvesting, road working, shooting matches, corn husking, weddings and dances. It was never out of order "where two or three were gathered together." It was said that one of the old settlers on Yankee Run got out of this indispensable article of the family commissary department, upon one occasion, and walked ten miles over to Toronto to a good old deacon's to borrow some until he should go to DeWitt. But the deacon was short on groceries himself, as they had recently had a wedding in the family. He was "powerful sorry" that he could not fill his neighbor's jug—"but you see," said he, "I have only got a gallon left, and you know that won't any more than run our prayer meeting Wednesday night."

Neighborhoods were large in early days, not populous, but extended over wide scopes of territory. The people at Posten's Grove, Spring Rock, Dixon, Yankee Run, Toronto, Clam Shell Ford, Buena Vista Ferry, Calamus Creek and Allen's Grove, although living in three different counties, were all well acquainted. We were all neighbors in those days, from Tipton, sixteen miles west, to DeWitt, eighteen miles east, and twenty-five miles south to Davenport. Everybody knew everybody, and there were not many of us altogether. Most of the early settlers had visions of future cities, county seats, and railroads to come and enrich them at some not distant day. Early in the history of that region in which the corners of Scott and Clinton meet the east line of Cedar and Jones, the talk of a new county began. Inland and Cambridge in Cedar, Big Rock and Dixon in Scott, Toronto and Clam Shell Ford in Clinton, had secret aspirations to become the county seat of a new county. New county

boundaries were figured out including portions of Clinton, Scott, Cedar and Jones. Quiet efforts were made within the limits of this territory to secure as many members of the Legislature as possible. It was thought that the Davenport influence with that of Buffalo, Blue Grass, LeClaire and Princeton would not oppose the detaching of a liberal slice from the northwest townships of Scott, for that would help to forever retain the county seat on the Mississippi river. Lyons, Camanche and Clinton all harbored hopes some day of bringing back to the river the county seat of this county. The lopping off of the six western townships would be sure to bring the county seat to one of these river cities. Then three townships from Cedar and one from Jones would make the new county of Wapsipinicon.

The lines could be so run as to leave the four old counties each the amount of territory required by the constitution, and give to the new county all that was necessary. This vision was ever present in the minds of the people of Spring Rock in Clinton, and of those at Big Rock in Scott, and in the Yankee Run and Posten's Grove settlements in Cedar. For years efforts were made to elect members of the Legislature so located that they might be favorable to the establishment of a new county. The project was carefully kept out of the newspapers and all of the work was quietly planned and executed.

Scott, Cedar and Clinton were closely associated in senatorial, representative, judicial and congressional districts from the time Iowa became a Territory. Their intercourse was intimate and their citizens well acquainted. Eli Goddard, the first member of the lower house of the General Assembly, that lived in Clinton county, had his home central in the limits of the proposed new county, but he alone could accomplish nothing. That was in 1842-3, long before Wheatland had an existence. Early in 1858 the Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska Railroad was built centrally through the territory of the proposed new county, and the town of Wheatland suddenly

sprung into existence in almost the geographical center of the projected county. Up to this time the Senators and Representatives of Scott, Clinton and Cedar had been selected in localities which were not favorable to the new county, and its projectors had patiently waited a change for the better.

In the fall of 1859, a favorable combination of circumstances, and some quiet work, had brought about an unexpectedly hopeful condition. The Cedar county Senator, one Representative from Scott and one from Clinton all lived within the territory which was designed to be embraced in the new county; while the Senator and second Representative from Clinton county lived at Lyons and Clinton, which two cities might secure the removal of the county seat from De Witt to a point between them, if the western townships were cut off for the new county. Here were five members who might be expected to favor the scheme. Wheatland had grown into a flourishing and ambitious village, and had wide awake citizens. The propitious time seemed to have come to strike for the county seat. A quiet but energetic campaign was inaugurated, and Wheatland real estate began to look up. The knowing ones were buying up adjacent farms, and figuring on the location of the court house. But alas for great expectations! When the lawyers began to frame a bill for the creation of the county of "Wapsipinicon," they struck a huge snag in the new constitution. It was discovered that a radical change had been made by the convention of 1857, which would probably forever prevent the establishment of new counties, or a change in county boundaries. The fatal clause declared "that no law changing the boundaries of any county shall have effect until it shall be approved by a majority of the votes in each county affected by the change, cast for or against it." It was certain that Cedar and Jones counties could never be carried for a dismemberment of their symmetrical proportions; most reluctantly the "lobby" turned their faces homeward, and visions of a new county seat vanished. This is a chapter of unwritten history which I believe

has never before been made public. Wheatland was the prime mover in the project, but other towns and localities favored the change and were willing to take their chances on securing the county seat, or other benefits.

From the time of the earliest white settlements in the country that became first known as Western Michigan, later the Black Hawk Purchase, then Western Wisconsin, before it was given the name of Iowa, there were among its pioneers men who made their impress upon its institutions and laws. They had the force of character which gave them leadership in the communities where they settled. Their names and public services are associated with every step of progress that was made in their days. One of these was Loring Wheeler, who was among the earliest settlers in the region which became Iowa. As long ago as December, 1834, when all of this country was included in Michigan Territory, he was appointed Chief Justice of Dubuque county by Governor Mason. Dubuque county had that year been established by the Territorial Legislature of Michigan, and embraced a vast region north of a line running due west from the south extremity of Rock Island. In 1836 he was a member of the first Legislature in which Iowa had representation. Iowa was then a part of Wisconsin Territory, and Mr. Wheeler, who then lived in Dubuque, was a member of the Council of the Legislative Assembly which met at Belmont, the first capital of Wisconsin. He was then a young man of 37, and became an intimate friend of George Catlin, the famous portrait painter, traveler and historian of the North American Indians. Catlin stayed some time in Dubuque while west visiting the Indian tribes, which then occupied a large portion of Iowa; and while there painted a portrait of his friend, Mr. Wheeler, which was probably the first and only oil painting of an Iowa man made by that world famous artist. Loring Wheeler served also in the second Territorial Legislature of Iowa and was a prominent member of the State Senate from 1846 to 1850. He thus became one of the earliest of Iowa

law-makers, as he was one of the early settlers in De Witt, and one of the early officials of this county.

William E. Leffingwell was another well known law-maker in the early State Legislatures; a brilliant lawyer, and a District Judge in 1853. Few men were better known in this part of the State in the '50s. He was a democratic candidate for congress in this district in 1858, but was defeated by William Vandever, of Dubuque.

James D. Bourne and William G. Haun were among your prominent law-makers in the period between 1848 and 1854.

Dr. Amos Witter, who at one time owned the Buena Vista ferry across the Wapsipinicon, was not only a widely known and popular pioneer physician, but has the distinction of having at various times represented three different counties—Scott, Cedar and Linn—in the Legislature; in the first two as an anti-slavery and prohibition Democrat and the last as a Republican. While a Democratic member from Scott, he introduced into the House a bill that became the famous prohibitory liquor law, which for forty years outlawed the saloons in Iowa. The bill had been carefully prepared by Hiram Price, David S. True and John L. Davies, of Davenport, the first two of whom were then Democrats and the last a Whig. This was in 1854-5, before the Republican party came into existence in Iowa. When the rebellion began Dr. Witter was appointed the surgeon of the Seventh Iowa Volunteers, and died in 1862 from nervous prostration brought on by his heroic devotion to the wounded and dying soldiers who fell at the battle of Ft. Donelson. He was a noble, generous and patriotic man, and an able, early and influential law-maker. Among the pioneer legislators of this region were Judge James Grant, John P. Cook, Laurel Summers, Eli Goddard, A. R. Cotton, Dr. G. M. Davis, Norman Boardman, Horace Anthony, C. H. Toll, N. B. Baker, Geo. W. Parker, John S. Maxwell, S. G. Magill, B. R. Palmer and C. E. Leffingwell, with all of whom I was well acquainted. Grant and Cook were famous lawyers who were known all over central Iowa.

Cook served a term in Congress as the only Whig who ever represented this district. All old settlers remember A. R. Cotton, one of your early county judges, one of the framers of our State Constitution, speaker of the Iowa House of Representatives, and a member of Congress for two terms.

Samuel S. Burdette, who was a prominent young lawyer in De Witt before the war, won fame in the Union army, was elected to congress from Missouri, and later became Commissioner of the United States Land Department at Washington. O. C. Bates, of the De Witt *Clintonian*, was one of the pioneer editors of the State, starting at Camanche when it was Clinton's first county seat. He went from here to Boonesboro and published the *Advocate*; later to Emmet county, where he established the *Northern Vindicator*, and finally to Cass county, where I lost all knowledge of him.

Who in Iowa does not remember your distinguished citizen, N. B. Baker, an ex-Governor of New Hampshire, who led the majority of the Democrats of Iowa to give loyal support to Governor Kirkwood's administration, in equipping more than 75,000 volunteer Iowa soldiers to suppress the great rebellion? Of all of the Adjutant Generals of the loyal States, none surpassed N. B. Baker. His superb executive ability, his stern integrity, his devotion to the welfare of "his soldier boys," have never been excelled. Unselfish and generous to a fault, his name and fame can never perish from Iowa history.

Hung on the walls of our state house at Des Moines are fine oil portraits of pioneers, congressmen, governors, judges, bishops, army officers and railroad builders; but Iowa soldiers search in vain for the face and form of their most helpful, constant and ever devoted friend, Nathaniel B. Baker. While others were amassing fortunes and securing lucrative offices, General Baker was giving to his needy soldiers or their destitute families every dollar of his meager salary above a bare living. Some day Iowa legislators and other State officials will remember that General Baker's portrait should adorn the capitol of the State he served so well and so unselfishly.

This section that aspired to become a new county has much interesting history. Within its limits have lived fifteen members of the lower house and three Senators of State Legislatures, one Lieutenant Governor and our present State Treasurer. James P. Sanford, the great Universalist minister and world renowned traveler and lecturer, preached his first sermon in the little school house at Big Rock in 1855. Pardee Butler, the famous free state leader in the Kansas border ruffian war, was in 1852-3-4 a Christian minister at Posten's Grove. Ransom R. Cable was in 1862-3 plowing corn and breaking prairie on his father's farm in Liberty township. He has since for many years been at the head of the great Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad system.

Clinton county was the home of the first girl who won a clerkship in the Iowa Legislature. Mary E. Spencer pioneered the way in 1870 and captured the office from the astonished men who were her competitors, making a model engrossing clerk of the house. Since then worthy girls have always had a share of these positions. J. Ellen Foster, another Clinton county woman, at an early day broke into the carefully guarded ranks of the legal fraternity, to the great disgust of some of the ancient fossils who had long stood guard on the outer walls of the moss covered fortress of "precedents." She not only practiced law, but she mounted the stump and told the men how to vote, while they fairly held their breath at her audacity.

This region has had its dark tragedies also. It was here that my old neighbor O'Neill was murdered early in the winter of 1852, as he had come from his home on Rock creek to pay his taxes. It was in this section that in 1857 was organized a secret band of several hundred "Regulators," having headquarters at Big Rock. It embraced among its members many of the most reputable farmers of Scott, Cedar, Jones and Clinton counties. This band hung and shot seven of their neighbors who were suspected of harboring horse-thieves, or stealing horses, some of whom

were innocent victims of lynch law. It was through this region on Sunday evening, June 3, 1860, that the most terrible of all tornadoes in northern latitudes wrought its most fearful devastation of life and property. Forming as a hail-storm in Calhoun county, gathering terrific whirlwind power as it swept eastward, a dense, black, roaring monster of the elements above, leaving a trail of desolation and death in most fearful forms in its path. Who of us that it left unharmed can ever forget its terrors as it came with the roar of a hundred freight trains, and the blackness of the darkest night, down among our homes and our neighbors? More than 300 mangled human forms, amid wrecked villages, farm houses, groves, fences and orchards, were strewn from western Iowa to central Michigan. It was but a few miles from here where Mrs. Lyman Alger was murdered in her own door-yard, in day-light, by an unknown assassin, who escaped with a large sum of money kept in the house, and was never captured.

The tragic death of one of your prominent pioneer lawyers and early county officials, by poison, Judge Edward Graham, in 1860, and the cruel and improbable suspicions that were whispered through the community, will be remembered by all of the old settlers in this region.

How few of your citizens today realize the fearful sacrifices of the generation that saved our government from destruction in the four years of civil war. Here in your own county, with a population of less than 19,000 at the beginning of the war, more than 2,700 of your stalwart men left their homes, farms, offices, shops and stores, to become defenders of the republic. That was more than two-thirds of the entire number then subject to military duty. Clinton county alone furnished nearly as many soldiers to crush the great rebellion as the entire state of Iowa, with a population of close to 3,000,000, has been called upon for the Spanish and Philippine wars. That meant a contribution from nearly every family in the county of a father, husband, brother or

son, to become a soldier. It meant an amount of anguish and sacrifice on part of wives, daughters, mothers and sisters that human language can not describe. The toil and privations of pioneer life had especially fitted the men and women of that generation for the heroic deeds, stern endurance and patient fortitude they were so suddenly called upon to exhibit.

We do not claim that the early settlers were superior to the present generation in virtues or patriotism, and it is not the purpose of these gatherings to promulgate such theories. But we do believe that they laid secure and honest foundations, deep and strong, upon which later generations can safely build. They gave the State conscientious and faithful service in such stations as they were called to fill. They enacted its early laws, framed its constitution, established its public schools, devised its benevolent institutions, administered justice in its courts, founded its State University and Agricultural College, its State Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, framed the codes of 1843, 1851 and 1860, and its banking system. They protected the State from burdensome debt, and by wise legislation secured the early building of railroads across its vast wild prairies, opening them up to settlement. Very few public officials of early days proved faithless to the trusts confided to them, or brought reproach upon the fair name of our State. These truths may be simply recorded in no spirit of boasting. Later generations have as faithfully carried on the good work in the light of advancing civilization, and every citizen has a commendable pride in the fair fame of the "Hawkeye State."

Iowa of today bears upon its surface little to remind us of pioneer times. Its numberless miles of railroad, its large cities, beautiful farms, great corn fields, blue grass and clover pastures, timothy meadows, and barns, wire fences, twine binders, hay stackers, corn planters and potato diggers have brought with them a new generation of people. Telegraphs, telephones, palace dining and sleeping cars, daily papers and commercial travelers, insurance agents and typewriters, opera

houses and express companies were all unknown to the log cabin age. A "boiled shirt" was looked upon with distrust by the early settlers; and the shirt waist had never been foretold by the wisest prophets of that generation. The Indians who paddled their frail canoes on the Iowa, the Cedar, the Des Moines and Wapsipinicon, and hunted buffalo and elk on our great prairies, have passed away with the extermination of their noble game and the limitless grassy plains that once fed the grand autumn fires which annually swept over them.

The "wamus" of butternut color, and buckskin breeches of the deer hunter, with his long flint-lock rifle and powder horn, have never been seen by the youngsters of today. A few decaying log cabins have survived the ravages of time; but the loom, spinning wheel, reel and hatchel have been gathered up by the insatiable relic hunter and "corralled" in the historical rooms at the capitol as curiosities of an ancient race. The stage coach, the ox team, the splint broom, the shovel plow, the bake-pan, the corn dodger and the grain cradle are known only in tradition. Even the quinine bottle and whiskey jug have lost their grip, and our fastidious successors take their bitters in the back room of the elegant modern "pharmacy" palace.

Rail splitting, swinging the flail, the scythe, the cradle and the maul, with spinning and weaving, are among the lost arts. The sand-hill cranes no longer waltz by the light of the rising sun, and the song of the prairie rattlesnake no longer startles the children by the cabin door. Muskrat pelts have ceased to be legal tender for dry goods and groceries; elderberry and crabapple pies no longer tempt our appetites.

The pioneers, too, are passing away. A few more years will gather the last of them to rest beneath the blue grass sod of the land they sought for their youthful homes. A new generation is taking up the burdens that we are laying down. Every age is equal to the responsibilities which devolve upon it, and civilization ever moves onward. Each year the survivors of the early settlers gather together beneath the shady groves and renew the friendships of pioneer days. But

“ We are growing old, how the thought will rise,
 When a glance is backward cast,
On some long remembered spot that lies
 In the silence of the past.
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
 Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
 In the stormy sea of years.
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part
 Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
 And the light of many a brow,
For deep o’er many a stately bark
 Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
 The friends who are growing old.

“ Old in the dimness and the dust
 Of our daily toils and cares—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
 Which our burthened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
 The bloom of life’s freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
 Which the morning never met.
But oh! the changes we have seen
 In the far and winding way,
The graves in our paths that have grown green,
 And the locks that have grown gray!
The winter’s still on our own may spare
 The sable or the gold;
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
 Of friends who are growing old.

“ We have gained the world’s cold wisdom now,
 We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are the living founts whose flow
 Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
 And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
 But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again when the violet wakes
 And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
 Where the bloom is deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the springtime then,
 But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
 Of hearts that are growing old!”

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.



THE following letters will be found of more than passing interest, since they were written from the field and serve as a journal of events covering a period of nearly three years of the Civil War. The writer is Captain C. A. Lucas, of Co. D. 24th Iowa volunteers. Captain Lucas is a native of Belgium and received military education in the Belgian Army. With his brother Henry he enlisted for three years. His brother was not mustered into the service, by reason of failure of health. The brothers, however, corresponded regularly

numbering their letters in order of writing. Out of nearly one hundred letters, two only failed to reach their destination. The letters were originally written in French, and have been translated by Captain Lucas for the HISTORICAL RECORD. Captain Lucas is one of six children, who with their widowed mother came to America, and settled in Iowa in 1859. One other son died on the passage.

The letters from the brother to Captain Lucas are also preserved and show a like record of transmission.



Charles Alexander Lucas.



Henry Joseph Lucas.

I

ST. LOUIS, MO., October 22, 1862.

[Including a short letter written from Camp Strong, Muscatine, Iowa, and which was not numbered.]

MY DEAR BROTHER HENRY:—I thought I would write you of a few of the most important incidents that have transpired since I left home.

On September 4, Messrs. John Parrott and Jesse Westenhaver came to our camp, and next morning they paid the Johnson county boys the fifty dollars county bounty due them. I sent you forty dollars through the kindness of Mr. John Parrott, who will hand it to you at the first opportunity.

We are having drill twice a day, and the boys are improving fast, rather faster than I expected. They are anxious to learn, and I begin to feel proud of them.

I think I am the only native from Belgium, in the 24th Iowa, and I hope that the name of Belgian will not be disgraced by me. I often think that the Belgians are descendants of the Nervii, of whom Julius Cæsar—fifty years, B. C.—said that they were the hardest men to fight in the world.

On September 18, we were mustered into the United States service. I often think how the regimental surgeon and the U. S. mustering officer, Captain H. B. Hendershott, examined us. We did not have to strip off all garments as they did in the Belgian army; we did not even have to take off our coats. All we had to do was to march, one by one, before the mustering officer, with our hands raised above our heads, and work our fingers.

On September 30, I had an interview with Captain Wilson of the regular army, who had been appointed to drill the 24th Iowa, in battalion drill; and as I could see that the regiment was not improving very fast, I suggested to him to assemble the officers at the Colonel's headquarters, once a day, and to have a black-board there, and explain to them, the different movements of the school of the battalion. He

did so, but as he had served mostly in cavalry, and not very long in infantry, and as he could soon see that I understood the movements full as well as he did, he asked me to help him in that. I did so, and the regiment improved faster after that.

While in Camp Strong, Muscatine, we had two grand dinners given us by the ladies of Muscatine. They were highly appreciated, and we will never forget those good ladies, not only for the dinners, but also for the care they took of our sick in hospital there.

During the last two weeks that we were in Camp Strong, I had the name of being one of the best drilled men, especially in sword and bayonet exercise, in the two regiments—the 24th and the 35th Iowa—that were there; and right here I must tell you of an incident that was rather amusing, not only to myself, but to all the boys of the 24th Iowa, who were there at the time. As I was sergeant of the guard at the gate, on the 7th instant, my Captain came to me and said that I was invited to the Colonel's headquarters of the 35th Iowa, by Captain Flanagan of that regiment, who had served for several years in the United States army. I reported there immediately, and saw at least one thousand men from both regiments, who had come to witness the fencing match. I was introduced to Captain Flanagan, who had two wooden swords in his hands. He handed one of them to me, but as he had his uniform coat on, showing his rank of Captain, and as it was not customary for a commissioned and a non-commissioned officer to have that kind of sport with their uniforms on, I took off my dress-coat, and he did the same. We then saluted each other with the sword, and got "on guard." I then told him: "Go ahead." He tried a few thrusts and cuts or strokes, but I parried every one. Then I went for him, and struck him nearly every time. We were at it about ten minutes, when the boys of the 24th were cheering pretty well, while those of the 35th were rather quiet. I could see that the Captain looked somewhat disappointed at not doing away

with me so easily as he expected. I sympathized with him, but at the same time I did not want to let him have the best of me. He soon saluted with the sword again, and said "that will do," and the cheers that went up from the 24th, made me feel good. The Captain shook hands with me again, and even complimented me, but he never invited me after that. I suppose he thought he was the best swordsman around, but I think he found out that there is a little sergeant in the 24th Iowa, who is a match for him.

Camp Strong was nice and level; very nice for drilling, dress parade, guard mounting, etc., but there was too much swampy land near it, which made it unhealthy, and besides that I think there were too many loads of melons brought into camp.

October 20, we left Camp Strong, and got on board the steamer "Hawk-Eye State." Our destination was St. Louis. October 22, about 8:30 A. M., we arrived at St. Louis. The same day, about noon, we left the "Hawk-Eye State," and went on board the "Empress," where I am now writing to you.

II.

HELENA, ARKANSAS, November 25, 1862.

When I wrote No. I, on board the "Empress," October 22, about noon, I thought we were going to leave St. Louis next morning, but we did not, and after having changed from the "Hawk-Eye State" to the "Empress," and from the "Empress" to the "Continental," we left the latter on the 23rd, about 1:30 P. M., and went on board the "Imperial." October 24, about midnight, it began to snow—a thing that does not happen very often in St. Louis. It snowed till 8 A. M. There was three inches of snow, and it was freezing. October 25, about 6 P. M. we left St. Louis, and on the 28th, 5 P. M., we got to Memphis, Tennessee, where we stopped over night, and unloaded some provisions for the troops garrisoning that place. October 29, we left Memphis. We got

to Helena, Arkansas, on the same day at 6 P. M. We remained on board till next day noon, when we came to our camp, one mile south of Helena, and right along the Mississippi River. We have small tents for four or five men in each.

Nothing of special interest transpired during our voyage from Muscatine to Helena, but I must say that between St. Louis and Memphis it is very rocky, and some of the rocks are at least two hundred feet high, and look very interesting; and the hand of man could never construct any tower the outside of which would present an architecture as interesting and pleasing to the eye as those rocks. We met now and then a gunboat patrolling the river to protect transports.

The climate is not very good here, especially for the northern soldier. The nights are generally cool with white frost, and the days are quite warm, just about like August in Iowa; and during the heat of the day we often wish we could get a glass of water from Iowa wells. The only water we have here is from the Mississippi River. I think it is healthy water, but it is generally yellow, and is never quite clear; and the best we can do with it is to fill our camp kettles, let it settle, and then strain it, fill our canteens, and then wet the cloth around the canteen, which helps to keep the water cool. But we do not drink much water clear, we make coffee with most of it.

November 15, we drew three days' rations and got orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. On the same day at 7 P. M. we left camp. We immediately went on board the "Meteor." Our destination was down the river. Several regiments of infantry and cavalry, and some artillery got on some other transports. We had in all about twelve thousand men. The fleet was under the command of Brigadier General A. P. Hovey, and left Helena on the 16th, about noon. There were two gunboats and fifteen steamers.

On that same day, November 16, Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Wilds, who was then in command of the 24th Iowa, ordered me to act as Second Lieutenant, during the expedition, in place

of J. H. Branch, who had resigned. We halted quite often, and always along the Arkansas shore. November 18, about noon, we got to the mouth of White River, about 90 miles below Helena. We went up White River four or five miles and halted; a body of seven or eight hundred cavalymen went on shore, and were sent on a reconnoissance, while the infantry and artillery remained on board. November 19, at 7 A. M., our fleet returned to the Mississippi River, went up four miles, and stopped there till the 21st, when our cavalry came back on board at 10:30 A. M., when the fleet started up the river for Helena, where we arrived at 10 P. M. We immediately went back to our old camp, which we found as we had left it. Nothing of special interest transpired during that expedition. No blood shed, except that of a few cattle, as a few of us were allowed to go on shore, a short distance, for foraging.

November 22, I went to visit the 28th Iowa. They had arrived at Helena on the 20th. On November 23, my Captain informed me that Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Wilds, who is in command of the 24th Iowa, had recommended me for Second Lieutenant, vice J. H. Branch, resigned.

When we came here our regiment was assigned to the brigade commanded by Brigadier General McGinnis, formerly Colonel of the 11th Indiana; and as I was drilling the company in the manual of arms and also marching, a few days ago, General McGinnis came toward us, stopped a few rods away, and kept looking at us. I noticed that, and so did the boys. And after ten or fifteen minutes, General McGinnis came to me and said: "Sergeant, bring your company to a rest." I did so. Then he called me aside, and asked me if I would be willing to give instruction in the manual of arms and also in marching, to the company officers of the brigade, so as to have uniformity in the brigade, and I told him I would. And so for three days in succession, we had drill for the company officers of the brigade, for about one hour—from 11 to 12 M.—and the General complimented me on the result. But just

think of a sergeant giving instruction to captains and lieutenants; but they all obeyed the commands just like the boys of my company.

III.

HELENA, ARKANSAS, December 22, 1862.

November 26, about 5 A. M., we left our camp. and at about 4:30 P. M., we left Helena and went down the river with a fleet composed of about 9,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and a few batteries of artillery, under the command of Brigadier General A. P. Hovey. The same day at 6 P. M., we got to Frayrest Point, near the little town of Delta, on the Mississippi shore, and about eight miles below Helena; we landed there and stopped to bivouac in the timber over night.

November 27, 6:30 A. M., we left, and marched twenty-two miles—a rather long march for the first day—when we halted to bivouac over night. Next morning—November 28—left our bivouac, marched fifteen miles, halted over night, and waited for new orders before going any farther. That evening I was sent on picket with thirty men from the 24th Iowa and twenty from the 46th Indiana. We formed our picket line about one mile from camp, as it was known that the enemy was not far from us, and although the night was cold, we did not build any fire. Next evening we were relieved from picket, and returned to our bivouac. The next night we had a very cold rain, which we did not enjoy very much, as we had no tents, and no protection whatever, and of course we could not lie down to rest, although we had had no rest the night before, but we kept moving about so as to keep warm, and although we all had our blue overcoats on, our clothes got wet through. November 30, about dark, we were ordered to move immediately. We marched about six miles towards the Mississippi Central Railroad, with the intention to destroy a railroad bridge, and also a part of the railroad. But we soon learned that the cavalry that was ahead, and supported by infantry, had already accomplished

that object, and we were ordered back to our bivouac, which we reached at 10 P. M.

December 1, as our bivouac had become a disagreeable place—wet and muddy—we were allowed to move in the timber, about one-half mile distant, and where we were not quite so much exposed to the high wind and cold rain; but we were ordered to keep in readiness to defend ourselves in case of attack by the enemy, and always be ready to move at a moment's notice. December 2, 3 and 4, everything seemed to be quiet around, the sun began to shine again, and a few parties were sent out foraging. December 5, at 7 A. M., we left our bivouac, our destination being Helena. We marched twelve miles and halted over night. December 6, at day-break, we left our bivouac, marched seventeen miles, and halted over night. During the nights of the 5th and 6th, it froze (20 degrees above zero) just hard enough to bear a man, until the sun came out, when the mud soon got so deep that in some places it seemed as though there was no bottom, and it was very tiresome traveling, not only for infantry, but also for cavalry and artillery. December 7, at 7 A. M., we left our bivouac, marched eight miles, and got to the river, at Delta, about 10 A. M. At 3 P. M., we got on board a steamer, and at 4 P. M., we reached Helena. We went back to our old camp and found our tents as we had left them.

There were a few skirmishes during the expedition, but only a few cavalymen were engaged. Nothing of special interest has transpired since the 7th instant until today. We are having drill almost every day whenever weather permits. But as I am now writing to you—December 22, 8 P. M.—there is a grand movement of troops. There are already several gunboats, and eighty transports loaded with troops, that have passed by our camp, going down the river, and there are still some behind. There is a report that an army of about 75,000 men, under the command of Major General W. T. Sherman, is going to attack Vicksburg. We do not know whether we will be ordered to go with them or not.

IV.

HELENA, January 10, 1863, 3 P. M.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my No. 3, on December 22. We have been having hard rains quite often for the last two months, but some of the hardest were on the 3rd and 4th instant. There are places between camp and the picket line, where the men have to wade through water two feet deep; and the road going from our camp to Helena, is still almost impassable for teams. And there are places in town where people have to use small boats to go from one house to another.

We have just received orders to pack up our tents and everything, draw three days' rations, and be ready to move by 6 P. M. That is why I am now writing to you. Our destination may be Vicksburg.

V.

HELENA, January 30, 1863.

Instead of leaving our camp on January 10, at 6 P. M., as we expected, we left on the 11th, at 7:30 A. M. The four right companies of our regiment went on board the "Lebanon" and the balance of the regiment went on board another transport. We left Helena the same day about 6 P. M. The fleet was composed of thirty transports and two gunboats. We went down the river, and next day, January 12, at 4 A. M. we arrived at the mouth of White River, and were allowed to go on shore—the Mississippi shore—for a few hours. And I must say that I was not the last one to get off the boat, as I was anxious to take a walk in the timber, with a few men of my company. General Gorman had the command of the expedition, and had under his command about 9000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and a few batteries of artillery. A squad of twelve men from our regiment was sent out foraging, and at the request of Major Ed. Wright, I was sent in charge of it. We foraged mostly corn and hay. That part of the country

is generally level, with very few hills. The soil is a kind of black loam. Nice timber, a good many tall trees, among them are the white oaks, poplars, ash, hickory, beech, walnut and sycamore; and on low lands we find the cypress. We see also the holly,—nice evergreen—bearing at this time of the year a red berry. And along the river and in low ravines, we also see the canebrakes, with which they make nice fishing poles. The bark of the trees is black as high as twelve or fifteen feet, which shows how high the water reaches at certain times, when the country gets overflowed by a break in the levee of the river.

That same day, January 12, about noon, just a short time after we returned from foraging, the fleet got in motion. We went up the river until we got opposite Arkansas Post, on the River Arkansas. We halted there and stopped over night. January 13, about 7:30 A. M. a part of the cavalry that had been sent on a reconnoissance the evening before, came back on board, and brought word that the fort had been taken by some of our troops, probably a part of General Sherman's command. Same day, about 9:30 A. M., the fleet was in motion again, going up the White River. About 6 P. M. we halted about three miles below St. Charles, and stopped there over night. A part of the cavalry was sent on a reconnoissance again, and one company by regiment of infantry was sent on picket.

January 14, about 4 A. M., hard rain. About 8:30 A. M., our cavalry came back on board. They said that St. Charles was evacuated by the enemy. An hour later the fleet was in motion again, and at 11 A. M., we halted opposite the fort. We could see only the rifle pits, parapets, magazines, and what was left of a few barracks. January 15, at 7 A. M. the fleet in motion again, going up the river. About 3 A. M., it began to snow. It snowed till 5 P. M., four inches of snow fell. At 8 P. M., a halt at Clarenton. Next morning, January 16, temperature 12 degrees above zero—rather cold for this country. January 16, 8:30 A. M., the fleet was in motion again, going

up the river. At 5 P. M. we got to Duvall's Bluffs, and stopped there until the 19th.

Next day, January 17, I took the company on shore, to examine the fort, inside and outside. And as well as I could judge, I think 1500 or 2000 men well armed and well provided with provisions and ammunition, could have defended that fort for a long time against a force of 10,000 men. But there is a report that the Confederates left the fort as soon as they heard the whistle of our gunboats, which were generally a few miles ahead of the transports. The Confederates had left two mortars—heavy guns—in that fort. Those mortars were near a depot which was just being constructed. That nice depot was nearly all taken to pieces, to build camp fires. January 17 and 18, temperature from 12 to 14 degrees above zero.

On January 18, about 10:30 A. M., I was sent on picket with fifty men from the four right companies of our regiment. The picket line was about one mile from the fort. January 19, at 9 A. M., we were relieved from picket, returned to camp, and immediately returned on board the "Lebanon." While on picket we had very disagreeable weather; at first there was about four inches of snow, but a hard rain soon set in, and in a few hours the snow had turned to water, and we had six inches of water on a level. And our blue overcoat was of great service again, as we had no protection.

January 19, at about 9:30 A. M., we left Duvalls' Bluffs. Destination, Helena. On the 21st, about 8:30 A. M., we passed by a fleet of about twenty transports which was anchored twenty-five miles below Helena. That fleet was going down the river, and was probably a part of the forces under General Grant. January 22, at 4 P. M., we reached Helena. When we got there, a part of the troops composing our fleet, received orders to go down the river next day, and join the fleet we had passed twenty-five miles below Helena. Since we have been here several regiments have gone down the river. We have not received any orders to join that fleet yet.

I think there is something brewing in the air, and I think Vicksburg is the objective point.

VI.

HELENA, March 9, 1863.

"YAZOO-PASS EXPEDITION."

I will first say a few words about the health of the 24th Iowa. It is much better now than it was two months ago. We had then only about 450 men fit for duty. We have now between 550 and 600 men, including those detached, or on special duty. In October last, the effective of our company—Company "D"—was an aggregate of ninety-six. It is now eighty-seven. In January we had only fifty men fit for duty. We had then sixteen men sick in hospital up north—either Memphis, Cairo or St. Louis—and about as many sick in camp. We have now sixty-five men fit for duty, and ten sick in hospital up north, and four or five sick in camp here. Since we left Muscatine, October 20, 1862, four men have died from our company, four have been discharged for disability, caused by sickness, and Second Lieutenant J. H. Branch has resigned. Total nine. The dead are: Jacob Goodshear, Jesse Hiett, John Clark and Charles Westenhaver. The discharged are: Thomas Phelps, John G. Smith, Owen Gifford and A. J. Reeder.

Nothing of special interest transpired from January 30 until February 15, at 10:30 A. M., when we received orders to leave camp immediately, and at 12:30 P. M., we were on board the steamer "Chouteau." The expedition was under the command of General Fisk. About 2:30 P. M., we left Helena, with rations for only one day. Our destination was "Yazoo-Pass." At 4:30 P. M., we arrived at Moon Lake, ten miles southeast of Helena. There we disembarked to bivouac over night. February 16, at 1:30 P. M., we left our bivouac, marched six miles, and got to our destination at 4 P. M. There, a part of our troops were quartered in some old

buildings, near a flour mill, which, after a few hours' work by some men who understood the business, we succeeded in running. They ground some corn and issued corn meal to the troops that were there—about 1200 men—from three regiments of infantry, and one regiment of cavalry.

Our company—Company “D”—was quartered in an old church, about half a mile from the mill, where we were doing duty as “advanced post pickets.” Next day, February 17, one officer with a squad of men from each company, was sent out foraging. I went with nine men. We went some four miles from our camp. We butchered a nice hog, we also got about eighty pounds of smoked—or rather sugarcured meat—the nicest we had ever come across. There were at least 5000 pounds of that nice meat at that place, but we did not want to take all. We wanted to leave some for those who should happen to go there after us.

We had very little duty to do there, and we spent the day in drill, especially bayonet exercise, and sports of different kinds. And we spent the evenings very pleasantly in discussing different subjects, such as: “Resolved, that we should support the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was.” The affirmative won. Also, “which has the most influence on men, to-wit: ‘Money or Woman,’”—answer, woman. Also, “Resolved, that the pen is mightier than the sword.” Affirmative won.

February 23, at 9:30 A. M., we left Yazoo-Pass. Destination Helena. At 11:30 A. M., we got to Moon Lake and immediately went on board the “Cheesman.” We reached Helena at about 3:30 P. M. As soon as we got there we learned that several regiments who were camped at Helena, had received orders to move, some for Yazoo-Pass and Cold Water, and others for Vicksburg.

The object of our expedition at Yazoo-Pass, was to protect working parties that were working in that stream, which is now made navigable, so that steamers can go from the Mississippi River to Cold Water and Tallahachie, and to the Yazoo

River, in a short time. The water in the Mississippi River is very high, and the country is now overflowed in many places. The water is about twenty-five feet higher than it was when we came here last October.

I just learned that our regiment belongs to the 2nd Brigade, 12th Division, 13th Army Corps. The corps is commanded by Major-General John A. McClernand; and our Division is commanded by Brigadier-General A. P. Hovey.

March 1, I am informed that Charles Westenhaver has died in hospital, at St. Louis, Missouri, February 13, 1863.

March 4, we received pay up to October 31, 1862. There is yet four months' pay due us. Same day, about 6 A. M., our Regimental Quartermaster Baldwin died in camp at Helena, Arkansas, and on the 8th his remains were sent to Iowa.

VII.

HELENA, March 16, 1863.

I am writing you a few lines to inform you that I have just sent you a package. When I wrote you my No. 6, on the 9th instant, we had orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, but we are here yet, and always under the same order. We may be ordered to move at any moment.

We are having nice weather here now; it looks like June in Iowa. Grass is growing nicely. Fruit trees are in blossom. March 12, each man received a "painted poncho." It will be a nice thing, and although it is not so good as a shelter-tent, yet, we are better off than before. When a man sleeps alone, he can first lay that poncho on the ground, and then lay his woolen blanket on top of that, and then lie down and wrap himself up so that one-half of the poncho will be under him, thus keeping off a part of the dampness from the ground, and the other half will be over him, so as to keep the dew off. That is quite a protection because the dew is very heavy here, much heavier than in Iowa. When two men sleep together they can first lay one poncho on the ground, then a woolen blanket on top of that; they then lie down on that, then put

the second woolen blanket over them, and the second poncho on top. Sleeping on the ground, even with a woolen blanket under him, is what has caused many a man to have pains in the bowels; and if we could have drawn these ponchos when we left Muscatine, it would undoubtedly have saved considerable sickness and even death.

VIII.

HELENA, April 5, 1863.

March 17, 18, 19 and 20, we had a grand maneuver for our division—12th Division—by General Gorman. Brigadier General McGinnis, late Colonel of the 11th Indiana, had the command of the 1st Brigade, and Colonel Kenney of the 56th Ohio, commanded the 2nd Brigade. The movements were well executed, taking into consideration the short time that most of the regiments have been in the army. We generally left camp at 2 P. M. and got back at 6:30 P. M.

March 29, I had the pleasure of seeing a few of our neighbors who belong to Company "F," 22d Iowa. They had just arrived at Helena. Among them are Isaac Struble, Geo. Hunter, Ans. Ten Eyck, E. Westcott, W. Franklin, Wm. Bowen, Wilson Moore, Henry Harrison, and a few others. I had not had the pleasure of seeing them since last August. Next day, March 30, they left Helena, going down the river, probably to Milliken's Bend. Most of them seemed to enjoy good health.

IX.

HELENA, April 11, 1863.

Although it is only a few days since I wrote my No. 8, of the 5th instant, I now write again to inform you that our division—12th Division—under the command of Brigadier General A. P. Hovey, is to embark today at 4 P. M., to go down the river, to join General Grant's army, probably at Young's Point, and as I am writing to you, 10:30 A. M., everything is packed up. We will probably leave camp about noon.

On the 7th instant, as we were having grand maneuver

for the Division, General Hovey announced to us that we would probably be in an engagement before long, but that he had full confidence in the men under his command, and I must say here that I have also full confidence in the men of my company, and I think they have confidence in me.

April 6, in the morning, the company signed the pay rolls, and at 1 P. M., the regiment went to Fort Curtis, to hear an address by Brigadier General Thomas, Adjutant General U. S. Army, who had come on the part of President Lincoln, to give us an idea of his policy, especially towards the negroes. Major Generals Washburn and Prentiss, Brigadier General Hovey, and a few Colonels, also made some remarks, approving the President's policy. That grand meeting, where at least 6000 men had gathered, closed at about 6:30 P. M., to the great satisfaction of all.

April 10, the company received four months' pay—from November 1, 1862 to March 1, 1863. I could not draw any pay, as I am not yet mustered in as a Second Lieutenant, by a U. S. mustering officer—and there is not any here now. It is not very encouraging for me, but I suppose Uncle Sam will make that all right some day. I am not the only officer who is thus deprived of his pay. One Captain, two First Lieutenants and three Second Lieutenants are in the same position as I am.

X.

MILLIKEN'S BEND, LA., April 14, 1863.

On the 11th instant about noon, we left our camp at Helena, and bade adieu to that miserable place, where we lost so many men from sickness, and hoping that our division will never come back to camp there any more.

I just learned that Brigadier General McGinnis commands the 1st Brigade of our Division; and Colonel Slack, of the 47th Indiana, has the command of the 2nd Brigade—our Brigade. The 1st Brigade is composed of the 11th Indiana, —the best drilled regiment of volunteers that I have seen yet

—also the 24th, 34th and 46th Indiana, and the 29th Wisconsin. The 2nd Brigade is composed of the 24th and 28th Iowa, the 47th Indiana and the 56th Ohio.

April 11, about 1 P. M., a part of our regiment went on board the steamer "Frank Steele;" and the other part went on board the "Freestone." Next day, about 5 A. M., our fleet—General Hovey's Division—began to move down the river. Nothing of special interest transpired during our voyage. But when we got about 180 miles below Helena, we began to see the levee cut in several places, and the river being very high, we saw hundreds of nice plantations under water, and many of the buildings had been taken to pieces, either for camp fires or other purposes. I must say here that when a man can get a board to lie on instead of having to lie on the bare ground, he gets it.

On the afternoon of the 11th, and nearly all day on the 12th, and the morning of the 13th we had a good deal of rain.

April 13, at 10 A. M. we got to "Lake Providence." There we began to see some of our troops camped on the river bank on the Louisiana shore, and to a depth of about two miles toward the timber, and extending along the river for about four miles. From there to Milliken's Bend the levee is in pretty good order, and the plantations seemed to be nicer as we came down the river. But where the land is not covered with water we see a good many wild weeds, mostly with yellow flowers, which, from a distance, offers a magnificent sight to the eye, although in reality, it shows the effect of President Lincoln's proclamation about freeing the slaves, as many of them have already left their masters, and have gone, either with the Union or the Confederate armies. And there is already lack of help in the south, as there are thousands of acres, of as nice land as a man could wish to look at, that have not been cultivated this year.

April 13, at 5 P. M., we got to Milliken's Bend, but remained on the boat over night. And today, the 14th, about 8 A. M., we began to unload the boats, which kept us busy till noon.

We then came to camp here, about half a mile from the river, and on one of the nicest plantations that I have seen yet. We fixed our tents just about as we had at Helena; and then I took a walk around, to see how the plantation is fixed. The owner's residence is like a palace. About five hundred yards from the main residence there is a nice house for the overseer; then come two rows of ten smaller houses for the slaves. In front and around the main residence, is a park, nicely fixed with evergreens and flowers which shows that "cotton is king" here, and that that southern gentleman must have had good times in his life.

But enough, it is already 10 P. M., and just think of it, we have already received orders to load our tents and all surplus baggage, on a boat by tomorrow at 5 A. M., and then to march across the country, in light marching order, leaving our tents behind.

XI.

DAWSON'S PLANTATION, LA.

About ten miles southwest of Vicksburg, April 17, 1863.

April 15, about 5:30 P. M., we took our tents down and rolled them up; and with company desk and all surplus baggage, stored them on an old barge that was to run the blockade at Vicksburg. We have not heard about the result yet. Next day, the 16th, at daybreak we formed in line of battle, and about 6:30 A. M., we began to march right in front. Marched some fifteen miles to Richmond, and stopped there over night. We crossed some nice plantations since we left Milliken's Bend, but we did not see any white men on them. They are probably in the army. We saw many ladies, old and young. They seem to be sociable with us when we go to ask for refreshments. April 15, while at Milliken's Bend, I heard that there was a United States mustering officer—Major Maloney of the 1st U. S. Infantry—at Army Corps headquarters, and together with other new promoted officers, we went to see him. We succeeded pretty

well. He mustered all of us in, back to the date of commission. And so I am now entitled to pay as Second Lieutenant from December 16, 1862. But we cannot draw any pay until our regiment gets paid again, which may not be for three or four months.

XII.

NOLAN'S PLANTATION, LA., April 25, 1863.

Nothing very important has transpired since I wrote my No. 11, on the 17th instant. We hear now and then some cannonading towards Vicksburg. It is probably the Confederate batteries firing at our transports that are to run the blockade. During the night of the 22nd to the 23rd instant, we heard heavy cannonading in the same direction, which commenced at about 11:30 at night and lasted till 4 A. M. We are now camped between Carthage and St. Joseph, about twenty-five miles southwest of Vicksburg, four miles south of Carthage, and four or five miles from the Mississippi River. Since we left Milliken's Bend, we followed most of the time a kind of a canal known by the name of Macon Bayou. Our division is to cross the bayou before long—probably tomorrow. We have been working for two days to build a floating bridge across it, and it will probably be finished today, and will be about five hundred feet in length. Just think of such a gigantic work being accomplished in such a short time. But I must say all the available force that could be used, from our division, was called into requisition to do the work.

General Hovey is very strict about enforcing good discipline among the troops of his division. While in camp now, we have six roll calls during the day: at 6 A. M., 9 A. M., 12 M., 3 P. M., 6 P. M., and tattoo. That is done so that the men will not straggle too far from camp, and always be on hand in case of alarm, and be ready to form in line in a few minutes. I think that is right. Good discipline is what makes the strength of an army.

April 19, at 2 P. M., we received orders to move immedi-

ately. We marched one and a half miles south and halted to bivouac on the same plantation. April 21, at 3:30 A. M., came the order to be ready to move by 6 A. M., with two days' rations, and at exactly the appointed time, we left camp. We marched left in front, and in a southwesterly direction. About two miles from where we left in the morning, we saw along the road, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd Iowa. I had the pleasure of seeing Isaac Struble, George Hunter, David Robertson, E. Westcott, Henry Harrison, and a few other friends of Company F, 22nd Iowa. They were to follow our division. We marched only ten miles that day and encamped where we are now. We crossed some very large plantations. Dawson's plantation is said to have over three thousand acres under cultivation. We crossed a field of corn of over five hundred acres. April 21, about twenty minutes after we got here, we had a very hard rain—thunder storm—that lasted for over three hours, when there was about six inches of water on a level. That rain kept on at intervals till next morning at 5 A. M., and as we were encamped on a piece of ground just ready to plant in cotton, you can imagine how soft a bed we had that night. It was almost impossible to get around at all. But today, April 25, the ground is dry again.

I cannot close without saying a few more words about the rapidity with which our bridge was built, and yet we had no pioneer corps with us. But we have good engineers, and details were made from every regiment in the division.

I have now a little leisure time left and as I know that you have never seen a plantation in Louisiana, and thinking it may interest you, I will here give you a short description of one. I am now on the road running east and west along the plantation. I am looking north. I see before me a lane about one hundred feet wide. On the prolongation of the lane, and about one-fourth of a mile from where I stand, I see a nice mansion, surrounded by a park with nice evergreen trees, and flowers, which shows that cotton is king, and the owner must have seen happy days. On each side of the lane there

is a row of live oak trees, the limbs of which meet in the middle of the lane, and make it nice and shady. On each side of the lane, and about thirty feet back of the rows of trees, there are ten little houses, all alike, and which you might call "cottages," for the slaves. The mansion is at least five hundred feet from the cottages. On the prolongation of the left row of cottages, and about half way between them and the mansion, there is a nice residence for the overseer, and opposite to that residence, and on the prolongation of the cottages, is the barn. The whole presents a magnificent sight.

XIII.

Commenced while on picket duty about one mile northeast from Rocky Spring, Miss., May 7, 1863, and finished May 8.

"BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON, MISS.," FOUGHT MAY 1, 1863.

I will first give you a continuation of our campaign since I wrote my No. 12, on the 25th ult. April 26, in the afternoon, the bridges over the bayou we had to cross, were finished, and we received orders to march the next day. On the same day, we were informed that the 12th Division—our division—commanded by Brigadier General A. P. Hovey, forms the left wing; the 10th Division, commanded by General Ousterhaus, forms the center; the 14th Division, commanded by General Carr, forms the right wing; and the 9th Division, commanded by General Smith, forms the reserve, of the 13th Army Corps, commanded by Major General John A. McClelland.

The night of the 27th to 28th ult., we had a hard rain again, which continued at intervals till next day at 5 P. M., and which made the roads almost impassable. April 27, at 8 A. M., we left our bivouac and crossed the bridge. We marched four miles and crossed the same bayou again. Those floating bridges, although 500 feet in length, were solid. The distance between the two bridges is only four miles. We crossed the first bridge at 9 A. M., and the second at 5 P. M. We were there—

fore eight hours going from one bridge to the other. The delay was caused by the roads being almost impassable in the timber, especially for trains and artillery, all of which had to cross the bridges before we did. After crossing the bayou for the second time, we marched about four miles and halted over night, on Perkins' plantation, and near Perkins' landing. Next day, April 28, our regiment received orders to go immediately on board the "Horizon." The same day about 11 P. M., the Colonel called all the field and company officers in the cabin, for the purpose of consulting with them, and also to communicate to them, the instructions he had received from General Hovey, concerning our destination. He informed us that the fleet would be in motion next morning, April 29, at about 3 A. M. That we would go down the river, and that we would probably arrive near Grand Gulf at daybreak. He informed us too that our gunboats would probably attack Grand Gulf, a little before the arrival of troops on board the transports, and that we should prepare to disembark, form in line of battle under the enemy's fire, and take the place by assault—or storm—but it was not to be so.

The fleet was put in motion, April 29, at 3 A. M., according to order, and about 5 A. M., we arrived in view of Grand Gulf, and some four or five miles north of it, where seven of our gunboats were floating on the river, and which were preparing to attack the fort. The gunboats gradually neared the fort, and about 8 A. M., when they got within about one mile from it, the enemy's batteries opened fire on them. Our gunboats soon replied, and in a few minutes it became a general engagement, which we might call a "grand duel" between the enemy's batteries and our gunboats. The infantry was not engaged there. That engagement lasted till about 2 P. M. The enemy's batteries could not be silenced, and our gunboats came near our fleet and anchored there. During that engagement our fleet of transports was always in view of the fort, and about four miles northwest from it. I had a chance to contemplate the whole of that grand duel,

and I must say that it was the grandest sight I ever witnessed in military affairs. It was a continuous roar, and it was most interesting to the spectators. We could see, now and then, some shells exploding near our gunboats, and which appeared to make the water boil. Sometimes solid shots would glance against our gunboats, then strike the water, and like a ball, seemed to bound half a dozen times or more, and then sink to the bottom of the river.

The same day, April 29, about 3 P. M., our fleet of transports drew up to the land at "Hard Times," and much to our surprise we disembarked immediately. We marched four miles, and reached the Mississippi River again, but we were very much surprised to find ourselves some three miles below Grand Gulf, where we halted to bivouac over night. The same day, at 7:30 P. M., our gunboats opened fire on the enemy's batteries again and kept at it till 11 P. M., so as to draw the enemy's attention, while the transports composing our fleet followed the gunboats, passing in front of the batteries, and as near as they could to the opposite shore. The enemy fired on them, but no serious damage was done to the fleet, which thus succeeded in running the blockade, and arrived in front of our bivouac between 9 and 10 P. M., that evening. So that next morning, April 30, our transports were ready to take us across the river, and take Grand Gulf by land. The gunboats arrived by our bivouac soon after the transports did.

The movement of our fleet running the blockade was well planned and well executed, and shows that our commander must be a military genius. Grand Gulf was very strongly fortified, and it would have been next to an impossibility to take it by storm, and it was wise for General Grant not to undertake it.

April 30, about 8 A. M. our troops began to get on board the transports, and at 9:30 A. M., the fleet was in motion, going down the river. We moved down about fifteen miles and halted at noon. We disembarked immediately, on the

Mississippi shore. There we drew four days' rations that were to last us six days, as it was not expected we could draw any more rations sooner. It was quite a work to issue the rations to so many troops. We were about twenty thousand men who had just disembarked. As soon as one division was provided with rations, it began to march slowly and cautiously in a northeasterly direction. Our division, Hovey's, began to march at 5:30 P. M. We marched all night—twelve miles—and arrived near Magnolia, at 5:30 A. M., after the most tiresome march we had experienced yet. We stopped at the foot of a hill—Thompson's hill—and along a little stream. We hurried to make coffee, so as to have a light breakfast, while at the same time, our artillery was already replying to the enemy's attack, which attack was begun on the head of our column the evening before; and the enemy's missiles were already whistling among the trees, and over us, and a shell would occasionally explode near us. The enemy was then on the top of the hill, and only a few hundred yards from us.

About 7 A. M., our division was ordered to "fall in," and form in line, which took only a few minutes. The men seemed to forget that they were tired, after a whole night's march, as they knew that they might soon be needed on the battle field. We were then southwest of the battle field. From there we marched immediately up the hill towards the enemy. When we got on the top of the first hill, we saw a few of our batteries firing on the enemy, and the enemy was replying vigorously. We moved then on double quick, went down the northeast side of the first hill, and formed in line of battle on the southeast side of the second hill. Our part of the command of the infantry did not begin to fire and charge on the enemy till about 8:30 A. M. The first brigade of our division was engaged pretty well during the forenoon, but our brigade was not really engaged till afternoon, although we were exposed to the enemy's fire nearly the whole time, because while the enemy was retreating from one hill, to take

position on another, we were always ordered forward so as to be on hand when our turn would come to be on the front line.

About 1 P. M., our regiment was ordered on the front line, to open fire on the enemy. The enemy had then already retreated about three miles since the beginning of the battle. And, although we had marched one mile since our first position, we had to march another mile before we could reach the enemy, but we did that in double quick time, especially while going down the hill towards the enemy. We then kept hurrying up the other hill until we got near the top of it, when we halted and kept firing. The order was to lie down and fire, but the enemy soon broke and kept retreating again, and at about the same time one of our batteries came up and was planted right behind us, and opened fire on the enemy. We remained there as a support, but in less than an hour the enemy was not replying there any more, and we were ordered to move northwest, where the enemy was still firing, but our troops that were there, in front, succeeded in driving the enemy again. But the battle lasted till about sundown. Our victory was complete. I think we took about one thousand prisoners and a few batteries of artillery. I do not know exactly what our losses are. I think they are about seven or eight hundred killed and wounded. I think the enemy's losses are heavier. The enemy had the advantage, because as they retreated they were generally protected by the timber, underbrush, canebrakes, etc., where we could hardly ever see them, and besides that they knew the ground better than we did. But I think our artillery was superior to theirs. As near as I could ascertain I think the enemy had about 15,000 men engaged, while I think we had about 50,000 men near the battle field, at one-third of whom were engaged.

About dark, our regiment and an Indiana regiment were sent on the southeast edge of the battle field, so as to protect a battery that was planted there, in case of an attack during the night. During the night, near 3 A. M., some men in the

picket line in front of us, having seen—or rather who thought they had seen—a few rebels in the bushes, fired a few shots, which gave the alarm, and in less than three minutes our regiment was in line of battle. Our artillery fired a few shots in the direction indicated by the picket men, but no answer came from the enemy. It was soon ascertained that it was a false alarm, and we stacked arms and went to rest again, but without undressing, as we had been in the habit of doing since we left Helena.

The casualties in our regiment—24th Iowa—were only one killed and seven wounded. No casualties in Company "D." Our regiment, and I might say our brigade, was not very much engaged in that battle, as we were on the reserve most of the time, and the troops in front of us were enough to drive the enemy from position to position, but for what little we were engaged, we showed that we were equal to the occasion, and could be entrusted in front of the enemy, just as much as any of the older regiments.

The battle field of Magnolia, or Port Gibson, is very hilly, and some of the hills are very steep. About one thousand acres have been cultivated early this year, the rest is timber, which is rather thick in places, also a heavy growth of underbrush and cane-brake, through which it was quite difficult to move.

When we went across the battle field about 1 P. M., and as it was the first battle of any importance that our regiment was in, we saw a rather impressive sight for most of us. We could see here and there, some horses killed, and some others wounded but still stirring; also some men killed—Confederates as well as Union men—and some wounded, the wounded being taken away as soon as possible.

Next day, May 2, we thought the battle was to be renewed, but it was not. During the night after the battle, the Confederates kept retreating as fast as they could towards the town of Port Gibson.

May 2, at 8 A. M., our division—Hovey's Division—left the

bivouac, which was on the battle field of the day before. We marched towards Port Gibson, where we arrived at about 11 A. M., and stopped there over night. We encamped right in the streets. Port Gibson is a nice town, and quite level. The streets are about ninety feet wide, with a row of nice live oak trees on each side. March 3, during the forenoon, we left Port Gibson, marching in a northerly direction. About one mile north of town, the Confederates had burned a bridge across a stream we had to cross, but there was plenty of material close at hand, and in a few hours a floating bridge was built. Four and one-half miles north of the town, we crossed Little Black River, crossing over a bridge the Confederates had set fire to, but which was not burned enough to keep us from crossing. We marched about ten miles and stopped to bivouac along a road near the timber, eight or ten miles east of the Mississippi river, ten miles north of Port Gibson, and thirty-five miles south of Vicksburg. May 6, we left our bivouac, marched nine miles north, and halted. As soon as we got there, I was sent on picket with four non-commissioned officers and thirty men from our regiment; and it is while on picket that I am now writing to you.

May 8, 9 A. M. Having had no opportunity to send you this letter yesterday, I am now adding a few lines. Yesterday, May 7, at 10 A. M., I was relieved from picket, and by 1 P. M., we received orders to move immediately. We marched only two and one-half miles, and halted to bivouac. We are here on a large plantation. There is a flour mill on it, and as we are short of rations, we are grinding corn, and we have an abundance of corn meal. We are here twenty-one miles north of Port Gibson, twelve miles east of the Mississippi river, three or four miles from Black River, and about twenty miles from Vicksburg.

Our army is now marching very cautiously as we expect to be in an engagement before we cross Big Black River, and we may be in an engagement at any time, as the enemy will no doubt do all they can to keep us away from Vicks-

burg. We have many of our troops on both sides of us and behind us, but very few in front. I just heard that one of our friends, David Robertson, of the 22nd Iowa, was killed at the battle of Port Gibson.

XIV.

Commenced near Edwards' Depot, May 19, 1863, finished near Vicksburg, Miss., May 25, 1863.

I will first give you a continuation of our campaign since I wrote my No. 13, of the 7th-8th instant. May 8, in the afternoon we had grand review for General Grant. I think the whole of his army was there. He was cheered all along the line, which shows that the men have great confidence in their leader—and that is half the battle. After the review General Grant issued a special order thanking his troops for the bravery they displayed in gaining at Port Gibson, one of the most important victories of the war, as it gave us not only Port Gibson, but also "Grand Gulf," which we could not possibly have taken from the front, and which he considered the "Key to Vicksburg."

May 10, about 8 A. M., we left our bivouac, and marched northeast, thinking our destination was Edwards' Depot. The roads were very dry and dusty. At 6 P. M., and after having marched only twelve miles, we halted for a night, but remained there till May 12, at 5 A. M. Just before noon, May 11, the troops composing General W. T. Sherman's army corps began to pass by our bivouac. General Steele's division was in front, and was marching towards Jackson.

May 12, at sunrise we left and marched towards Edwards' Depot. By 10:30 A. M., we arrived within one-half mile from the enemy's picket line, which our cavalry in front of us had forced back. We were then six miles west of the Depot, where our troops were immediately formed in line of battle, and skirmishers sent in front of each regiment. The left wing of our army corps—Hovey's division, and to which we belong—was in front—and we were marching left in front—our

brigade in front. Our line of battle was formed of a front of three regiments. Our regiment was on the first line, and on the left. The line was formed in the timber. We had before us a field of corn of about a half mile in width, and as it was required that each regiment furnish skirmishers, the Colonel came to me and asked me to go with my company. I did so. I took the second platoon of our company and deployed them as skirmishers. We crossed the corn field, advancing toward the timber, which was on the opposite side. We advanced quite fast until we got to the fence, and seeing no enemy, we advanced in the timber until we got to a stream which was too wide for us to cross. I then marched by the right flank until we got to a bridge a half mile farther, and where we could see the place where a Confederate battery had been planted, but had been forced to retire, by our artillery, before we got there. A part of our troops crossed over that bridge, and a picket line was sent all around us, for our safety. Our regiment halted along that stream, to bivouac over night.

Next day, May 13, about 8 A. M., we left and marched slowly in a northeasterly direction. But before we left, General Carr's division crossed the stream, and was marching east towards Jackson, and was to be followed by the rest of General McClernand's army corps.

Our division was marching right in front. About 9:30 A. M., we arrived near an open field where a few pieces of our artillery were placed in line of battle. Those pieces fired a few shells in the timber, and towards the enemy, but no reply came from them. We were then about four miles from Edwards' Depot. The infantry immediately formed in line of battle. We formed two lines. Our regiment was in the second line, and on the left. No skirmishers were sent out, but a detachment of cavalry was sent on a reconnoissance. It was soon ascertained that the enemy was in strong force, and in view of us. The enemy thought probably that we were going to march in front and attack them, but we did not do so. All our movements in that case were only to draw

the enemy's attention toward us, while General Sherman was striking for Jackson, with an army of about 30,000 men, and was followed by a part of our army corps. A part of General McPherson's army corps also followed General Sherman.

The same day, May 13, about 2 P. M., we—our division—left that position and marched also towards Jackson, leaving the enemy near Edwards' Depot, to reinforce themselves the best they could. Our movement there was only a feint, and it was well done. We then marched five miles east, and stopped to bivouac over night. It was then 6:30 P. M. Soon after we got there it began to rain hard. It kept raining all night and nearly all forenoon next day; and the roads, which previous to that were very dusty, were now quite muddy and almost impassable in many places, not only for infantry but also for artillery and train. The same day, May 13, at 8:30 P. M., we learned that General Sherman had captured Raymond, and also a part of the railroad, and was continuing his march towards Jackson.

May 14, after having spent the night in the dampness, we left our bivouac at daybreak. We marched northeast by a road a little on the left of the one followed by General Sherman, and at 2 P. M., we halted near an open field, over night. We were then only four miles southwest of Clinton, a place which had been taken by General Sherman during the forenoon of that day.

At 5 A. M. next day we left our bivouac, marched towards Clinton, which we crossed three hours later, and where we learned that General Sherman had taken Jackson. When we arrived at Clinton we changed direction, and marched along the M. & C. R. R., towards Edwards' Depot, which we had passed on the 13th. At 3 P. M. we halted and formed in line of battle. Our division was in front, and our regiment was in first line. Our company was immediately sent on the skirmish line, so as to feel for the enemy, who was supposed to be in the timber in front of us. Our infantry and artillery were then in line of battle, in an open field. The first brigade of

our division was on our left. I immediately deployed the first platoon of our company, and left the second platoon with the captain, as a reserve. After advancing as skirmishers three-fourths of a mile across the timber, we got to an open field, the width of which appeared to be three-fourths of a mile, and which was formed of only one big hill, and seeing no enemy, I kept advancing until we got near the top of the hill, when I halted and advised the men to take advantage of trees and stumps, in case of an attack, and as I could see that we were nearly a mile from our main reserve, I thought it was not safe to go any farther until the reserve would get nearer. We had been halted there for perhaps half an hour, when a new line of skirmishers belonging to the 56th Ohio, came behind us, and as that regiment was on our right in line of battle, I moved my line by the left flank, and in common accord with the new line, we kept advancing until we got across the open field, and near the timber, which looked very thick. We halted there and stayed till sundown. We could not see any Confederates there. They had occupied those places but left them during the forenoon of that day, and had retired a few miles farther back, probably with the intention to select a better position, and make a stand.

The same day, May 15, near 4 P. M., as I was receiving no order to return to the regiment, I thought it was the intention to leave our line of skirmishers there, and use it as picket line for the night, and consequently I allowed the men to rally by four—and as there was a nice plantation a few rods in front of us, I moved my line beyond that, and allowed a few men to go there, with instructions not to steal anything, but ask for what they wished to get. They soon came back and said they were well received. They got some corn bread, corn meal, vegetables, milk, etc. I then went there too, with a few men. I was also well received—apparently at least. The lady can talk French. We had a social talk together. She acknowledged that they were wrong in not accepting President Lincoln's first proclamation about freeing the slaves gradually,

and by which they would have received pay for them; but she said that the second proclamation by which the slaves were freed, without any compensation being paid for them, was too severe, and they would never submit to that, as they felt confident they would whip the North, and gain their independence. She said too, that their army had taken all of her slaves who were able to work, and had put them to work on the fortifications at Black River Bridge and Vicksburg; and that she felt confident that we would never get to Vicksburg, that their army had been reinforced, and we could not go much farther. But I told her that we had confidence in our leaders, and we felt confident of success. At 6 P. M. the picket line was formed around our bivouac and we were ordered back to the regiment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTES.

THE last General Assembly recognized the needs of the State Historical Society in an appropriation of Two Thousand Dollars to be used in the continued publications of Dr. Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, in binding of newspaper files and of valuable reports and publications of other State Historical Societies which have been sent us in paper covers, and in providing for the daily opening of our collections to the public.

GOVERNOR SHAW has appointed nine curators who will prove valuable helpers in carrying forward the work of the Society. Heretofore the Governor's appointees have considered the office as a complimentary sinecure.

THAT the newly appointed curators are ready for work is shown in the fact that a majority of the number attended at

their own expense the first monthly meeting held after their appointments.

AT this meeting a committee was appointed to consider the best method of organization whereby the work of the Society should be made most effective. This committee is actively at work and will report at an early day.

IT was determined that hereafter an annual address shall be given by some leader in historical research. The date will be fixed upon a day commemorative of some leading event in Iowa history.

THE Regents of the State University recognizing the value of our collections to students have by resolution set apart suitable quarters in the new Collegiate building for the permanent accommodation of the Society.

THE intensely interesting character of the articles by Governor Gue, Mr. Schoolcraft, and Captain Lucas will fully atone for their length, and for the addition of 16 pages to this number.

A LARGER edition than usual of this number is issued and extra copies can be secured from Mr. M. W. Davis at thirty-five cents each. The remainder of Captain Lucas's journal will appear in October and will be given to those who purchase extra copies of the July number.

THE following tables were prepared by Honorable H. W. Lathrop and Prof. A. A. Veblen. The former brought the records down to 1895 and the concluding figures are from the chief meteorologist of the University. The tables show the total precipitation at Iowa City, for the 60 years beginning January 1, 1839, and ending December 6, 1899. They

include, of course, both the total rain fall and snow fall and will prove most interesting to students of the weather. They appear in five year periods.

<i>1839-1844</i>	<i>1859-1864</i>	<i>1879-1884</i>
61.81	33.47	30.09
58.81	23.87	29.50
60.58	44.50	51.94
47.14	40.57	32.09
52.63	31.87	33.95
Total.... 278.97	Total.... 174.28	Total .. 177.57
Average 55.79	Average 34.85	Average 35.51

<i>1844-1849</i>	<i>1864-1869</i>	<i>1884-1889</i>
61.22	45.47	29.99
43.23	45.13	33.85
54.46	41.43	20.54
45.90	41.18	22.67
52.63	46.90	32.27
Total... 257.43	Total.... 220.31	Total .. 139.32
Average 51.48	Average 44.06	Average 27.86

<i>1849-1854</i>	<i>1869-1874</i>	<i>1889-1894</i>
57.90	49.06	24.19
49.89	28.10	33.00
74.50	47.17	30.33
60.97	31.87	37.12
60.05	32.72	30.39
Total 303.31	Total... 188.92	Total .. 155.03
Average 60.66	Average 37.38	Average 31.01

<i>1854-1859</i>	<i>1874-1879</i>	<i>1895-Dec., 1899</i>
23.35	29.75	32.58
31.18	29.56	30.45
43.18	37.62	31.73
32.44	33.00	33.38
54.81	32.30	31.17
Total . 184.96	Total . 162.23	Total 159.31
Average 36.99	Average 32.44	Average 31.86

Total for 60 years, 2401.64 inches.

Yearly average, 40.027 inches.

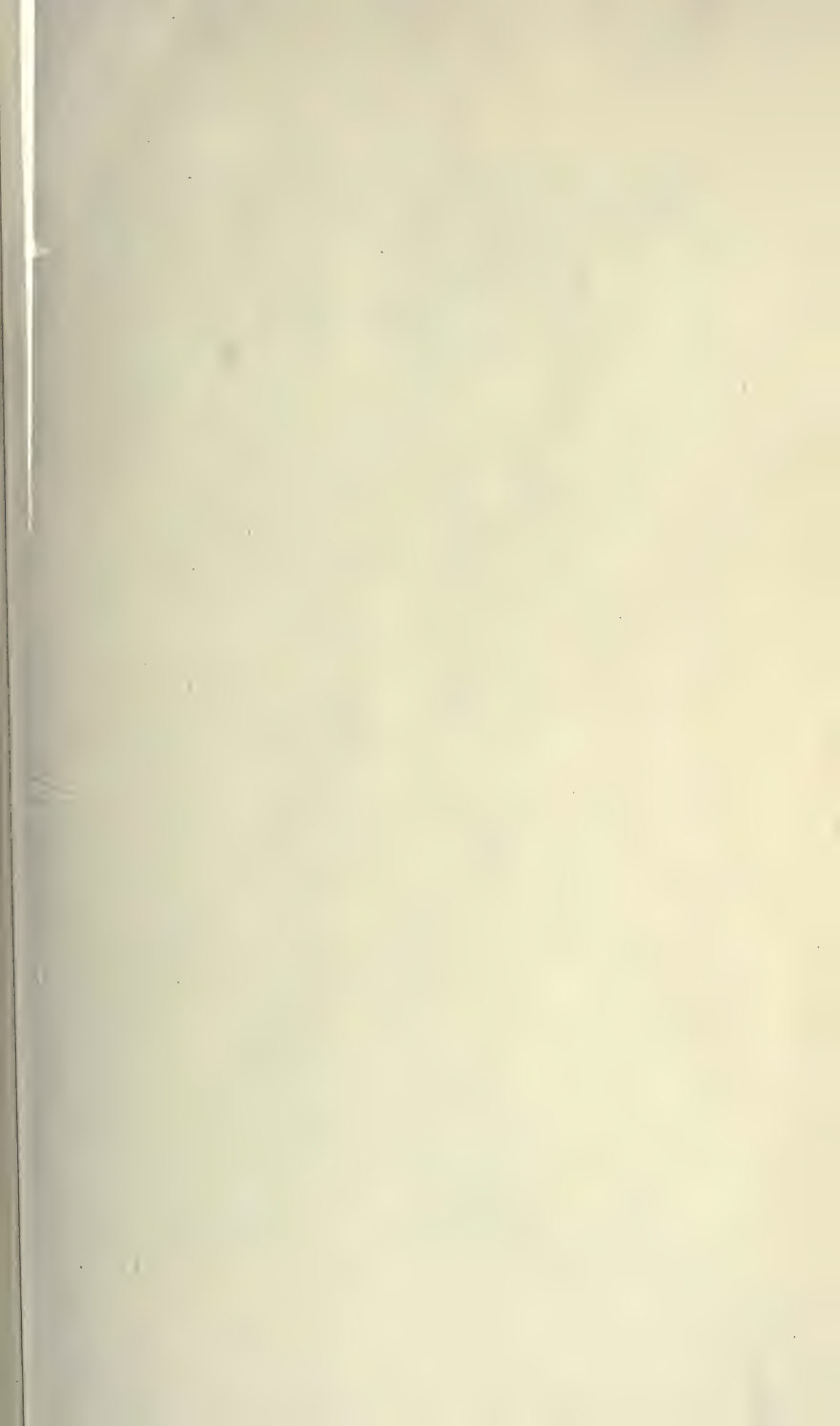
—*Iowa City Republican.*

CORNELIA VAN CLEVE WOODHULL PICKARD, wife of Dr. J. L. Pickard, President of the State Historical Society of Iowa, died at the family home in Iowa City, June 27.

Mrs. Pickard was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 12, 1825. Her father was for some years a professor in Rutgers College, and under his care she was educated. August 24, 1847, she was married to Dr. Pickard, who was then in charge of the Academy at Platteville, Grant county, Wisconsin. They left Platteville in 1859, upon Dr. Pickard's election to the State Superintendency of Schools of Wisconsin. In 1864, they removed to Chicago, where he was Superintendent of City Schools until 1877. Since 1878, when Dr. Pickard was elected President of the State University of Iowa, their home has been in Iowa City.

Here Mrs. Pickard's life has been a ministry of good deeds. In the church, among the young people of the University, in social and literary work, among the poor and stricken she has for years been active and always helpful. Through many years she has taken a deep interest in the work of lightening the griefs and sadness of those helpless little ones, the "shut in," whose horizon of life was bounded by the walls of the sick room or the hospital, and in every quarter of the land the announcement of her death will come to many a bruised and stricken one as a personal grief and the loss of a dear friend. Though suffering herself under the stroke of disease, her mind was engaged with the thought of bringing sunshine and pleasure to others and in lightening their burdens. The life she lived was one of beauty and helpfulness. There is no one who has enjoyed her association who has not been helped by it; no one who does not feel as though a shadow had fallen upon the heart in the death of this good woman.

From friends here in the home of her later years, from friends in Iowa, in east and west, from those who as students knew and cherished her memory, comes deep sympathy in this time of sadness that shadows the home.





THE MILL ROAD, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No 4.

THE INDIAN'S PLEA.



WHEN the second cession of land was made by the Sacs and Foxes after the Black Hawk War (a cession which included the larger part of Johnson County) an Indian chief, named Ma-ghe-ga-bo, made this touching appeal to Governor Dodge.

“My Father—This is the country which is the home of your children. When we first met here we smoked and shook hands together. Four times we have gone through the same ceremony. I stand here to represent the chiefs of the different bands of my nation and to tell you we agree to sell you the land you want. My Father, in all the country we sell you we wish to hold on to that which gives us life—the streams and lakes where we fish and the tree from which we make sugar. I have but a few words to say, but they are the words of the chiefs and very important. The Being who created us made us naked. He gave you and your people knowledge and power to live well. Not so with us. We have to cover ourselves with moss and rotten wood, and you must show your generosity towards us. The chiefs will now show you the tree we wish to preserve—here is a branch of it. Every time the leaf falls from it we will count it as one winter passed. If you offer us money and goods we will take both. You see me count my fingers. Every finger

counts ten. For many years we wish you to pay us annuity. After that our grand-children who will have grown up can speak for themselves. My Father, take the lands you ask from us. Our chiefs have good hearts. Our women have brought the half breeds among us. They are poor and we wish them provided for—they and their children. My Father, we will hold firmly what you give us, that nobody may get it from us. Once more we recommend our half breeds to your kindness. We wish you to select a place for them on this river where they may live and raise their children and have their joys of life.”

In what more delicate way could they ask the white men to provide for their own offspring ?

P.

THE MILL ROAD.

MRS. ISADORE BAKER.



IS bordered by hills and pasture,
By quarries and deep ravine,
The river flows to the southward
And the mill road lies between.

In summer the reeds and grasses
Are dank by the river shore,
The dust lies gray on the highway
And over the mill room floor.

The river sings in its flowing
A song that is sweet to hear;
As flowers of sound, soft falling,
The water foams on the weir.

And sunbeams glance under willows,
Or follow the ripples wide,
Where boats lie moored, in the shallows,
Adream on the lulling tide.

Thus on through the winding valley
The mill road wends its way,
Acquaint with the steps of pilgrims
That follow it day by day.

Does it miss the many who falter
And pass not again that way?
The sigh, the song or the laughter
Hushed on their lips for aye!

Does it heed the path by the wayside
Where lilies, white in the pool,
Reflect on the mirrored surface
Of waters placid and cool?

Still are the maples leafing,
Green as in springs of yore,
Still is the mill road keeping
Ward of the river and shore.

And ever it guards the secret
Of seasons that come and go,
Gray in the sun of summer
And white with the winter's snow.

A guide to the unknown pilgrims
That hasten, from day to day
On through the picturesque valley
Over the mill road way.

THE EASTERN BORDER OF IOWA IN 1817.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SALTER.



MAJOR STEPHEN H. LONG, U. S. Topographical Engineer, kept a journal of a voyage to the Falls of St. Anthony in 1817. It was published by Rev. E. D. Neill, St. Paul, Minn., 1860, and reprinted in the second volume of Minnesota His. Coll., 1889.

Major Long left Prairie du Chien in a six-oared skiff, furnished by Governor William Clark, of Missouri Territory. There were ten persons on board, among them Mr. Hempstead, a native of New London, Conn., of the family of that name to which belonged the second governor of the State of Iowa, Hon. Stephen Hempstead, of Dubuque. Two grand-

sons of Jonathan Carver, the celebrated traveler in the Northwest (1766-'8), accompanied them in another boat.

The following extracts from Major Long's Journal pertain to the eastern border of Iowa in 1817:

“Wednesday, July 9.—Passed Yellow River on our left, about two miles above Fort Crawford, Prairie Du Chien. It is navigable for pirogues, in high water, about fifty miles from its mouth. About one mile further up is a creek of considerable size, called the Painted Rock. Passed a prominent part of the bluffs called Cape Puant. The circumstance from which it derived its name was as follows: The Sioux and Puants (Winnebagoes) were about to commence hostilities against each other; and a large party of the latter set out to invade the territory of the Sioux and attack them by surprise. But the Sioux, gaining intelligence of their design, assembled a superior force and laid in ambush, waiting for the Puants to land on this side. Immediately after their landing, the Sioux rushed down the bluffs, attacked the Puants in a small recess between two promontories, drove them into the river, and massacred the whole party. Just above this is Garlic Cape, remarkable from the singularity of its appearance. In shape it resembles a cone, cut by a perpendicular plane passing through its apex and base. Its height is about four hundred and fifty feet. A little east of its base is a fine spring. The valley of the river in this part is almost entirely occupied by the river which spreads in some places to the width of three or four miles, giving place to numerous islands, some of which are very large. The bluffs are generally between four and five hundred feet high, cut with numerous ravines, and exhibiting other signs of being the commencement of a very hilly country. The wind failed about 11:00 A. M., and we had to row the rest of the day. Encamped on the head of an island about sunset. Distance 28½ miles.

Thursday, July 10.—Our companions in the birch canoe encamped on the same island about four miles below. The

weather calm this morning. Got under way at sunrise, and came six miles before breakfast, during which we caught five catfish and one drum. A favorable wind then rising, we set sail. Passed Little Ioway River coming in from the west. There is a small village of Foxes about three miles up this river, consisting of five or six wigwams. The river is navigable in time of high water about fifty miles, and at all times a little above the Indian village. Its current is generally rapid, but not precipitate. Passed several Sioux lodges or wigwams on our left, at which there was a small war party of ten or twelve Indians. As soon as they saw our flag they hoisted American colors, and we returned the compliment by discharging a blunderbuss, upon which they fired two guns ahead of us. Finding we were not disposed to call on them (for we had a very fine wind), six of the young warriors, very fine looking fellows, took a canoe and waited on us. We slackened sail to enable them to overtake us. When they came up, their chief warrior gave me his hand, and a few common-place remarks passed between us. I gave him some tobacco and a pint of whiskey, and they left us apparently very well satisfied. . . . The wind very favorable most of the day. Encamped on the west side of the river, a little above the Root River, at a late hour. Distance, 50 miles."

Proceeding on his voyage, the Journal giving a charming description of the noble scenery, Major Long reached St. Anthony's Falls on the 17th. Re-embarking the same day, he reached the eastern boundary of Iowa in four days, at which point the Journal continues:

"*Monday, July 21.*—Floated last night; made very little progress on account of bad winds. While we stopped to breakfast, caught several fish, which, since we have no meat, are essential to a healthy subsistence, particularly as my men have hard duty to perform.

Met twelve canoes of Fox Indians on a hunting tour from the Upper Ioway River. There were three very aged squaws with them, one of whom was entirely blind. She was busily

engaged in twisting slips of bark for the purpose of making rush mats. This labor, notwithstanding her blindness and great age, she performed with much expedition.

Passed the Painted Rock on the right of the river, nine miles above Prairie du Chien. It has obtained this name from having numerous hieroglyphics upon it, painted by the Indians. These figures are painted on a cliff nearly perpendicular, at the height of about twenty-five feet from its base. Whenever the Indians pass this cliff they are in the habit of performing certain ceremonies, which their superstition leads them to believe are efficacious in rendering any enterprise in which they may be engaged successful.

Arrived at Prairie du Chien a little after nine o'clock in the evening, having accomplished the trip from this to the Falls of St. Anthony and back in thirteen days, being three days sooner than I had expected.

Sunday, July 27.—Having accomplished my business at the Prairie, we re-embarked at 10:00 A. M., to descend the Mississippi. My crew consisted of only five men. Just before night we met the contractor Mr. Glen, on his way to Prairie du Chien, with provisions for the garrison at that place. He left St. Louis on the 8th day of June, seven days after I commenced my voyage, and has been almost constantly engaged in ascending the river ever since. When he left St. Louis his boat was very heavily laden, having provisions on board for the supply of Forts Edward, Armstrong, and Crawford, for nine months. He found both rapids very difficult to pass, and has been frequently delayed by sandbars. We spent some time with him, and I supped on board his boat.

Monday, July 28.—We floated last night till a strong head wind induced us to lay by. Had a shower of rain, accompanied by heavy thunder, about 2:00 A. M. Passed several canoes of Sauk Indians. The country on this part of the Mississippi, which appeared beautiful in a very high degree when we ascended the river, seems to have lost half of its

charms since we have visited the more noble scenery above. Had strong head winds most of the day, so that our progress was very slow. Passed Dubuque's mines in the morning, and arrived opposite the mouth of the River La Fievre at evening, where we lay by to fish a little while, and afterward commenced floating.

Tuesday, July 29.—At 10 o'clock last night there came on a violent thunder storm so that we were obliged to put into shore. It continued with short intervals through most of the night. The lightning appeared almost one continued blaze, and the thunder seemed to shake the earth to its centre, while the rain poured down in torrents. Our boat was in danger of filling from the vast quantity of rain that fell, so that we had frequent occasions to bail, to prevent her sinking.

Started early this morning with a gentle breeze in our favor, which soon failed us, and was succeeded by a calm. The scenery we have passed today, although in many respects far less interesting than many views further up the river, has numberless beauties that give pleasure to the eye, amongst which precipices of red sand stone, fronting the river, are some of the most striking. They give the bluffs a blushing appearance, in pleasing contrast with the verdant attire in which they are clad. Passed Apin Prairie (Wapsipinicon) a little before night, where we had another view of the beautiful scenery of this part of the river. But the idea that this beautiful tract has for ages unfolded its charms with none to admire but unfeeling savages, instead of having delighted thousands capable of enjoying them, casts a gloom upon the scenery, which, added to the solemn stillness that prevails in these solitary regions, robs the mind of half its pleasures.

Wednesday, July 30.—The night was very fine, and we floated about fifteen miles. This morning we passed Mer a Doge Prairie (Meredosia). Should there be occasion to station troops above La Roche rapids, the first eligible position may be found on this prairie, where a complete command of the river may be had, and troops would not be exposed to

the sudden annoyance of an enemy, as there would be no defile through which he could approach without being discovered (as in the capture of Prairie du Chien by the British, July 17, 1814). Descended the rapids without much difficulty, although the water was very low, and we had no one on board who was acquainted with the channel. Arrived at Fort Armstrong at about 12:00 o'clock."

July 31—August 2.—The following extracts are from a description of Fort Armstrong and the adjacent country: "The island on which the Fort is situated is called Rock Island, from being founded upon a rocky basis. It is at the foot of La Roche rapids, is about three miles in length, and of various breadths, not exceeding one mile in the broadest part. At the lower extremity, is the site of the Fort, overlooking a large sheet of water, into which the Mississippi spreads immediately below, also extensive tracts of flat prairie on either side of the river within its valley. The valley is here about two miles wide, and is bounded on both sides by bluffs of gentle declivity, cut in many places by ravines of moderate depth. The elevation of the country back of the bluffs is generally about one hundred feet above the water level, that of the prairies within the valley eight or ten, and that of the site of the fort, which is nearly at an intermediate distance between the bluffs, is thirty feet. The general course of the river past the island is west southwest. The width of the north channel is six hundred and forty yards; that of the south two hundred and seventy-five yards; and the width of the whole river immediately below the island is fourteen hundred yards, which is the average width for about one mile below. Four miles below the island, Rock River comes in from the northeast. Immediately opposite to the fort on the south side of the river is a village of Fox Indians, containing about thirty cabins, with two fires each. The number of souls at this village is probably about five hundred. On Rock River, two miles above its mouth, and three across the point from Fort Armstrong, is a Sack village, consisting

of about one hundred cabins, of two, three, and in some instances four fires each. It is by far the largest Indian village in the neighborhood of the Mississippi between St. Louis and the Falls of St. Anthony. The whole number of Indians at this village amounts probably to between two and three thousand. They can furnish eight or nine hundred warriors, all of them armed with rifles or fusees. The Indians of these two villages cultivate vast fields of corn, which are partly in the low ground and extend up the slopes of the bluffs. They have at present several hundred acres under improvement in this way. The soil is of excellent quality, well adapted to the cultivation of corn, potatoes, melons, etc. The natural growth consists of oak, black walnut, cherry, and hickory, affording excellent timber. Rock Island furnishes an abundance of these articles, being altogether woodland, except the lower end, which was cleared for the accommodation of the fort. The prairies yield an abundance of fine grass.

The site of Fort Armstrong in a military point of view is eligible, and has fewer objections than any other position on the Mississippi from St. Louis to the St. Peter's river. Having completed my plans [and surveys of which the Journal gives an account], we re-embarked at 3:00 P. M., to descend the river. Passed Rock River four miles below the Fort. This river in high water is navigable about three hundred miles to what are called the Four Lakes, but in its present stage it is with difficulty a canoe can ascend it even three or four miles. The Indians residing upon this river, besides the Sack village mentioned, are principally Winnebagoes, with some few of the Ioways and Folavoinies, most of whom have their residence in the neighborhood of the Four Lakes. At evening, twenty miles from the Fort.

Sunday, August 3.—Started a little after sunrise. The wind strong ahead all day. Encamped at the east side at the Red Banks (Oquawka), the wind too strong to admit of floating.

Monday, 4.—Started at an early hour. Went on shore in the afternoon to revisit the ruins of Fort Madison. There was nothing but old chimneys left standing, and a covert way leading from the main garrison to an elevated ground in the rear, upon which was some kind of an outwork. The covert way was fortified with palisades only. There were a number of fruit trees standing upon the grounds formerly occupied as a garden, amongst which were the peach, the nectarine, and the apple tree.

Descended the Rapids De Moin a little before sunset, but as none of us was acquainted with the channel, and the water was very low, we ran foul of rocks a number of times, which occasioned a leak in our boat, so that we had to keep a man constantly bailing, to prevent her filling with water. Arrived at Fort Edwards about dark, the men fatigued with rowing and getting the boat across the rapids.

Wednesday, August 6.—Concluded to ascend the rapids again. Having a fair wind, we set sail about 11:00 A. M., but after passing half way up the rapids, the wind failed, and we had recourse to rowing. Ascended within four miles of the head of the rapids, and encamped for the night.

Thursday, 7.—Started early, and arrived at the head of the rapids, at Ewing's plantation, formerly known as U. S. Agricultural Establishment, at half-past eight o'clock. As the wind was strong ahead, concluded to leave the boat and travel on foot. We pursued the course of the river on the east side to a prairie a little above Fort Madison. We then traveled due east about six miles, when we encamped near a small creek running north. Near the place observed a tree marked by the surveyors, R. 7 N. T. 7 W. S. 9, being the corner of one of the towns recently surveyed.

Friday, 8.—Started about sunrise; struck an Indian trail, leading nearly in the direction we contemplated to take, W. S. W.; pursued it fifteen miles, and arrived at our boat about 12 o'clock. After dining we commenced descending the river again. Passed the Rapids with less difficulty than

before. Killed a pelican. Stopped awhile at the foot of the Rapids, to examine the stratifications which we found of a similar character with those generally along the Mississippi. While engaged in this, one of the men found a hive of bees which they soon took and found in it about two gallons of honey. Arrived at the garrison about 5:00 P. M.

Saturday, August 9.—Fort Edwards is on the east side of the river, three miles below the foot of De Moyen Rapids. The Mississippi at this place is about one thousand four hundred yards wide; the main channel is on the west side. Directly opposite to the Fort are two islands, dividing De Moyen, which comes in on the west at this place into three mouths. In regard to the military character of the place, no effectual command of either river can be had, not only on account of the great width of the Mississippi, but also a slough west of the river communicating with it at the distance of one mile below, and one and one-half miles above the site of the garrison. Through this slough the De Moyen discharges its waters, and boats may pass with facility in time of high water.

Monday, August 11.—Started at half-past six A. M. to ascend the river De Moyen a few miles. We entered at its lowermost mouth; passed the middle which at this time had no water passing through it; and ascended about two miles to the uppermost, through which is the principal discharge of the De Moyen in low water. We ascended about three miles, where the channel was completely obstructed by sandbars, not a sufficiency of water for the smallest canoes. There is seldom a sufficiency at this season of the year to admit boats to ascend very far. In the spring deep floods usually prevail in the river, which render it navigable for Mackinaw boats one hundred and sixty or two hundred miles. It is about one hundred and twenty yards wide near its confluence with the Mississippi. Its upper mouth affords a considerable depth of water in all stages, but the channel is narrow and crooked, and almost blocked up in many places by driftwood, snags,

and sawyers. The passage by the lower mouths is broader, but obstructed in many places by sandbars impassable in low water. The principal part of the Ioway Indians reside up this river, at the distance of about one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth. Observed many fragments of coal apparently of a good quality upon the sandbars in this river.

Returned about twelve. Started down the Mississippi at 2:00 P. M., the wind ahead. Met several canoes of Indians."

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D., 24TH, IA.

(Continued from the July, 1900, number of the Record.)

BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL.



ON May 16 at 8 A. M. we left our bivouac of the night before. We marched a short distance, probably two or three miles, in the direction of Edwards' Depot, and at 10:45 A. M. we halted and formed in line of battle. I was immediately sent on the skirmish line with my Company—Company "D," and Captain Martin of Company "I" was on the reserve with his company. We advanced cautiously across the timber, keeping the right of our line joining the left of the 56th Ohio on our right, for about two miles, when we were ordered to assemble on the right and rejoin our regiment which was then in a ravine where you see marked on my map "24th Iowa before going into the fight." It was then noon. While we were rejoining the regiment, there was already heavy firing of artillery and musketry on our right. The skirmishers on our right had discovered the enemy in strong force. We were then on the northeast edge of the battle field.

Half an hour later our regiment was ordered to move on

the enemy. We advanced in good order across timber and underbrush, hills and ravines, for three-fourths of a mile, when we crossed, or rather passed through, the ranks of the 47th Indiana, which was in front of us, and had been driving the enemy. We then kept advancing, and soon came to a house and garden, the garden being enclosed with a picket fence. A part of our company passed to the right, and the other part to the left of that garden, reforming immediately after. Soon after we passed that house and garden, a rebel battery of five guns opened on us with grape and canister. We were then about one and one-fourth miles from where we were, when ordered to move on the enemy; and right there our regiment came to a halt, without any command being heard to do so. Some of the men laid down and fired, while others fired from behind trees. It was then a terrible moment, because besides the battery, it looked as if there was at least one thousand infantry supporting it. We were then close to two hundred yards from the battery and we had to cross a road to reach it, but I knew it was no time for us to stay there, as we might all get killed and do no good; and I thought it was the best to try to take the battery, in double quick, and without hesitating an instant I jumped in front of my company—Company “D”—in front of the men I had from organization drilled faithfully in all kinds of drill, especially in skirmish drill and bayonet exercise, and in whom I had a good deal of confidence, and although they had never before been tried in a charge with bayonet against the enemy, yet, I was confident they would follow me anywhere on a battle field. And then with my sword pointing towards the battery, and in as loud a voice as I could I shouted, “Now is the time boys! Fix bayonet! Let us run and take that battery!” The whole regiment joined with Company “D,” and with a yell common to Iowa men, and such as is given by men who run for victory or death, we did run and never stopped until we got the battery.

I think we were about two hundred yards from the battery,

when we started to charge on it, but what was my great surprise, when we got over half the distance, to see the infantry that was supporting that battery, rise up on a sudden like a cloud of men, break and run before us, as if they thought a whole division was coming upon them; and as they were running through a corn field, we had a good chance to fire a few volleys at them; and if we had been supported by fresh troops, as we should have been, the day would have been ours, right then and there. We were then advancing in a southwesterly direction. Our regiment kept following the enemy, in the corn field, twelve or fifteen rods beyond the battery, advancing at the same time in a little more westerly direction, as we could see rebel reinforcements coming mostly from that direction. But we had no support, and the rebels firing on us from the front and both flanks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilds—who was then in command during the temporary absence of Colonel Byam—fearing that we would soon be annihilated or surrounded, ordered us to fall back to the foot of the hill, and reform there; and the enemy soon recaptured the battery. And when we got to the foot of the hill, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilds took temporary hold of the regimental flag, so as to more encourage the men to reform the line.

Reinforcements soon came for us, however, and together with them, we moved forward again. The enemy's line quickly broke, and they were soon in full retreat. The final capture of that battery was about 3:30 P. M., but the battle lasted till close to 5:30 P. M. At that hour General Sherman's Army Corps came from Jackson, just in time to cut off the enemy's retreat. Our victory was complete, although it cost dear to us, and especially to our division. We took 2000 prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery. As much as I can ascertain, the losses of our regiment are forty-five killed, 134 wounded and twenty-two missing. Total 201, out of 417 engaged.

The losses of our company are eight killed, nineteen

wounded and one missing. Total twenty-eight, out of fifty-nine engaged. The killed in our company are: Isaac T. Boyers, James J. Hemmingway, David Steinbergen, Silas Bailey, Simon Krouth, John Serbe, Austin G. Sprague, and Thomas E. Langdon. The wounded are: Sergeant J. B. Swafford, Corporal Wm. Ferguson, Privates C. F. Bumgardner, Morris Gifford, Geo. M. Scott, Albert G. Moore, Isaac Newton, Thomas Pendergest, Thomas Sims, John U. Young, Perry Burnett, Isaac P. Walker, James U. Barnard, John Hawkins, Irenius Smith. John E. Jayne and Samuel Cozine and a few others were also wounded, but not very severely, and are able to do duty.

Our division, and especially our brigade, having suffered the most at the battle of Champion's Hill, I think it is the intention to keep us on the reserve for a while, while the main body of the army will follow the retreating foe. Our division lost about 1300 men and our brigade 900.

May 17, A. M., I took a walk over the battle field of the day before, and drew a map of it, especially where our brigade was engaged. May 17, in the afternoon, our division left the bivouac we had occupied on the west edge of the battle field, near Baker's Creek, the night after the battle, and we went into camp near Edwards' Depot.

Shortly before sundown on May 20, we left our bivouac and marched towards Vicksburg. Shortly after midnight we halted five or six miles from Vicksburg, where we were allowed to rest for a few hours. But by 5 A. M. our brigade was ordered to go back to Black River bridge, twelve miles from Vicksburg, so as to guard the bridge and to keep the rebel General Johnston from coming to reinforce General Pemberton who is now in Vicksburg.

May 22, I took a walk over the rebel fortifications at Black River bridge, and drew a sketch of them.

May 24, about 10 A. M., we left our bivouac near Black River bridge, and marched towards Vicksburg, and at 6 that evening we halted two and one-fourth miles southeast of

Vicksburg, and went into camp a mile below the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad, where we heard of General Sherman's success at Haines' Bluffs, on the 18th instant, and by which our communications with the north are reopened.

The losses among officers of our regiment, at the battle of Champion's Hill, were also heavy. We had three killed: Captain S. D. Johnson, Co. "C," Captain W. Carbee, of Co. "H," and First Lieutenant C. Lawrence, of Co. "A." We had four wounded: Major Ed. Wright, Captain Leander Clark, of Co. "E," First Lieutenant J. C. Gue, of Co. "C," and Second Lieutenant S. J. McKenley, of Co. "A."

XV.

NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., May 28, 1863.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my No. 14, on the 25th instant. That same morning our brigade relieved the 1st brigade of our division, which was doing duty as sharp-shooters in rifle pits, perhaps 500 yards from the Rebel fortifications. At 3:30 we saw a "flag of truce" coming from the enemy, and at the same time both sides ceased firing all along the line. I immediately got out of the rifle pits and got on the top of the nearest hill, so as to examine the rebel fortifications around Vicksburg, but the hill was not high enough, and I could not have a fair view of them. But as much as I can judge, I think it is what is called a "line at intervals." That is the kind of lines that is generally used to defend an important place. That is the kind of lines the Russians had at Sebastopol, during the Crimean war, in 1854. It is composed of three lines of works, called "redans." The redans are open on the inside, that is on the side towards the defendant of the place. The works of the second line are built behind and half way between the works of the first line and the works of the third line or inward line. So that if we take one work of the first line, they could drive us out of it from two forts of the second line; and if we take a work of the second line, they could drive us out of it from two forts

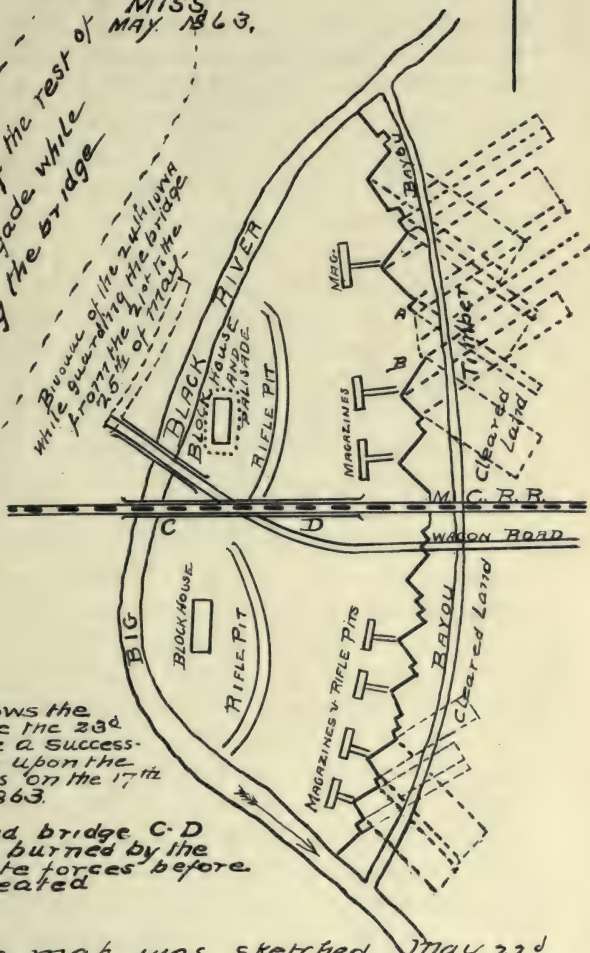
CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT BLACK RIVER BRIDGE

NORTH

MISS
MAY 1863.

Bivouac of the rest of
the 2^d Brigade while
guarding the bridge

Bivouac of the 24th Iowa
while guarding the bridge
25 1/2 miles of travel



A...B Shows the
place where the 23^d
IOWA made a success-
ful charge upon the
fortifications on the 17th
of May 1863.

The railroad bridge C-D
was partly burned by the
Confederate forces before
they retreated

The above map was sketched May 22^d
1863. by C. A. LUCAS. 2nd Lieut. of Co. D, 24th
IOWA Infantry

On Sept 5, 1864, C. A. LUCAS became 1st Lieut.
And on Nov. 2^d 1864, was made Captain
of Co. D 24th Iowa Inf.

C. S. M
Iowa City. 2/13/1900

So.



of the third or inward line. I think it would be next to an impossibility to take the place by storm. There is then what we call in French "*chemin couvert*," that is a kind of a ditch with the dirt thrown up towards us, and about wide enough for two men to walk abreast, and go from one work to another. They have also some rifle pits in front of their line of works. The object of our sharp-shooters is to fire at all those of the enemy who raise their heads above their works, and especially the gunners. We have not heard why the enemy sent a flag of truce. Some say it was to bury the dead, and take care of the wounded, between the two lines.

May 26th, at daybreak, firing is resumed on both sides all along the line. I think the enemy is very strongly fortified. I do not know their strength, but I think ours is about 70,000 or 80,000 men. Our troops are now surrounding their line of fortifications, which I think is nine or ten miles long, and extends from river to river, and appears to be about two miles from the city, and unless they get considerable reinforcements, they will have to surrender when their provisions run out.

May 27th, 9 A. M. the 1st brigade of our division came to relieve us in the rifle pits, and we returned to our bivouac, which is nearly a mile south and back of the rifle pits. We do duty as sharp-shooters in the day time, and work in the rifle pits mostly at night. I think it is now the intention to starve the enemy out, and not to try to take the place by storm. Since we left Helena we have not yet seen a day when we could say that we could go to sleep without fear of being disturbed by the enemy. We, and especially the officers, always have to keep on the alert, go to sleep with our clothes on with our arms by our side, ready to fall in line at any time.

I herein enclose a map of the battle field of Champion's Hill, which I drew the morning after the battle. It shows especially the part of the field over which our brigade fought. You will see that I have the south up instead of down, but I have it that way so as to make it easier for you to follow our movements, as we were advancing in a southwesterly direc-

tion, but the points of the compass are right just the same. I also sent you a map of the Rebel fortifications at Black River Bridge, which I drew on May 22nd, while our brigade was guarding the bridge, from May 21 to 24. Those fortifications are the best, for temporary works, that I have yet seen. They were well built. There is cross-fire all along the line, even the outside angles are cut off, and short flanks are built there, so that even there, here is cross-fire. The rectangles with dotted lines show the direction of the missiles. I show that only in a few places, but it should be the same all along the line. The line of works goes from river to river, and in front of the works you see a bayou, which is used as a ditch. As much as I can ascertain, General Carr's division of our army corps, did most of the fighting there on May 17th, especially the 21st and 23d Iowa. The 23d Iowa is said to have been the first regiment to enter the fortifications.

XVI.

FROM REAR OF VICKSBURG, July 1, 1863.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my No. 15, on May 28th. The siege of Vicksburg continues. The ground that separates the two armies is nearly all cut up with rifle pits. We have men working in rifle pits, day and night. The two lines are very close together—only a few yards, and in a few places our men have dug under some forts, and tried to blow them up with powder, but very little damage was done. During the night the Union and Confederate pickets are very close together; and sometimes the Confederates even exchange with our men corn bread for crackers or tobacco.

On June 19th, I learned that Major General John A. McClernand, our Army Corps Commander, was relieved of his command, and Major General Ord was appointed in his place. I have not heard the reason.

Four men of our company, who were wounded at the battle of Champion's Hill, on May 16th, have since died. They are:

John Hawkins, Albert Moore, Perry Burnett, and Irenius Smith. Since we came near Vicksburg, our regiment has lost four or five men, who got shot, not in rifle pits, but right in the bivouac, from rebel missiles, either from bullets or cannon balls, or from shells that explode among us.

The bombarding of Vicksburg is quite interesting for the spectator, especially during a dark night; it looks like grand fireworks; but it must be uncomfortable for the enemy inside of their works, and also for the people in the city.

XVII.

REAR OF VICKSBURG, July 4, 1863.

SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

As I am writing to you, at 1 P. M., and after a siege of forty-seven days, our flag is waving over Vicksburg and the fortifications. There is grand rejoicing all along the line. There was very little firing done yesterday; the rebels sent a flag of truce in the forenoon, a second in the afternoon, and a third toward evening. And every time a flag of truce came in, there was always a cessation of hostilities for a few hours.

There has not been any firing done with deadly missiles today. The cannon is booming all along the line, but it does not send solid shots or shells toward Vicksburg. They only use powder, to celebrate the grand 4th of July, and the surrender of Vicksburg. What a grand sight it was when the news of surrender came this forenoon; bands began to play "Home, Sweet Home," which was repeated all along the line. The boys were hugging each other like brothers who had not met for many years. We all felt like rejoicing, especially when we thought that after an active campaign of nearly three months, we might have a few days of rest, but it does not look like rest for us yet, as we have just received orders to be ready to march with five days' rations, at five tomorrow morning. We do not know our destination, but it will probably be Jackson. The sick will all be left in camp

here. About one-third of the command is on the sick list. Our Captain is one of them. He has not been able to do much duty during the whole campaign; the climate and hard marching do not agree with him.

I hoped to have a few hours of leisure, and take a walk over the rebel fortifications and have a chance to examine them, but I will have to give that up for today. I am too busy. I was kept on a run nearly all forenoon. I must say here that yesterday our regiment was paid up to June 30. All the newly promoted officers, like myself, did not get their pay until evening, and we had to go to General Hovey's head-quarters for that. I received:

Six and a half months' pay as Second Lieutenant at \$102.50	
per month.....	= \$666.25
Three months as Second Sergeant at \$17.00 per month	= 51 00
Four months' allowance for clothing as Second Sergeant	= 14.00
Total.....	<u>\$731.25</u>
Amount to deduct for clothing I received, and not paid	
for.....	\$32.65
For taxes.....	\$ 1.70 = \$ 34.35
Amount received.....	<u>\$696.90</u>

Of that amount I am sending you by Adams' Express Company \$200, and I intend to send you \$260 more. I am sending you \$150 in five envelopes, directed as I mentioned to you in a previous letter. I could have sent you the whole amount by express, but it may not be any safer than in letters, in case the steamer carrying the express should be captured by the enemy. I was in debt to the Company for nearly \$100, and I paid that. I left with Rufus Lumbard \$110 in five envelopes, for him to send you a few days later; he is to remain here with the sick. I keep a little over \$100 with me. I have to buy some clothes as soon as I get to a place where I can get them.

[No. XVIII, a short letter written from Vicksburg, July 29, 1863, is missing.]

XIX.

NEAR NATCHEZ, MISS., August 5, 1863.

I will first give you a continuation of our campaign, as my No. 18 of July 29th was very short, and was written mostly to inform you that I was not well. On July 5th, at 6 A. M., and without having had the pleasure of seeing Vicksburg and the fortifications, we left our camp and marched toward Black River Bridge, where our troops had strengthened the fortifications so that they could have kept a strong army from going to reinforce Pemberton at Vicksburg. General Grant remained in Vicksburg with an army sufficient to defend the place against any army that might come there, and General Sherman with an army, said to be of about 35,000 or 40,000 men, was sent after Confederate General Johnston, who was thought to be somewhere between Black River Bridge and Jackson. The sick were all left in camp near Vicksburg.

The troops making part of that expedition were divided into several corps, and marched by different roads. We marched as usual, in feeling the ground, so as not to be taken by surprise by the enemy. Our army corps, after having passed Black River Bridge, passed by Edwards' Station, and from there through the battle field of Champion's Hill, where we halted over an hour, and were allowed to walk around and examine the place where so many of our brave boys "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" until judgment day. But how gloomy that sacred spot seemed to us. The boys of the same company generally kept together while examining the graves. The eight men of our company who were killed there, on the 16th of May, were buried as well as could be done under the circumstances, details for that purpose having been made as soon as possible after the battle, and the graves are well marked. But how sad a duty that was, and how quiet the boys were while examining those graves, and to think that besides the eight men who were killed, four of those wounded in that battle, had since died, making a total of twelve who had died from the effects of that battle, from

our company, is sad, yes, sad indeed. And you must not be surprised when I tell you that every one examining those graves had tears in his eyes, not only on account of the loss of their comrades, but also of thinking of their comrades' friends at home, and especially those who had left wife and children at home.

From there we went through Bolton Station and Clinton, and kept on until we got near Jackson, where Confederate General Johnston had retired with a force, which was said to be about 30,000 men. From the time we left Vicksburg until we got near Jackson, we met very few enemies. It seemed as though General Johnston was afraid to give battle to General Sherman, thinking perhaps that our forces were much superior to his, and that it was the safest for him to retire into Jackson as fast as he could, keeping a part of his forces outside, so as to try to keep us from approaching too near it. At five o'clock on the afternoon of July 11th, our troops were formed in line of battle around the fortifications, from which we were one and a half or two miles distant. Skirmishers were immediately sent in front, in the timber, where the enemy was supposed to be. The enemy was soon discovered, and the artillery began to fire all along the line. But the enemy did not seem to offer much resistance, and in most parts of the line, the artillery and skirmishers—infantry—were sufficient to drive them into their fortifications. Although in some parts of the line, that was not accomplished till early next morning.

During the forenoon of the 12th, General Lauman, whose division was on the right of ours—Hovey's—did not content himself with having driven the enemy out of the timber, and into their fortifications, but he ordered a charge on their works. That charge was a failure, and he lost a good many men—about 2000. During that same day—July 12th—General Lauman's division was temporarily united with ours—Hovey's—and it is said that General Lauman was put under arrest. But in our division as well as in most of the others,

we contented ourselves with driving the enemy until we got in view of their fortifications, and stopped there. Any one who was there could see that it would have been next to an impossibility to take the place by storm.

I must say here that when General Sherman took Jackson last May, he did not leave any troops there to guard the place, but after destroying railroad bridges, and several miles of railroad in all directions, he hurried with the whole of his army for Champion's Hill and Black River Bridge, where he thought he was needed. And the enemy soon retook possession of the place, and strengthened it in such a way as to be able to defend it against any army that might come.

DESCRIPTION OF JACKSON AND THE FORTIFICATIONS.

Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, is situated on the west bank of the Pearl River, and at the intersection of the N. O., Jackson and Great Northern R. R., with the V. & M. R. R., about 45 miles east of Vicksburg. I think it has a population of about 4000 inhabitants, and seems to be quite an important place. It contains several government buildings; and large quantities of cotton are shipped there. It is defended by one line of fortifications which forms half a circle, with the extremities joining the river. That line which is only a half mile distant from the city, and seven or eight miles in length, is not very strong, by itself, as the fires are divergent. There is no cross-fire, except from rifle pits dug in front of that line. The rifle pits were 200 yards in front of the main line of works, and only fifteen or twenty yards distant from each other, and were only large enough for two men, and concealed from us. All along the main line, and for 500 or 600 yards outside of it, and where three months ago the ground was all covered with timber—nice trees—it is now all open, and the ground being quite level, we were in full view of the enemy. The timber was all cut down, with the tops turned toward us; the limbs were cut three or four feet from the body of the trees, and they were left there, so that they made

a very strong barricade against us. No cavalry or artillery could go through that; and it would have been very difficult, even for infantry, to charge through, if even there had been no enemy to oppose them. Taken all around, I think the place was impregnable by storm.

General Sherman soon made up his mind to do with Jackson as General Grant did with Vicksburg—surround the place and starve the enemy out. But his army was not big enough for that, and although we forced our way as near as we could to the fortifications, there was a gap left near the railroad. General Johnston soon found that out and took advantage of it. And during the night of July 16–17, he evacuated the place, and took with him his transportation and all the ammunition and provisions that he could. A part of his army left by railroad and the balance crossed the river and moved by wagon road, going east, probably towards Mobile or other important point.

On the morning of July 17th, or as soon as General Sherman was informed of the enemy having left the place, a large body of troops composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery was sent in pursuit of the enemy. It is said that about one thousand prisoners were taken the first day. But the pursuit was abandoned the second day.

From July 17th to 21st details of from fifty to one hundred men were made from each regiment that had not been sent in pursuit of the enemy, for the purpose of burning railroad bridges, and destroying railroads in every direction, so that the enemy could not use them for some time.

Jackson is situated on high ground, but nearly all level, and has nice wide streets, encumbered with empty boxes and barrels, which shows that some one else had been there besides the citizens; but the country surrounding the fortifications being very flat, we were exposed to the enemy's fire, and especially the sharp-shooters; as soon as we got in view of them, but in less than two days after we got there, we had built earthworks good enough to protect ourselves against

missiles coming from them, but not until two men of our regiment had been wounded on the 12th, one of whom has since died.

July 21st, we left Jackson, and passing by Raymond, Edwards' Station and Black River Bridge, we got to Vicksburg on the 23rd, about noon, after traveling about fifty miles in less than two and a half days. It was one of the most tiresome marches we had experienced yet, as the weather was very hot and sultry during those days. And just as we got near Black River Bridge, during the afternoon of July 22nd, we had a thunder storm with a very hard rain. There were three artillery horses killed by lightning, within ten rods of our regiment, and in less than half an hour there was about six inches of water on a level. And as we were in a high state of perspiration when the rain came, it was rather hard on us, as most of us got soaked through, which was enough to bring a chill on any one.

It looks to me as though some of the high officers, who have a horse to ride, and who have never carried a gun, have no idea how hard it is for those among the rank and file, who have to carry from thirty to forty pounds, including camp and garrison equipage, arms and accoutrements, clothing, ammunition and provisions while on a march during such hot and sultry weather. I heard that five or six men of our regiment alone were overcome by the heat.

On arriving at Vicksburg, we went to our old camp, and took dinner with the boys we had left there on the 5th instant; and then we left that camp, marched across the fortifications and the city, and encamped near the river, about a mile below the city, where we remained until August 2nd.

We were all glad to see the "father of waters" again. We had not seen it since the 30th of April, the day of the bombardment of Grand Gulf. I must now say a few words about Vicksburg, which I call the "Sebastopol of the South." To any one who has not much knowledge of fortifications, the works around Vicksburg do not look very important, but to

any one who has made a study in that line, and who examines them carefully, those works look very strong; but as they are just about as I thought they were before I saw them, and as I described them to you in my No. 15 of May 28th, I will say very little about them now. Suffice it to say that the ground upon which the fortifications are built, is very hilly, and that it was very hard to build a regular line of defense, yet, the inside works have the command over the outside ones. I noticed that in a good many places along their line, the Confederates had "dug out" so as to protect themselves against our missiles, especially shells. The city is very hilly, and we can see the effect of our artillery and gunboats, as a good many buildings were burned or demolished. Many citizens had underground dwellings, where they could run for safety.

After crossing the city we arrived at the "water batteries." They are on high ground, half a mile from the river, and a little closer in a few places. They have a good command on the river. There were also some well built rifle pits behind those batteries, so as to protect the infantry whose duty it would be to support those batteries in case of an attack from the front. In other words, those batteries were almost impregnable from the river, because the ground between them and the river was level and open, so that if our troops had disembarked there, formed in line of battle under the enemy's fire, and then charged on the batteries, they would have been all cut to pieces.

July 27th to 30th, I was quite sick. It seemed as though after so much exposure during the campaign, there was a reaction on me. It commenced with a chill. I had a complication of diseases: chill and ague, vertigo—a kind of dizziness. I was yellow, and felt very dull and weak, but as there was no duty to perform just then, I did not report myself on the sick list. The doctor gave me some medicine, and I used a couple of bottles of Hostetter's bitters, and now I feel all right again, although I do not weigh quite so much as I did three months ago. My weight was then 148 pounds, it is now 137 pounds.

August 2nd, our brigade under the command of Colonel Slack, of the 47th Indiana, got on board transports, and left Vicksburg; our destination was Natchez, Mississippi, about 100 miles below Vicksburg. We arrived there the same day towards evening, and remained on board over night. Next morning we disembarked and encamped where we now are. Our camp is one mile north from Natchez, and only 500 yards from the river. I think it is the healthiest camp we have yet had. Our regiment is camped on the south side of a hill, which slopes gently to the south, but is very steep to the west, or towards the river. Officers' tents are on the top of the hill, 200 feet above the level of the river. Between our camp and the river, that is at the foot of the hill, there is a camp for the colored people—men, women and children. There are about 2,000 of them, and they all receive supplies from our government.

I think our duty will not be very hard here. We will probably have to go on a reconnoissance every few days, and go probably fifteen or twenty miles from here. I think there are very few rebels around here, except perhaps a few guerillas. The city is the nicest I have yet seen in the south; I think it is even nicer than Port Gibson. The streets are wide and well laid out. We have here the nicest peaches that I have ever eaten. One of them is worth at least half a dozen of such as we have in Iowa. The commerce, or business, is not very good in the city just now. One of the most important reasons for that is, that since our troops are in possession of this place, the business men of the city accept only United States money in payment for anything. Confederate money is played out just now, so that even well-to-do people are not doing much business on account of the scarcity of United States money, as most of them have only Confederate money. But I think it will not be very long until this town, which is I think of about 6,000 or 7,000 population, will be booming again.

This closes the Vicksburg campaign.

XX.

CARROLLTON, LA., August 24, 1863.

We are now only a few miles from the mouth of the Mississippi River. I will first say that my health is very good and I am ready for another campaign which, I think, will commence soon. I must say here that with the exception of a few days that I was sick at Vicksburg after our return from Jackson, and when there was no duty to perform, I never was a day on the sick list and excused from duty. It seems as though exercise, marching, etc., agree with me.

You will see by the picture I am sending you, and which I had taken at New Orleans on the twenty-second instant, that I look rather dark; but you must remember that we are here near the twenty-ninth degree of latitude north; and the exposure to all kinds of weather during the campaign of Vicksburg accounts for that.

We are now under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Our destination is unknown, but it may be Mobile, Alabama. We are now under the command of Major General N. P. Banks, who has his headquarters at New Orleans.

When I wrote my No. 19, at Natchez, Mississippi, on the fifth instant, we thought we were going to stay some time longer on that nice hill, where we felt like at home, and were wishing we could stay till the close of the war, but the soldier has to go where he is ordered.

August 10th, about 4 P. M., we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and at 2 A. M. of the 11th, we left our camp, and at 4 A. M. we went on board the steamer Desarc—a marine boat—and at 9 A. M. we left Natchez, went down the river, passing by Fort Adam, Saint Francis, and Port Hudson, where we arrived towards evening. We stopped there over night. On the next day (the 12th) at 9 A. M., we continued our journey down the river and saw successively Baton Rouge—about 130 miles above New Orleans—

also Manchac, Bonnet Carré and Germantown, and arrived at Carrollton about midnight.

Between Natchez and Carrollton, the country was not laid waste like it was around Vicksburg. We could see some nice crops, especially corn and sugar cane. We could see a sugar mill on every plantation along the river. I hear that the sugar cane is raised for several years on the same ground and that they raise two crops every year, but the second crop is not worth as much as the first. I did not see any small grains.

As we arrived at Carrollton during the night, we remained on board till next morning, the 13th, about 8 A. M., when we left the boat, crossed a part of the town, and went to camp about a half a mile northeast of it, and a quarter of a mile from the river. That camp, where our brigade and a part of the first brigade of our division were camped, was very low, and in some places was below the level of the river, and consequently unhealthy.

August 19th, about 8 A. M., we left camp, marched through Carrollton, and followed the river until we got about half a mile southwest of Carrollton, where we now are. Our regiment is on the left of the brigade, and is the nearest to the town and also to the river, which is only about 300 yards away. Our camp is not so low as that we left on the 19th, and is consequently healthier. Since we arrived here we have had rain nearly every day. The citizens say that they generally have a good deal of rain here, especially in winter. They often have a visit of yellow fever, but it has not appeared this summer. Carrollton is a fine town. It has some of the most beautiful gardens and house yards I have ever seen. It is about seven miles above New Orleans. There are a few French families and a good many Creoles. Most of them can speak French.

On August 20th, about 10 A. M., I got a pass from Lieutenant Colonel Wilds to go to New Orleans, so as get an idea of what the city looks like. I went with comrade John E.

Jayne. We went by railroad and paid twenty cents for the round trip. We went through the city in different directions. Among the sights which I think are worth mentioning are: the statue of General Jackson—an old general who fought the Britishers. It looks very much like that of Godefroid de Bouillion, in Brussels, Belgium. It is about thirty feet high. That monument, on which, among other things, one reads: "The Union must and shall be preserved," is in a beautiful park in the northern part of the city, near the river, and a short distance from Market Hall—some call it the French Market—one of the nicest markets in the city, and where most people speak French and English, and a few speak German. On Canal street we saw the statue of Henry Clay.

The beauty of the streets, stores, etc., reminds me of the time when in the Belgian army, I was in garrison in Brussels. We were also shown the "Auction Block," that is, the place where the slaves were sold at auction. An old Frenchman, who has been living in New Orleans for many years, and who—apparently at least—is a Union man, told me that he had seen a good many sales there. He says that as far as possible the slaves of the same family were sold together to one planter, but sometimes it happened that the father was sold to a planter in Louisiana, the mother to a planter in Florida, and the children to different planters, to be scattered all over the slave states. They had to bid each other a "farewell good bye," with no hope of ever seeing each other any more; and the tears that they shed, and the lamentations they made did not seem to have any effect on the hearts of their owners. They were used to that. It is true that those slaves were black—although some of them were only partly so—but their hearts were just as white as that of the white man. They had souls just as well as the white man. They loved each other just as well as the white man. And I think it must have been a heart-rending scene to see them part. It is rather a sad picture to contemplate. And now that President Lincoln has issued his proclamation about freeing the slaves

in this country, I hope they will be free for all generations to come.

They have street cars in all the principal streets in New Orleans, and running in different directions. They charge only five cents for all distances. They charge only five cents from Canal street to the cemetery—a distance of about three miles.

August 22nd, we had a grand review for General Banks, who is in command of the troops here and who is also in command of the Department of the Gulf. We formed in line of battle by brigades, about 7:30 A. M. The review lasted till noon. There were only four divisions in line, to-wit: Hovey's, Carr's, Smith's, and Herron's; but more troops are arriving nearly every day, coming from Vicksburg and Port Hudson. General Herron has the temporary command of the 13th Army Corps—our corps—during the temporary absence of General Ord, who was left behind with a part of the corps.

Immediately after the review, our company and another one from the regiment, were allowed to go to New Orleans. I went along and got my picture taken. About 4 P. M., that is, when my picture was finished, and in company with three non-commissioned officers of the company, I went to the cemetery, which is one of the largest I have ever seen. I compare it to that nice cemetery at Laken, near Brussels, Belgium. There are some fine monuments, and also some fine vaults, but I am sorry to say that some of these had been broken into, and human bones were scattered around—an act which should be considered as the worse kind of criminal vandalism, and which should cry for vengeance from Heaven. I hope that none of our men are guilty of such a crime.

From the cemetery we went to Lake Pontchartrain, about three miles distant from the cemetery, and between five and six miles north of New Orleans, and about the same distance east of Carrollton. It is a nice summer resort. They generally have a good breeze, and the water is clear. It is said

to be about forty miles long and twenty-three miles wide, and does not exceed twenty four feet in depth, but as it was already late, we did not spend much time there. About 7:30 P. M., we left the lake and returned to camp by railroad, and with the satisfaction that we had made good use of that day.

New Orleans is, I think, one of the most important cities in the south. There is a nice harbor where can be seen hundreds of vessels from all parts of the world, but from what some citizens say, it is nothing when compared to what it was before the war.

Although the people of New Orleans in general seem to be for the Union, there are a good many Frenchmen and others who seem to be more for the south than for the north; while still others say that they remained neutral, having for an excuse that they were not naturalized citizens.

XXI.

NEAR CARROLLTON, LA., August 31, 1863.

The war news is very encouraging and I hope it will continue to be so, but I fear that the draft will not be enforced fast enough in the states where they cannot raise volunteers to fill their quota of troops, and the war may last longer on that account. I think the ranks in the old regiments should be filled up as soon as possible.

As I have now a little leisure, I wish to say a few words about General Grant: He has acted very much as the Napoleon Bonaparte in his campaign against Vicksburg. He has in a short time, and without much trouble, gained the confidence and good will of the troops under his command. And although he is a great general, he is not proud, and does not put on much style, and to look at him while on horseback, you would compare him to a farmer rather than to a military man. He most always wears his ordnance uniform. He looks rather sober, and is far from being compared to some other generals who seem to look as if they are going to fly to the moon. He is very sociable with his men. He often goes

around camp alone, and talks with the privates just as well as with the officers, and he always has something encouraging to communicate to them. He is very brief in his speeches and also in his orders, but whatever his orders are, he expects to have them executed right to the letter. His absence is very much regretted by the troops who were under him during the campaign of Vicksburg, and who are now here in Carrollton. They wish they could still be under the command of Father Grant—as they call him—and I must say that I also have great confidence in him.

On Saturday, the 29th instant, we had another review for General Banks. The review was on the same ground as the one we had on the 22d. We left camp at 8 A. M., and got back at 1 P. M. At that review, just as at that of the 22d, there were no maneuvers, although there was plenty of room. General Banks and his staff officers first passed in front and then in rear of the ranks, and then the troops marched in front of the reviewing stand.

The day before the review we had very strict orders about drawing clothing for the men. August 27, the company commanders had to give a requisition for clothing which the men had to wear at the review. And judging from that order, and also by the way the eastern troops are clothed, I can form a little idea of the care General Banks takes of his troops. I can see that he likes to have his troops well dressed, and that there is uniformity in the clothing. It is a good thing, especially before beginning a campaign; but if the troops have to make long marches, they may have to leave some of their new clothing behind. As I have not been in any engagement under General Banks, I cannot say much about his fighting qualities; but as he was appointed General from a citizen, we cannot expect as much from him as we could from a West-pointer.

XXII.

BRASHEAR CITY, LA., September 19, 1863.

When I wrote my No. 21 at Carrollton, on August 31, we were expecting to leave at any time, but we remained there until the 13th instant, when we left at 6 A. M. and went on board the Meteor. We went down the river to Algiers, about ten miles below Carrollton, and located on the right bank of the river, where we arrived at 11 A. M. The same day at 11 P. M., we proceeded by rail to Brashear City, about 100 miles distant, where we arrived next day at 7 A. M.

Brashear City is situated on Berwick Bay. It is nearly surrounded by swamps and is infested by long mosquitoes during most of the year. The bay is also called Atchafalaya River or Atchafalaya Bayou. I think the name bayou would be more proper as the current is not very swift, and the water is salty. It is good for cooking but not for washing.

I hear that a good many people, mostly French, have left the city, and gone to Mexico, probably with the intention of helping Maximilian to establish his empire.

As we traveled mostly during the night, I cannot say much about the country we came through, but as much as I have seen in the day time, I will say that that part of Louisiana is generally flat and is very rich. We see nice fields of corn, sugar cane and peas. We do not see any small grain. We see nice prairies nearly flat, and without any timber as far as we can see. But, as in most parts of the south, we can see that there is lack of help, and a good deal of the land has not been cultivated this year. Very few cattle are to be seen. The railroad runs through considerable timber which is marshy and of very little value. There is in many places a good deal of stagnant water, in which are many alligators, and some of these can be seen sunning themselves on trees that are laying in the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RECENT PUBLICATIONS IN IOWA HISTORY.

THE MAKING OF IOWA, by Henry Sabin. Chicago, A. Flanagan, pp. 282.

This volume appeared early in the year, and has everywhere been favorably received. Its contents are more interesting and scholarly than either the cover or the title would suggest to the casual observer. The title does not clearly indicate the subject matter of the volume. A better name would be "Essays on Early Iowa History." The author does not aim to write a history of the State of Iowa. His purpose seems to be to present something that will commend itself "to the children in our schools." As an introduction to the study of Iowa History this book will commend itself to the young men and women of our colleges. It will be read with pleasure by those who have participated in the pioneer life of the Commonwealth.

The volume contains thirty-four chapters of from two to ten pages each. Its literary merits are conspicuous. It is a readable book. The chapter headings are as follows: How Iowa Changed Ownership; The Birth of a Territory; The Birth of a State; Iowa's Indians; How the Indians Lost Iowa; What Black Hawk Did; Keokuk, Friend of the Whites; Other Indian Chiefs; Indian Battle Grounds; The First White Men in Iowa; The First White Settler; More Early Settlers; With Pike up the Mississippi in 1805; How Lewis and Clarke Fared; A Few Romances; Trading Posts and Indian Agencies; Fighting Indians at Fort Madison; Other Iowa Forts; The Rush for Land in Iowa; Making a Living in Early Iowa; Life Among the Settlers; Teachers and Preachers; Law and Medicine; Locating a Capital; A Little Border War; The March of the Mormons; Some Rather Extraordinary Colonies; From Canoe to Railroad; Iowa's Indian Massacre; Iowa and Slavery; Old John Brown; Some Iowa War Scenes; The Battle of Athens; In Closing.

Unfortunately the author is the victim of the oft repeated

error that the name "Iowa" was taken from the name "Iowa County." In the *Annals of Iowa*, 3d series, Vol. III., p. 641, it is shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that the name "Iowa" as applied to the "Iowa District," the "Territory of Iowa," and the "State of Iowa" was derived from or suggested by the name "Ioway River."

In the writing of "The Making of Iowa," the author was assisted by his son, Edwin L. Sabin.

B. F. S.

CONSTITUTION AND ADMISSION OF IOWA INTO THE UNION, by James Alton James, Ph. D. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, pp. 54.

This is the second monograph bearing upon the history of the political institutions of Iowa that has appeared in the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. The first was a monograph by Professor Jesse Macy entitled "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State."

The people of Iowa as a social group and a body politic are beginning to have a social consciousness. They are beginning to realize that Iowa is no longer a child of the frontier but an energetic, rich, and eminently sane and healthy Commonwealth. The position which the State has recently taken in National politics has hastened the awakening. To be in Iowa at this time and to participate in State life is to feel that one is in the presence of a great power that has just arrived at the stage of self consciousness.

And so thoughtful men are turning their attention more and more to the history of this western democratic Commonwealth. Professor James in the introduction to his monograph observes: "Since the States of the Middle West have become so prominent in the decisions on national issues, it is interesting to contemplate their coming into the political arena."

Professor James has given an orderly presentation of the important materials relating to the constitutional history of Iowa as is evidenced by these general headings: Government Before the Territory of Iowa was Established; Events Lead-

ing to the Constitutional Convention of 1844; The Constitution of 1844; What was to be the Status of the Negro? The Establishment of Banks and Schools; The Contest Aroused in Congress; The Constitution Submitted to the People; Resubmission of the Constitution to the People; The Convention and Constitution of 1846; The Bank Question; Other Features of the Constitution; Iowa Becomes a State; The Calling of the Constitutional Convention of 1857; The Constitutional Convention of 1857; The Bank Problem; The Rights of the Negroes; Other Provisions of the Constitution; Amendments of the Constitution.

On page nine in line one, "July 4" should read "April 20"; in line four, "June 12" should read, "July 4"; and in line fifteen, "1834" should read "June, 1833." On page eleven in line ten "Des Moines" should read "Demoiné"; and the same correction should be made in line five on page twelve.

Monographs like the one written by Prof. James are not simply scholarly contributions to our State history; they stimulate others to make similar investigations. B. F. S.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF BANKING IN IOWA, by Fred D Merritt, M. A., Ph. D. Iowa City, The University Press, pp. 150.

Dr. Merritt's monograph was prepared as a thesis in connection with his work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the State University of Iowa. It deals with the history of Banking in Iowa from 1836 to 1846, and at the same time includes short sketches of the political and economic conditions in Iowa from 1846 to 1857.

The scope of the monograph is seen from the chapter headings: I. Organization of the Miners' Bank of Dubuque. II. The Legislative Investigations of 1837-8. III. On the General State of the Currency. IV. Banking in Iowa from 1838 to 1841. V. Banking in Iowa from 1841 to 1844. VI. The Question of Banking Before the Constitutional Conven-

tion of 1844. VII. Culmination of the Opposition to Banking.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the subject is the history of the Miners' Bank of Dubuque. This bank was chartered in 1836 and went into operation in 1837. At four different times its affairs were investigated by a committee of the Legislative Assembly. Finally in May, 1845, its charter was repealed by the Legislative Assembly.

It is interesting to note the attitude of the people toward banking institutions. Their opposition is clearly seen in the debates of the Constitutional Conventions of 1844 and 1846, and in the several Legislative Assemblies of the Territory. The Constitution of 1846 contained this significant provision: "No corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed, or extended, with the privilege of making, issuing, or putting into circulation, any bill, check, ticket, certificate, promissory note, or other paper, or the paper of any bank, to circulate as money. The General Assembly of this State shall prohibit by law, any person or persons, association, company or corporation, from exercising the privileges of banking, or creating paper to circulate as money." The object of revising the Constitution in 1857 was chiefly to get rid of this prohibition on banks.

This monograph is another indication of the fact that the history of Iowa is a fruitful field for investigation in economic and political development. Now that Dr. Merritt has so ably led the way it is hoped that others will follow in the scientific study of the various phases of Iowa's economic history. And from Dr. Merritt himself we must bespeak another monograph, supplementing the one already published, on "The History of the Iowa State Bank."

B. F. S.

FRAGMENTS OF THE DEBATES OF THE IOWA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTIONS OF 1844 AND 1846, along with Press Comments and other materials on the Constitutions of 1844 and 1846. Compiled and edited by Benjamin F. Shambaugh. Iowa City. The State Historical Society, 1900, 8vo, pp. 420.

The only record of the debates in the two first Constitu-

tional Conventions of the Territory is found in the files of the Iowa City newspapers of the time. Those Dr. Shambaugh has transcribed with fidelity and edited with scrupulous care, adding newspaper comments, letters and speeches illustrative of public sentiment at the time. Now, that it is published, it seems passing strange the work should have waited so long on a student of history. Its great and permanent value can only be appreciated by reading. The topics of slavery, suffrage and of banking and other corporations were then new, and these fragments give to one a clear understanding of what the pioneers thought and felt, and the shape they purposed giving the state whose foundations they were laying. This work is of the highest value to all students of history and reflects much credit upon the Society as well as upon the compiler with whom it has been an enthusiastic labor of love. J. S.

DOCUMENTARY MATERIAL RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF IOWA, edited by Benjamin F. Shambaugh, Vol. II. Local Government. Iowa City. The State Historical Society of Iowa, 1900, 8vo., pp. 300.

This volume begins with the legislation of the governor and judges of the Territory Northwest of Ohio in 1788, and comes down to the law of the Territory of Michigan, establishing counties west of the Mississippi, passed in 1839. This collection of laws is no mere "dry as dust" reading. It is full of the life and spirit of the time, and teaches history as a map brings political divisions before one. The laws relating to taverns, to ferries, to the legal building of a "worm fence" are obsolete, but the principles of government by the people, in school and township organization are clear cut landmarks. The "bond servant" was taxed at not over \$1.00, while the poll tax of the "free white male" was between 50 cts. and \$2.50. Had John Hill Burton had this compilation there were a charming appendix to his "Book Hunter." Like all Dr. Shambaugh's work this is complete and thorough, and the series is a monument to the worth of the Society's labors. J. S.

JOSIAH L. PICKARD.

BY F. W. BICKNELL.



It will be sad news to many men in active life in Iowa who were students in the State University from 1878 to 1887 to know that Dr. Josiah L. Pickard, who was President of the University during that time, is about to leave the State to spend the evening of his life with his children, a daughter in California and a son in Minneapolis. Very few University presidents come so close to the individual student as did President Pickard. No man in Iowa City was more beloved than he during the twenty-two years he has lived there. Dr. Pickard's life has been one long uninterrupted devotional act in which his wife has been the worshiped one. Her recent death is the cause of his leaving Iowa City. He retired from the University, as he then said, on the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, that he might give himself to her, "a free man from public service, which I had not been since 1859." They were married in Newark, N. J., in August, 1847. Her name was Cornelia Van Cleve Woodhull.

Those who attended the alumni banquet at the last University commencement will remember Dr. Pickard's tender reference to the absent one and the message of love which she sent. Dr. Pickard's work in the University was not his first educational work in Iowa. It began in 1849 when he taught in a teachers' institute in Dubuque.

The school in Platteville, Wis., where he began his work in the west, had very small beginnings. At first there were only five pupils, and the principal had to depend upon these for his living. But his work soon began to count, and when he left the school a few years later it had over 300 students. Dr. Pickard thus tells of his first experience in Platteville:

"Belated in leaving Elizabeth, night came upon me on the

prairie ridge, eight miles from town. Through the rich mud I walked before the horse, lest the road should be lost, for it was a dark and cloudy night. Not once in this gloom did I regret the choice I had made, and when upon the morning of the 17th of November five persons, four of whom still survive, answered to the call for students to meet their young teacher, I was not disheartened, even though the tuition of these five for a year would hardly pay my board for a month. My courage did not forsake me, for I felt that faithful service with the five would bring its reward. Numbers increased. A long-looked-for letter came and of course I was happy. The first year's enrollment was 109. My board bills were paid. A small debt was lifted, left over from my experience at Elizabeth."

This school at Platteville was born out of the prejudice among pro-slavery sympathizers against the public schools. The broad spirit of the principal soon obliterated this distinction and the academy had the support of all classes. When a young colored woman applied for admission as a student, principal Pickard received her as he would any other person. It threatened to break up his school. Many of his patrons declared they would not have their children "associating with niggers." This only made the principal the more determined. He told the objectors he was willing to give up his position if forced to do so, but as long as he remained principal no one should be denied the privileges of the school on account of color. And he had his way. Dr. Pickard was of the highest type of the good old-fashioned schoolmaster, and in this old-fashioned school he pursued his specialty, character building, to the fullest extent.

The work he did in Platteville attracted the attention of the state, and in 1859 he was nominated by the Republicans for State Superintendent and two and four years later re-elected. The office paid only \$1,000 a year, but he was glad to have it because it took him out of doors and enabled him to recover his failing eyesight. During his administration he secured

the establishment of the county superintendency. In 1864, having regained his health, he resigned and accepted a call to the superintendency of the city schools of Chicago. He was superintendent of the Chicago schools for thirteen years, and the organization and unification of the system is his work. In 1877 he retired to rest and travel. But just before he was to start for Europe the next year he was elected President of the State University of Iowa and came at once to take up his new work. To the University he gave untiring devotion and the institution grew and broadened in every way during his nine years' service as President. He pursued the work of the unification of the school system and brought the University into closer relationship with the high schools. Graduates of approved high schools were for the first time received into the freshman class without examination.

Dr. Pickard has been a close student of history. Soon after coming to the State he interested himself in the work of the State Historical Society and in 1881 was elected President of the Society. He has contributed numerous articles to the HISTORICAL RECORD and has been one of its editors for several years. He prepared a complete history of the University, which was published a short time ago in the Annals of Iowa. Before leaving Iowa City he distributed most of his large library among schools and friends. His furniture has been given to those who will prize it for its associations. He is fitting up a room in each of the University Hospitals.

The best concise estimate of the character of Dr. Pickard comes from one who has been closely associated with him in the University and in the State Historical Society. "Dr. Pickard," he says, "was always simple, plain, democratic. He never did things for show. He worked silently but effectively. His was a great moral character, influencing profoundly the young men with whom he came in contact. In education he emphasized the acquisition of knowledge, not for its own sake, but for the sake of life and character. He led young men to seize upon ideals and to

hold and cherish them. His devotion to purpose, his steadfastness, and his gentleness withal have made him one of the most beloved and revered of all educators in the north and west."

NOTES.

LIST of casualties in killed and mortally wounded, wounded, captured, and died of disease, in the 24th Regiment of Iowa Vols. Infantry, during the campaign of Vicksburg, Miss., from April 1st to July 4th, 1863, inclusive.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN	KILLED AND MORT'LY WOUND'D	WOUND'D	CAP- TURED	DIED OF DISEASE	TOTALS
Officers	3	4			7
Enlisted men—Co. A . .	16	16		3	35
“ “ “ B . .				4	4
“ “ “ C . .	10	3		4	17
“ “ “ D . .	12	13		2	27
“ “ “ E . .	6	8	2	8	24
“ “ “ F . .	10	14	3	3	30
“ “ “ G . .	10	5		3	18
“ “ “ H . .	7	10	3	5	25
“ “ “ I . .	9	8		3	20
“ “ “ K . .	1	1		3	5
Totals	84	82	8	38	212

The above list of casualties was upon special request submitted to the Vicksburg National Military Park Commission, the 25th day of July, 1900, by C. A. Lucas, late captain Co. "D," 24th Reg't, Iowa Vols. Infantry. Co. "B" was on detached duty at Division headquarters and did not participate in any of the battles.

IN the matter of the preservation of the public archives of the State something must be done in the near future. Through neglect, carelessness, and the lack of a proper appre-

ciation of the importance of public records there exists great gaps in the archives of the territorial and early state period. But of immediate importance is the proper preservation of the archives we now possess. Iowa is confronted with the possibility of a loss that would be irreparable. The conditions in the Capitol at Des Moines are really alarming. Not only are the older archives in many cases simply "piled" away, but some of the fire-proof vaults are now full and overflowing. In the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction where there are about two hundred volumes of manuscript archives there is today not so much as a four by five safe. What is to be done? Some one has suggested burning the old records and papers that are no longer referred to in the daily administration of the government. No! not a line of the records should be destroyed! A building should be provided at the earliest possible moment for the housing of the public archives. Here the records should be finally deposited, carefully arranged, bound, catalogued and preserved for all time. At the next session of the General Assembly provision must be made for the better preservation and care of the public archives of this state. This much we owe to posterity.

B. F. S.

SENATOR JOHN HENRY GEAR died at Washington, D. C., on the 14th of July, 1900. On the 18th of July he was buried at Burlington, Iowa. The following is a copy of a blank that was filled out by Senator Gear about two years before his death:

1. Name. *John Henry Gear.*
2. Date of birth. *Ap'l 7th, 1825.*
3. Native State. *New York.*
4. Nationality. *American.*
5. Several places of residence (with dates) before coming to Iowa. *Ithica, New York, till Ap'l, 1836. Galena, Ill., until Ap'l, 1839.*
6. Date of removal to Iowa. *Sept., 1843.*

7. Place of residence in Iowa at time of election to the office of Governor. *Burlington.*

8. By what political party elected. *Republican.*

9. Dates of term or terms of office as Governor. *1878-1880, & 1880-1882.*

10. Occupation at the time of and before election. *Whole-sale Grocer.*

11. Offices held before election to the office of Governor. *Alderman and Mayor of city of Burlington, Ia., Member of 14th G. A., Member & Speaker of 15th G. A., & Member and Speaker of 16th G. A.*

B. F. S.

IN the April (1900) number of the RECORD, I published a number of documents relating to Governor Lucas. Among these documents there was one bearing the date of Jan. 12th, 1839, being a remonstrance against "the continuance of Governor Lucas as chief magistrate of this [Iowa] Territory." At the time I was unable to find the names of those who signed the letter to President Van Buren. But some months afterward I discovered a paper in the office of the Secretary of State at Des Moines, purporting to be a list of the names of the signers of the remonstrance or petition above mentioned. The following is a copy of what appears on the paper:

COUNCIL.

Stephen Hemstead
Geo. Hepner
Arthur Ingrham
Warner Lewis
J. D. Payne
S. B. Hughes
Jonathan W. Parker
Robt. Ralston

H. R.

Chauncey Swan
Hardin Nowlin
Thos. Cox
A. Bankson
Samuel Summers
Geo. Temple
S. C. Hastings

The foregoing names were signed to a petition to Mr. Van

Buren remonstrating against the continuance of Governor Lucas as Chief Magistrate of this Territory.

January 12th, 1839.

—See *Archives in Secretary of State's Office. Box 11. No. 2152.*

B. F. S.

IT was thought that "A Soldier's Letters from the Field," by Captain Charles A. Lucas, would be concluded in this number of the RECORD. But as the translation of these letters proceeds it becomes evident that the article will be continued in several subsequent numbers.

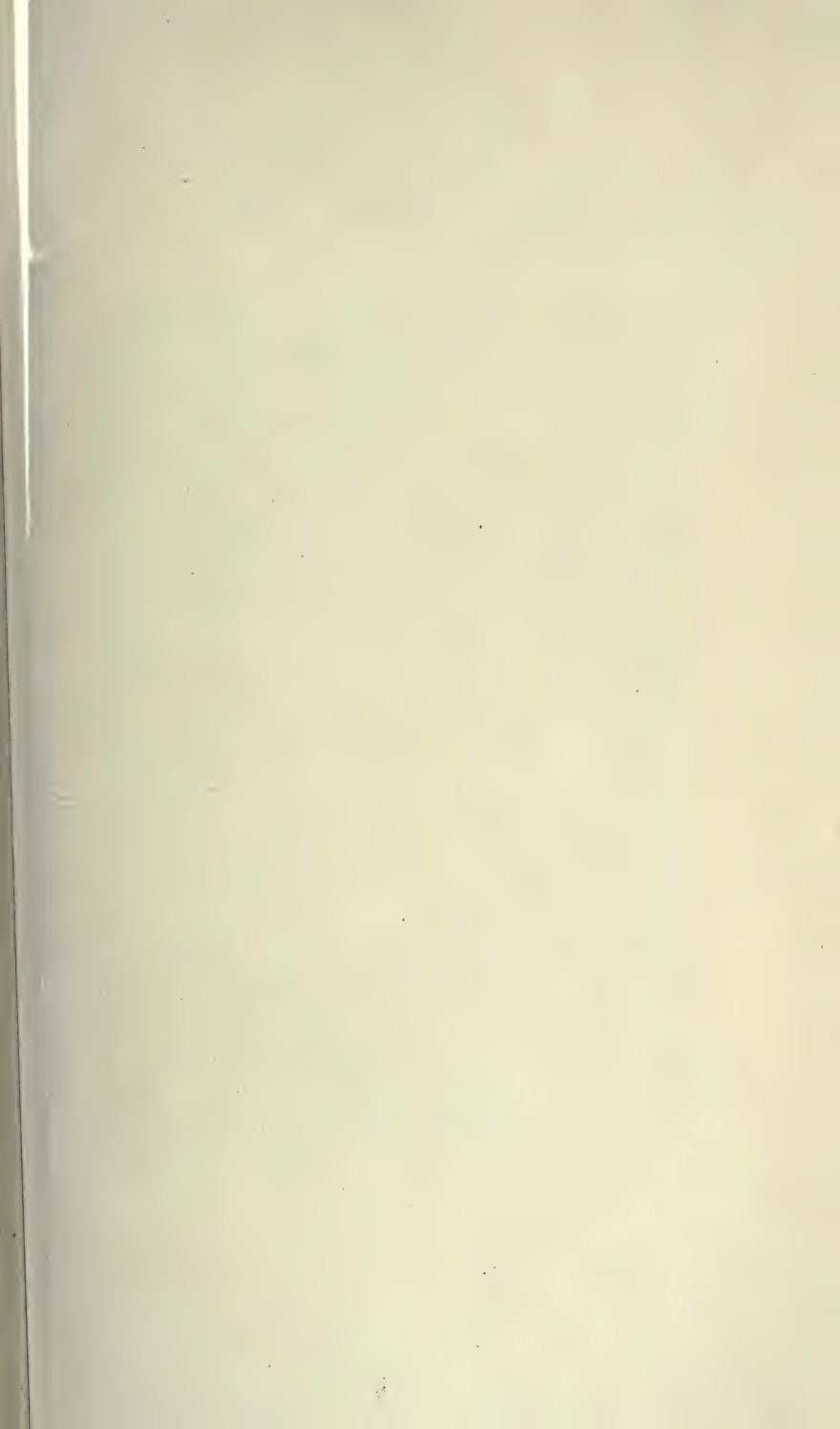
B. F. S.

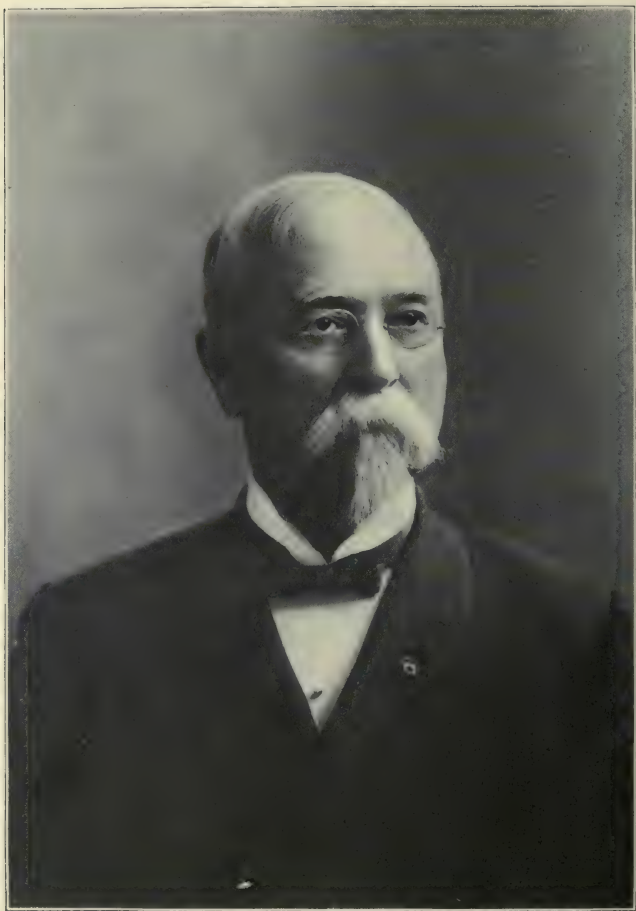
AT their last meeting the Board of Curators decided upon November 12th as the date of the "First Annual Iowa Historical Day." This day is to commemorate the first meeting of the first Legislative Assembly which convened at Burlington, Nov. 12th, 1838. The exercises will be held at Iowa City, and will consist of addresses on historical subjects.

B. F. S.

THE following is an extract from the records of the Board of Curators of the Iowa State Historical Society:

"The Board of Curators of the Iowa State Historical Society desire to express their deep regret at the withdrawal of Dr. Josiah L. Pickard from active work as a member of the Board. And we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the great worth of the services which he has so freely given to the work of the Historical Society. As President of the Board of Curators he has for years been the soul and the life of a work that posterity alone will fully and adequately appreciate. Nor shall we, the members of the Board, soon forget his wise counsels, his constant zeal, his high standards of devotion to historical research, and his ideals of life and character."





M. A. HIGLEY

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1901.

No 1,

MORTIMER A. HIGLEY.

BY W. R. BOYD.



HAVE been asked to write a brief sketch of the life of Major Mortimer A. Higley for the January number of the HISTORICAL RECORD. It is altogether fitting and proper that some little word concerning the life and work of a man like Mr. Higley should be written in the pages of a magazine professedly devoted to those who have helped to make our State what it is.

In our world, the great names, from a universal standpoint, are few. Posterity cannot be burdened with those who do not do a world work. But as we narrow the sphere of influence, we find that each community has its cherished names. Relatively they are far more numerous than the great names of the world. They are cherished in memory because the work they did was of lasting benefit to that particular community. No city or town ever became really fit to live in that did not possess a few men unselfish enough to give a portion of their time to the advancement of the general welfare. As a rule, the men who do this are what are known as "men of affairs." They are diligent in business, and successful in enterprise. The man who cannot successfully do his own particular work, seldom does better when he seeks to direct and influence public policies.

Mortimer A. Higley's memory will be cherished by the citizens of Cedar Rapids now and always, because he was one of the comparatively few who gave a measure of their ability as business men for the promotion of the general good in the community. But for such effort as he and a few others put forth, Cedar Rapids would not be what it is today. We speak thus from a local standpoint, because Major Higley's work was largely local. Later in life, he was called to wider fields, and though he took up this latter work in feeble health, he was able to render such valuable service as to make it certain that had his life been spared, his effort in this field would have commanded the same appreciation it has won and will long hold in this community.

Mortimer A. Higley was born at Hartford, Connecticut, April 18th, 1838. He came with his parents to Linn county, Iowa, in 1842. He was educated in the common schools, and when yet a very young man, entered the employ of his elder brothers who were in the mercantile business in Cedar Rapids. He afterwards went to Waverly and remained two years, being employed as a clerk in a general store. From Waverly he went to Woodson county, Kansas, and remained there until 1858. In that year, he returned to Cedar Rapids, and entered the employ of W. B. Mack, a wholesale grocer, and continued with Mr. Mack, until the breaking out of the Civil War.

Mr. Higley's military service may be summed up as follows: In September, 1861, he received a commission to raise a company of infantry for the war. He recruited about forty men, and took them to Lyons, Iowa, and consolidated them with a company being recruited there. In this he enlisted September 17, 1861. It was assigned by the governor as Company A, Fifteenth, Iowa Volunteer Infantry. Mr. Higley was promoted to the first lieutenancy of his company on the 28th of the following October, and in February, 1862, was promoted to the position of quartermaster of his regiment, and in August, 1862, was assigned to the staff of General E. O. C. Ord,

commanding the district of Corinth, as acting commissary of subsistence. He was assigned to the staff of General McKean, as quartermaster of the Sixth Division of the Army of the Tennessee, November 1, 1862. He was promoted commissary of subsistence, with the rank of captain, and assigned to the staff of General J. B. McPherson as chief commissary of subsistence of the Seventeenth Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee, November 26, 1863. In January, 1863, an officer of the subsistence department of higher rank was assigned to the Seventeenth Corps, and Captain Higley was assigned to the staff of General J. M. Tuttle, as depot commissary of subsistence, at Cairo, Ill., until the following April, when he was ordered to report to General C. C. Washburne, at Memphis, Tenn. He was to have made the raid through the confederacy with General Washburne, which afterward was made by General Benjamin H. Grierson; serious illness prevented General Washburne from making this raid, and Captain Higley was assigned as depot commissary of subsistence at Memphis, supplying all the troops with commissary stores, from Memphis to Corinth, Miss. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, and the siege and battle of Corinth.

After leaving the army, Major Higley returned to Cedar Rapids and engaged in the hardware business, being associated with P. W. Ziegler. Two years later Mr. Ziegler sold his interest in the business to Mr. W. W. Higley, a brother of Mortimer. The firm of Higley Brothers flourished for many years. The business done by this firm was large, and it was conducted in a manner which won the respect of everyone who came within the sphere of its influence. In 1885 he was elected President of the Merchants' National Bank, and continued in this position almost up to the time of his death.

In 1863 Mr. Higley was married to Miss Lucy L. Sheets, of Pennsylvania. Four children were born to them, three of whom, Mrs. Matschke of Minneapolis, Mrs. McIntosh of Seattle, Wash., and Mrs. Draper of Boston, survive him. His only son Mortimer A. died before reaching manhood. Mrs.

Higley died in the early '90's. In 1898 Mr. Higley married Mrs. Mary Bock who survives him.

From the very beginning of his public career Major Higley took an interest in public affairs. He did well many of the things that need most to be done well in any American community. For a score of years he faithfully discharged the duties of a member of the Board of Education, giving without recompense, a considerable portion of his time during all this period of preferment to the conscientious discharge of the duties of this most important office. It was this conscientious work on the Cedar Rapids Board of Education that caused him to be thought of in connection with University management. He was chosen by the Twenty-sixth General Assembly as a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, his name having been presented for this office by the alumni of the University, of his own city. He was almost immediately made a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Regents, and as chairman of the Building Committee, had supervision of the construction of the new Liberal Arts Building, up to the time of his death. The interest he took in this work, in spite of his feeble health, was almost pathetic. Had he lived, he would have been of great service to the University.

Major Higley's career in the army brought him the friendship of many distinguished men, and the associations of this period, and those which later grew out of them, were especially dear to him. He was a prominent figure in the Loyal Legion, and other patriotic organizations. One of the last labors of love that he performed in this connection, was as chairman of the committee to provide a suitable monument for General Belknap, in the national cemetery at Arlington. Socially, Major Higley was a most admirable companion and friend. Though diligent in business, he had taken time to cultivate the social side of his nature. Loyalty in everything, was one of his chief characteristics. For many years prior to his breaking down in health, he gave a great deal of his

time to the work of the Associated Charities, a relief society in which he was especially interested.

Mortimer A. Higley was a splendid representative of the sturdy pioneer business men who have placed the credit of this State above reproach. He belonged to the pioneer period. It was not rich in educational advantages, but the experiences of those days made for strength and integrity. Major Higley never shirked a responsibility of any kind. He believed that it was every man's duty, under a government such as ours, to attend faithfully to every civic duty. He was an exemplar of our best citizenship.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. CHARLOTTE O. VAN CLEVE.

BY DR. J. L. PICKARD.



FEW days since it was my privilege to call upon Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve, the widow of Gen. Horatio P. Van Cleve, a cousin of Mrs. Pickard's. She is still hale at the age of 82, though disabled by reason of a fall which resulted in a broken hip. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired, and her accounts of her early life in the Northwest Territory, which came to be known first as Michigan, then Wisconsin, and later as Iowa and Minnesota are intensely interesting. They may interest the readers of the HISTORICAL RECORD. With this thought I venture to to quote from a biographical sketch which she prepared at the age of seventy years.

Mrs. Van Cleve's father was a Lieutenant in the 5th U. S. Infantry and was sent by the government to superintend the erection of a fort on the Mississippi near the mouth of the St. Peter's in 1819. His wife with a child of eighteen months determined to accompany him. Leaving Hartford, Conn., by

stage for Buffalo, they proceeded by schooner to Detroit where they joined the regiment and sailed to Green Bay. By batteaux they proceeded to Fort Winnebago and by portage entered upon the Wisconsin river (spelled by the French *Ouisconsin* and called *Nee-na-hoo-na-nink-a* by the Indians) and reached Fort Crawford after two months sailing from Buffalo. Only an hour after their arrival at Fort Crawford, Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark was born July 1st, 1819. The surgeon of the regiment was an inveterate drunkard and in cases of emergency was sobered by sousing him in cold water, from which arose the phrase, common at the time, of "*soaking the doctor.*"

After a short rest in waiting for supplies from St. Louis, the regiment proceeded by keel boats, which were propelled by poles, up the Mississippi for three hundred miles. The "Daughter of the Regiment" thrived upon "musty flour and sweetened water" until late in September the regiment reached its destination at the mouth of the St. Peter's. For many weeks the boats were their only shelter.

A space was soon cleared, log houses were erected for the garrison and a stockade was built. The winter of 1819-20 was severe. The cabins were frail affairs; "the roof of our cabin blew off and my father saved its entire collapse by holding up the chimney while the babe lay in her cradle shoved under the bed 'smiling unbeknowns' seeming to take it all as something planned for her amusement." The regiment suffered much from sickness and death. Fort Snelling was erected in 1820. Lieutenant Clark was left for a time in command of the fort while Colonel Snelling went east with his family for a visit. Upon his return his boats were wrecked. From the wreckage enough was saved to enable the party to move up the river by hugging the bank and pulling along by the branches of trees. The women in the party proved themselves helpful in pulling. Among the pleasant recollections of her childhood Mrs. Van Cleve speaks of the marriage of Lieutenant Denny and a Miss Hamilton daughter of the Major, of the regiment. As there was no Chaplain at the Fort, nor

Justice of the Peace, the bridal party was compelled to go by sleigh upon the ice to Prairie Du Chien, 300 miles away, to find one authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. At this time the mail was brought to the Fort twice a year from Prairie Du Chien by an Indian upon a pony. The warm discussion of the present day over the "*Army Canteen*" was begun at Fort Snelling and resulted in a general order dated May 11th, 1820, in which occur the following words: "it is hereby ordered that hereafter no issues of whiskey will be made to boys under eighteen or to women attached to the army. In the case of soldiers on 'extra duty' each was to receive one gill a day, and I distinctly recall the demijohn with the gill cup hanging on its neck, and the line of 'extra duty men' who came up each morning for their perquisite."

The first flour mill in Minnesota which has become the greatest flour manufacturing point in the world was erected at Fort Snelling. The outfit sent up from St. Louis consisted of "one pair of burr mill stones, 337 pounds of plaster of paris and two dozen sickles." The first steamboat—the Virginia—arrived at the Fort in May, 1823.

In the record of 1827 appears a thrilling story of the execution of five Indian braves at the Fort. A treaty had been made with the Indians by which the Sioux and Chippewas had agreed to cease all hostilities. The Sioux broke the treaty and murdered several Chippewas. The Colonel at the Fort compelled them to give up the murderers. They were given up to the Chippewas to be executed. The mode of execution was "running the gauntlet." Two lines of Chippewas were drawn up facing each other with loaded rifles. The convicted men, one by one, started a few rods back and ran the gauntlet. Not one completed the race. All fell before the unerring aim of the avengers. As a child, eight years of age, our informant was present at the execution, for one of the condemned held a warm place in the child's heart and she prayed for his escape. As the smoke clears she sees his form running near the end of the line. With joy she cries,

"He will get home," but just as he was reaching the goal he fell a dead man. Sixty years later she visited some Indian prisoners at Fort Snelling, and told them of the execution she had witnessed on that spot when a child, and spoke of her great sorrow when her friend "Little Six" failed to escape. "Old Shakopee" at the mention of the name of the little girl's friend shouted with joy over the treachery and bravery of "Little Six" whom he recognized as his father.

The six years following the execution narrated above, the child was at school in Cincinnati, as her father was on recruiting service.

At the close of the Black Hawk War she left school and went with her father to Fort Winnebago, in Wisconsin. Tarrying for a time at Fort Crawford, where she was born, she became devotedly attached to the daughters of Col. Zachary Taylor (afterward President of the United States.) One of these daughters, a girl of her own age, soon after eluded her father's vigilance and eloped with Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, (later President of the Confederate States.) It is said that the daughter died in six months, leaving her parents broken-hearted. General Taylor, in the Mexican War, noticed a successful movement by Captain Davis, who was under his command and as he passed him he said, "That was well done, Captain." It is not known that he ever spoke to his son-in-law at any other time.

In 1836, at the death of her father, Miss Clark became the wife of Lieutenant H. P. Van Cleve. Her husband very soon resigned from the army, and with his young wife went to Michigan for a permanent residence, spending a little time in Missouri settling up the estate of his brother-in-law, who had lost his life in the Seminole War. In 1856, in pursuit of health, the family removed to Minnesota and settled upon a prairie, two day's journey from the Mississippi River, with no neighbors but Chippewa Indians, with whom they lived on the most friendly terms, sharing their scanty fare during the memorable winter of 1856-7, their only food for much of the

time being underground wheat, as supplies could not reach them on account of deep snows which prevailed. Her account of the five year's residence upon the Indian reservation is full of thrilling incidents. The fall of Sumter called the husband to the field, and the wife with a large family of children came to Minneapolis, where she lives, a widow since 1893, honored and beloved by the people of the city in whose charitable work she bears a conspicuous part.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D. 24TH, IA.

(Continued from the October, 1900, number of the Record.)



WE are now camped near Atchafalaya Bayou, the water is salty and is good enough for cooking, but is not good for washing or drinking. But we soon dug four wells, from twelve to fifteen feet deep, for our regiment. The water from these wells is not very good, but it is somewhat better than that from the bayou. There are many alligators in the bayou. They are dangerous, and it is not safe for any one to go bathing, as some of those animals can devour a man just like a man can eat a tomato.

When we left Carrollton, we left most of our baggage and also some clothing behind. We marked them well, and they were sent to New Orleans, where I hope we will find them all right when we return.

We are now in light marching order. I carry only a rubber blanket, also a woolen blanket, two shirts, two pair of socks, and a towel. The number of our division is changed. Our regiment is now in the 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, 13th Army Corps. The number of the division only is changed, and all

the regiments that were in the 12th Division are now in the 3rd.

Preparations are now being made for an advance for the Teche country, which is said to be one of the richest countries in the south, and probably in the world. There are already a good many troops here, and some are still coming. A part of our corps—the 13th—and the 19th Corps are here. The 19th Corps is composed mostly of eastern troops, and is commanded by Major General Franklin.

I think the expedition is under the command of Major General Washburn.

September 17, our troops began to cross Atchafalaya Bayou. The troops of the 19th Corps are already nearly all on the other side, and we will probably follow them immediately.

On the 2nd instant, we heard that General Grant had just arrived in New Orleans, and on the 4th he passed our troops in review, and I must say that there were very few on the sick list that day. Every one was anxious to be in line and see the old commander who had led us so well during the campaign of Vicksburg, and whom we did not have the pleasure of seeing since we left Vicksburg. As soon as General Grant arrived on the ground where the troops were formed in line of battle, ready for the review, he was received not only by the booming of cannon, but also by prolonged cheers from the troops. And as he, accompanied by Adjutant General Thomas, also General Banks and the staff officers, passed in front of each regiment the men were at a present arms, but, holding their arm with one hand, they held their hats with the other, and cheered their noble leader as he went by. It was quite an impressive sight. But the review did not last long. General Grant went on a gallop all along the line, and the other generals and staff officers could hardly keep up with him.

XXIII.

BRASHEAR, CITY, LA., September 22, 1863.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my Number 22, on the 19th instant.

We are expecting to move away from here at any time. It seems as though the Union troops in most departments are having rest, but I fear the rest may last too long, and give the rebels too much time to build new fortifications and strengthen the old ones. I think the ranks of the old regiments should be filled as soon as possible — the sooner the better. Then we could sooner expect to put an end to the rebellion.

XXIV.

BERWICK CITY, LA., October 2, 1863, 8 P. M.

We have just received orders to be ready to move by tomorrow at 8 A. M. We are now camped one-quarter of a mile from the little town of Berwick, which is just across the bay from our old camp. We left our old camp and crossed the river on September 28. September 29 and 30 it rained most of the time. But it was nice yesterday and today, and the roads are getting good again.

I think we have here an army of 24,000 men of all arms. This afternoon at 5 P. M., we were paid up to August 31, 1863. The troops seem to be in good spirit for the new campaign.

XXV.

IN THE FIELD NEAR VERMILLION BAYOU, LA.,

October 13, 1863.

On October 3, at 7 A. M., we left our camp at Berwick City, and marching in a northwesterly direction, we followed Bayou Teche for some distance, and passed by Centerville, Franklin, Indianville, and New Iberia, where we arrived on the 6th, and camped about five miles southeast of that town, and near Bayou Teche. We marched leisurely, only from 12 to 15 miles per day. The roads were good. During the first day after we left Berwick City, we marched

through some swampy country and timber, but during the three other days we came through some nice plantations, mostly level. There are nice fields of sugar cane, cotton and sweet potatoes, and also some peanuts, but the corn does not look very good. There is a sugar mill on every plantation, and there are hundreds of hogsheads of sugar in most of them. In most of those plantations we see ditches running east and west and north and south, and at regular distance, so as to drain the land.

On October 7, I was sent out foraging with a squad of 25 men and a wagon with two mule teams. We went about four miles from camp, and got a load of nice sweet potatoes, and as there were a few rows of peanuts growing right by the side of the sweet potatoes, the boys helped themselves to them. That was the first time I saw how peanuts grew. They had been planted and cultivated like the sweet potatoes. I went with a few men to see the owner of the plantation. We were well received. They gave us a good dinner for which we offered to pay, as we had plenty of money, but they would not accept anything, but I hope they will get their pay sometime for what we got from them. Like most of the people living in that part of Louisiana, they can talk French. They say they would rather talk French than English. I felt somewhat at home with them.

October 10, we left our camp, went through New Iberia, and marched again in a northwesterly direction. We crossed a nice level piece of land, and to cross which we had to march 20 miles. We marched 25 miles that day, and at 6 P. M., we arrived near Vermillion Bayou, where we are now. And to-day the 13th, is election day for us. Mr. Daniels, an editor from Tipton, Iowa, is here to take the votes of the 24th Iowa.

General Ord has returned, and is now in command of our corps again.

XXVI.

NEAR VERMILLIONVILLE, LA., November 6, 1863, 11 A. M.

As I said in my Number 25, of October 13, we had elec-

tion on that day. The result of election in Iowa regiments that are here, and as much as I am informed, is as follows:

21st	gave	Col. Stone	166	votes,	and	Gen. Tuttle	37	votes.
22d	"	"	257	"	"	"	36	"
23d	"	"	101	"	"	"	37	"
24th	"	"	271	"	"	"	10	"
28th	"	"	264	"	"	"	67	"

You will see that our regiment—24th Iowa—gave the most votes for the Union ticket in proportion of the number of votes cast.

October 15, in the afternoon, we crossed Vermillion Bayou and went to camp about three-fourths of a mile west of Vermillionville and one-third of a mile from the bayou. That change of camp was made so as to have nicer ground for maneuvers for a few days, and we made good use of it. It was good for the troops, not only for instruction, but also for their health.

October 22, we left that camp, went through Vermillionville, marched fifteen miles and camped near Carencro Bayou. The night of October 22 to 23, was rainy, a cold, chilly rain which made every one shiver.

October 23, at day break, we left our camp and marched to Opelousas, where our corps encamped about a mile southeast from town, and the 19th Corps encamped about the same distance northwest from town. The rebels had left the town only a few hours before the head of our column got there. We remained there till November 1, at daybreak, when we left camp, marching towards Vermillionville. We marched fourteen miles and camped about two miles southeast from where we had camped October 22.

After we left Opelousas, the rebels soon began to harass the flanks and rear of our column.

On November 2nd, some squads of men were sent out foraging. Captain Gue of Company "C," was sent out with a squad of twenty men and a wagon from our regiment, for the purpose of procuring some sweet potatoes. They went

out about four miles from camp, and were busy loading the wagon when a party of some thirty horsemen, apparently dressed in blue uniforms, were observed about half a mile away. One of those men came toward ours, and Captain Gue thinking probably that he was one of our men, and being also on horseback, went to meet him; but when he got about 130 yards from him, that man, who was a rebel and apparently disguised in a blue suit, drew up his carbine and shot the Captain, killing him instantly. He took the Captain's sword and revolver, and hastily withdrew with his booty.

The men of our detail fired a few ineffectual shots at the rebel, hurried to the captain's side, put his body in the wagon, secured his horse and returned to camp. This happened late in the afternoon. The next morning Lieutenant-Colonel Wilds asked me to take 15 men—volunteers—of my company, and 15 from company "F," and go on a reconnoissance towards the place where Captain Gue was killed, with instructions to look for arms and ammunition, and bring back to camp any one suspected of being a rebel or guerilla. Captain Smith of company "G" was also sent out with his company. We went together. Went about four miles. We did not see any rebels, but we took two citizens who were accused of having spoken against the Union, and brought them to the General's headquarters. But while on our way back to camp, and within about three miles from it, we saw a body of some fifty or sixty horsemen between us and our camp, coming toward us. They were probably the same body of men, one of whom had killed Captain Gue the day before. They looked rather suspicious to me. I told Captain Smith my opinion and suggested that as there was some timber about twenty rods on our right, it would be best for us to go there and wait for those horsemen. The Captain agreeing to that, we went there; but the rebels did not come any nearer. They soon changed direction knowing probably that under the protection of trees, one infantry man is good for at least two cavalry

men, while it is the reverse in open field. We soon resumed our march and got back to camp without being molested.

But while this was going on, we heard some heavy firing and cannoning in the direction of our camp. We did not know what it was, but we knew there was something unusual going on. When we arrived in camp, some of our troops were just returning from a little engagement. The band was playing Yankee Doodle, and our men had about two hundred rebel prisoners. But we soon learned that the rebels had taken about that many men from us. The mail carrier—the faithful Z. V. Elsberry—is gathering the letters, and I must close for today.

XXVII.

NEW IBERIA, LA., November 19, 1863, 10 A. M.

As I said in my Number 26 of November 6, a little engagement took place near Carencro Bayou, on the 3rd instant, between the rebels and General Burbridge's Brigade. General Burbridge's Brigade was composed of about 1200 men, and was acting as our rear guard. The rebels attacked him about 9 A. M., and were repulsed. But they soon received reinforcements, and about noon they attacked him again with a force said to be about 4000 men—infantry, cavalry and artillery—and attacked all at once, from the front and flank, and they did it so quick that they nearly annihilated General Burbridge's Brigade before any reinforcements could reach him.

It appears that when the first attack was made in the morning, General Burbridge sent a dispatch to General Washburn informing him of it; he soon sent him another dispatch informing him that the rebels were repulsed. The result of that last dispatch was that the first brigade of our division, which had been sent to reinforce General Burbridge, had not quite reached there when they were ordered back to our camp. When the second attack was made at noon, General Burbridge sent for reinforcements again, and the first brigade

of our division went immediately, but they got there too late, as the second attack was done so quick that General Burbridge's brigade was nearly annihilated. But after our first brigade arrived there, the rebels were soon repulsed again, leaving about 200 prisoners in our hands. I think we lost about 250 killed and wounded. Our brigade was kept as a reserve on the left flank of our camp, and a few companies were sent out as skirmishers. About 4 P. M., that is, as I was coming back from reconnoissance, our troops returned to camp.

The following night, our regiment was ordered as a support to the picket line, in case of an attack. As there was only our division and a battery of artillery, but no cavalry, camped there, and as it was expected the rebels would receive reinforcements and attack us next morning, we needed reinforcements. The 19th Corps was then near Vermillionville, about thirteen miles from us. But there was telegraphic communications between the two camps, so that General Washburn sent word to General Franklin, and the same evening at 9 P. M., reinforcements came, so that we were ready to receive the rebels next morning. But as the rebels did not show themselves early next morning, and as we had a good deal of cavalry in the 19th Corps, a few regiments of them were sent out on a reconnoissance, but the rebels had disappeared.

During the afternoon of that day, November 4, I went to the hospital where there were a good many dead and wounded. The doctors were busy amputating limbs, and I must say that it was indeed a pitiful sight.

November 5, we left our camp and came to Vermillionville, where we stayed till the 16th, when we left that place and came to camp near Lake Tasse, about four miles northwest from New Iberia, next day, the 17th, we left that camp, marched five miles, and camped about a mile southeast of New Iberia, where we are now, and where we expect to remain a few days longer. The day we came here several

men who were either in hospital or on furlough, and most of whom were wounded at the battle of Champion's Hill, came back to the regiment. There were five from our company: Sergeant J. B. Swafford, and Privates A. M. Gifford, T. Pendergest, T. L. Sims and W. Mercer. On that same day there were five men of Company "F," of our regiment—one sergeant, one corporal and three privates—who, against the order had left camp without arms, and had gone out about one and one half miles from camp, to get either wood or something else, when some few mounted rebels surrounded them and took them prisoners. Two regiments of our brigade were immediately sent out on a reconnoissance, but the rebels had disappeared.

XXVIII.

IN CAMP NEAR NEW IBERIA, LA., November 27, 1863.

I will first give you a continuation of our campaign.

November 20, the first brigade of our division and one section of artillery were sent out on a reconnoissance towards Lake Tasse, and took about 110 prisoners whom they had surprised at daybreak, and from that day some of our cavalry was sent out on a reconnoissance, in different directions, nearly every day, and took a good many prisoners, and taken all around I think our men took about as many prisoners from the rebels as the rebels took from us, including those they took at the engagement of November 3, and also the stragglers; and I am sorry to say that I believe that many of our men who were taken prisoners, were taken through carelessness, either on their part or on the part of some of their officers, being taken by surprise.

November 25, our regiment was sent as guard with the division train. We went about two and one half miles from camp to get some wood. We did not see any rebels.

Yesterday, the 26th, we had a grand meeting to celebrate, Thanksgiving Day. The troops of our division assembled by our division commander's headquarters. It was one of the

best meetings at which I have been present since I have been in the army. There were many good speeches delivered by able men. That meeting lasted from 9 A. M. till 1:30 P. M.

Sergeant B. F. Bivins of our company has made application to enter as an officer in a colored regiment. I gave him a recommendation for that purpose today, and I think he will be accepted. I wish him success.

XXIX.

BERWICK CITY, LA., December 22, 1863.

Very little of special interest has transpired since I wrote my Number 28, of November 17. December 2, in the afternoon, the 4th Division left New Iberia. Their destination is probably Texas. The same day our division changed camp. We camped near New Iberia and while there, I had occasion to visit the churches on Sunday. Most of the people around New Iberia are Catholics. There are two Catholic churches and one Protestant church, in New Iberia. In the Catholic churches the sermons are in French; and they have splendid singing. Their choir is composed of young men and young ladies, and I must say that it is a treat to hear them.

Being invited, I had the pleasure of visiting several French families. I was well received. Most of them seemed to be for the Union. But the men as a general rule, do not express themselves very freely, while the ladies, and especially the young ladies, are freer in their expressions, and some of them say that it does not look right for a foreigner to be in the Union army; but with good arguments it does not take very long to convince them of their error, and make them feel—apparently at least—in favor of the Union.

December 6, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilds, Captain Casebeer, and one non-commissioned officer or private by company, of our regiment, left camp, and are going to Iowa, for the purpose of raising recruits for the 24th Iowa.

Since November 27, we generally had nice weather; now and then a light frost, about 26 or 28 degrees above zero,

which is rather cold for this country. December 16, we had very disagreeable weather. It rained all afternoon, the wind blowing from the southwest, but in the evening the wind changed northeast, and it froze about 22 degrees above zero. Next day the sun came out, and it has been nice ever since.

December 19, in the morning, our division left New Iberia, Destination Berwick City. It seemed to me as if I was leaving a second home, as I liked the place pretty well. But the soldier has got to go where he is ordered. We traveled the distance in three days. We spent the night of December 19 at about half way between New Iberia and Franklin. Next evening we camped two miles northwest of Centerville, and on the 21st, we came to Berwick City where we arrived at 4 P. M., and where we are now. Our brigade will probably cross the river tomorrow about 7 P. M.

There is to be one regiment detailed to guard the trains from Brashear City to Algiers—a distance of 85 miles—by wagon road. They are to travel that in four days. I am anxious to see our regiment detailed for that, as marching agrees with me.

The opinion you have of General Grant agrees with mine. I think he is one of the best generals we have in the Union, especially about moving a large army, and I have full confidence that he will be successful in his new command. He is not one of those men who delights in making long speeches and have them reproduced in newspapers, but by his actions, he can soon gain the confidence and good will of those under him.

XXX.

ALGIERS, LA., December 28, 1863.

December 23, about 8 A. M., we crossed Atchafalaya River and camped near Brashear City, and next day at 1 P. M., Companies "A," "F" and "D" of our regiment, proceeded by railroad to Algiers, where we arrived at sundown. Next day, about noon, the balance of the regiment, and also of the brigade, arrived here. The same day, in the afternoon, we

received our pay for September and October. Next day I went to New Orleans and sent you one hundred dollars by Adams' Express Company. I paid for freight \$1.75, and for insurance 50 cents. Insured, except against loss occasioned by the public enemy. I spent over sixty dollars for clothing, as follows: Dress-coat, \$30; hat, \$2.50; vest, \$4.00; pants, \$3.56; shoulder straps, \$6.00; drawers, 95c; gum blanket \$2.55; quill blanket, \$2.50; woolen blanket, \$3.60; collars, handkerchiefs, etc., \$4.00. You will see that the price of these objects, especially the dress-coat, is very high. I could have bought a cheaper one, but of inferior quality. It was necessary for me to buy a new dress-coat, as I had not bought one since my promotion to the position of Second Lieutenant, over a year ago. I had always contented myself with a blouse, which cost only ten dollars, and which is rather better than a dress coat. During a campaign, when we are often on guard or on picket, when we have spent the night without undressing, and besides that, I must say that we are now often in company with eastern troops, who know how to put on style.

We had nice weather the past few days, but yesterday was very disagreeable. It began to rain and thunder about 8 A. M., and lasted all day. We had from three to four inches of water on a level, but today it is clear, and our camp is drying up again.

XXXI.

ALGIERS, LA., January 13, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my Number 30, on December 28, except that we have had very disagreeable weather. December 28, in the afternoon, our camp had become so muddy that we left it and moved about 400 yards away where there was a good sod, and where we are now. But we had rain and thunder nearly every day, and the ground being level and composed of a clay soil, the sod was soon changed into mud. It often froze at night, just about hard enough to bear a man, but by 9. A. M., the

mud was knee deep in camp which made it so disagreeable that for a few days I let about half of the company go and stay in empty houses and other buildings not far from camp, and as there was not much duty to perform, I let several of the men go to the city every day, so as to drive away dull cares. I went a few times myself.

But so as to give you a better idea of the winter weather they have had here during the past ten days, I give particulars: January 3, the sun came out, and we were in hopes of having nice weather; but it did not last long. January 4th and 5th, cold rain; 6th and 7th, sleet; 8th, clear but froze, about 20 degrees above zero; 9th, froze, about 24 degrees above zero; 10th, foggy; 11th, and 12th, rain; and to-day, cloudy, and taken all around it is very disagreeable and chilly. The air is damp, and what makes it worse on us is that the ground in camp is wet and cold. Citizens who have been here 25 or 30 years say that this is the coldest winter they have ever seen. They say that the temperature hardly ever gets lower than freezing point—32 degrees above zero. They fear that the orange, peach and other fruit trees will be frozen. This makes me think that during the same period, you probably had very cold weather in Iowa.

December 29th, we received new tents, but it is so muddy in camp that very few men put them up. Mine is up, and as it is large enough for four men and as I am the only officer present with the company, I let Sergeant D. W. Ott, Corporal W. Furgeson and J. E. Jayne occupy it with me. I have a good mattress that Captain Casebeer left here when he went on recruiting service in Iowa. Since it is large enough for two I share it with Jayne.

Since Captain Casebeer has gone to Iowa, I made a few changes in the company. I recommended Corporal C. F. Channell for sergeant, vice Sergeant W. A. Forrest, who deserted from hospital in St. Louis, Mo., last August. I also recommended Corporal D. C. Holmes for sergeant, vice Sergeant B. F. Bivins who was discharged from the company on

the 2nd instant, having received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the 13th Regiment U. S. Corps d' Afrique, and recommended J. E. Jayne for corporal, vice D. C. Holmes promoted.

I will now say a few words about the prospect for the nation. Passing in review the report of Major-General Halleck, chief of staff, for the year 1863, showing the progress of our arms during the year, reading also the message of President Lincoln, about granting pardon to those who will return to the Union, etc., I think everything looks encouraging; and I hope that another year of such success will put an end to the rebellion.

XXXII.

ALGIERS, LA., January 17, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my Number 31, on the 13th inst.

During the forenoon of the 14th, we—the 24th Iowa—left our muddy camp, which had become a labyrinth, and moved into two old warehouses near the river, where we now are. These warehouses are large, and we have a nice pier in front for recreation.

On the 14th inst., General Banks issued an order by which the 3rd Division—our division—was designated to protect the fortifications around New Orleans. Our regiment will probably cross the river tomorrow or next day, to go to Madisonville, near Lake Pontchartrain, where we may remain a few weeks. From there we may go towards Mobile, Alabama, or some other important point.

XXXIII.

MADISONVILLE, LA., February 13, 1864.

After a rather disagreeable winter, with more rainy days than nice ones, we are now having nice weather. The nights are generally cool, with white frost, but the days are warm. Old citizens who have been here for thirty years or more say that this has been the coldest winter they have ever seen;

and although the temperature did not go down lower than 20 degrees above zero, they fear that most of the fruit trees are injured.

January 21, we left Algiers, crossed the river, went to New Orleans, and from there we proceeded by railroad to Lake Pontchartrain, where we got on board the steamer N. P. Banks, and then proceeded to Madisonville, where we arrived during the night, and we bivouacked in the streets.

On the morning of the 22d, we came to camp here, and as we expected to remain here for some time, we made our camp comfortable. We have a nice camp here, although it is rather flat, but sandy. There is considerable swampy land near us. The country around us, including swamps, is mostly covered with nice pine trees.

I just received a letter from Captain J. B. Casebeer—my Captain—who was sent to Iowa for the purpose of raising recruits for the 24th Iowa. He does not say how many recruits he has yet, but he says that on December 26, he enlisted one for life, “a nice and amiable little woman,” with whom he expects to spend the honeymoon before he comes back to us. I wish him much joy.

Madisonville is situated about one mile north of Lake Pontchartrain, and on the river Tchefuncta, and has a population of only about 700 inhabitants. A good many houses are deserted. We are now building fortifications, and I think there will be a garrison left here. We have here a force of only about 6000 men, mostly infantry, with one regiment of cavalry and two batteries of artillery. I do not think we will stay here very long, and I do not know where our next expedition will be. Since we came here I met several French and Belgians. Most of them belong to New York regiments.

XXXIV.

BERWICK CITY, LA., March 7, 1864.

I will first say a few words about the prospect for the spring campaign: It looks now as if some grand movements

will take place before long, and I think that some of the heroes of Vicksburg will play an important part. It looks to me as if the North is determined to try by all means, to put an end to the rebellion within a year. But I think that will depend very much on the successes of Grant, Sherman, and a few other of our leading generals. There is a rumor here that we will soon go on an expedition, probably towards Alexandria, La., and that Major General N. P. Banks will have the command of it.

There is already a good deal of talk about who will be elected President next fall. President Lincoln's name is already mentioned in nearly all the Republican papers. I think it would be the best for the country if he is re-elected. It seems to me as if we have now one of the best administrations that has yet existed in the United States. It is true that a few things transpired during the first year of the war, that showed lack of experience on the part of our leaders, but the country was not prepared for war. I think a call could have been made for three or four hundred thousand troops just as well as for 75,000, but the trouble was to equip and arm them, and find good officers to lead them. There could also have been reserves composed of all men able to carry arms, such as we had in Belgium. They could have been organized by companies, in each township or county, and could have met once a week for drill, so that they would have been ready to go right in the field when needed. But taking everything into consideration, we have to be thankful for the progress our government has made, and also for the successes of our arms, and now that we have good generals at the head of most of our armies, we have good reasons to hope for still better successes in the future.

Nothing of special interest has transpired here since I wrote my Number 33, on February 13. We have generally had nice weather. Fruit trees have been in blossom for about two weeks. Trees of all kinds are now green with leaves, and grass is growing. In other words nature seems to wake

up again. They are now working government plantations. The ground along the railroad between Algiers and Brashear City is nearly all plowed up already.

February 26, we left Madisonville, which we had pretty well fortified, and where we left a few eastern regiments on guard. We proceeded to Algiers, where we arrived next morning.

On the 3rd inst. we—our division—had a review for Major General John A. McClernand, who, it is said, is in command of our army corps again, although we have not yet received any order to that effect. After the review he ordered the division to form "square." He then made a speech appropriate to the occasion, and in which he mentioned a few incidents connected with the Vicksburg campaign, especially the charge made by the 13th Army Corps, on the fortifications at Vicksburg, on May 22. He said that rebel General Pemberton declared that if, in that charge of May 22, the 13th Army Corps had been well supported, Vicksburg could have been taken in less than forty minutes. It might have been so, although I doubt it very much; but one thing is certain, it would have cost us dear. The General seemed to rejoice at being with a division of his old army corps again.

On the 5th inst., about noon, we left Algiers and proceeded by railroad to Berwick Bay, where we arrived about sundown. We immediately crossed the Atchafalaya River, and came to camp about a half mile west of the river. Company "F" of our regiment, was here detailed as provost guards and ordered to report to the division commander. We have not yet received pay for the months of November and December. We have now four months' pay due us.

On the 2d inst., Reverend Mr. Carroll arrived here as Chaplain of the 24th Iowa. He handed me a letter from my Captain—Captain Casebeer—dated February 18. He was then at Davenport. He had been quite sick, and was convalescent, but he was well taken care of by his young wife. He said he expects soon to come back to the regiment. We

have today received some new clothing for those in need of them.

February 6, we were ordered to turn over, to be stored away, all camp and garrison equipage that could be dispensed with on an expedition, and send back to New Orleans, our tents and all extra baggage, and be ready to march in light marching order, thus keeping with us only what is most necessary on a campaign.

XXXV.

IN CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, LA., MARCH 27, 1864.

I have had no occasion to write to you since we left Berwick City. But since the mail goes out this afternoon I will write you a few lines; but as time is rather short, I will only give you a short sketch of the beginning of our campaign.

Nothing of great importance has transpired in our command since I wrote my Number 34 on the 7th inst. We left Berwick City on the 13th instant. We did not know exactly our destination, but we knew we were after the rebels. We met very few of them so far.

I think we have here about 25,000 men. We have three divisions of infantry, one of which belongs to the 19th Army Corps, and two divisions—3rd and 4th belong to our Army Corps, the 13th. We have also about 10,000 cavalry under the command of General Lee, and a few batteries of artillery. The expedition is under the command of Major-General N. P. Banks.

The 1st and 2nd divisions of our Army Corps are now in Texas, and I think that General McClernand, who passed our division in review a few days before we started on this expedition, and whom, we thought, was to have the command of this expedition, must also be in Texas.

We marched from Berwick City, to Alexandria, a distance of about 180 miles in 12 days, or an average of 15 miles per day. After we left Berwick City, we followed for sometime Bayou Teche, and went to Opelousas by the same route we

followed when we went there last fall. From there we passed by Washington and Chancyville, and at last arrived at Alexandria, which had been taken a few days before, by General A. J. Smith, who had under him a part of the 16th and 17th Army Corps. None of those towns look very rich, and a good many house are empty. But Alexandria looks as if a good deal of business is being done there, and is a very important point.

After having passed Washington, we followed nearly the whole time along Bayou Boeuf, the water of which is tolerably good. Our march was rapid enough, with very little interruption. Our cavalry and a few batteries of artillery were ahead of the column, feeling the ground for us. The weather was good except March 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, when it rained, which made the roads somewhat muddy, and the march was consequently less agreeable. It also happened sometimes that the head of the column would meet a small force of rebels when we would have to hurry up in case they would need reinforcements. But we only met a few hundred of them, most of whom were made prisoners by our cavalry. We stopped one day near Franklin and one day near Washington. We had very few wagons with us, so that the men had to carry all their baggage.

The country between Berwick City and Alexandria, is generally level and somewhat mixed,—prairie and timber. Between Berwick City and Chancyville, the land is nearly all the same, that is, it shows that it was cultivated a few years ago, but was neglected this year. Between Chancyville and Alexandria it looks better. Most of the plantations are larger and most of them have been partly cultivated this year. Some corn is up already. Some of those plantations are composed of several sections of land, but most of them are divided into smaller pieces, because the land being nearly all flat and rather low, there are deep ditches crossing each other so as to drain it. We arrived here yesterday the 26th, in the forenoon, and are camped about three miles west of Alexan-

dria, and on the right bank of Bayou Rapids. We will probably leave here tomorrow. Our destination is unknown, but we will probably go towards Shreveport, about 150 miles west of Alexandria, and also on Red River.

There are here between 40 and 50 boats, 14 or 15 of which are gun boats. I received yesterday a letter from George Hunter, of company "F" 22nd Iowa, and dated March 2nd. He was then at Indianola, Texas. He says that the boys of our neighborhood who are in the same company, are getting along finely.

XXXVI.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR NATCHITOCHEs, LA., April 5, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my Number 35, of March 27.

March 28, we left Alexandria, the 13th Army Corps—our corps—taking the lead. I must say here that from Berwick City to Alexandria the 19th Army Corps marched ahead. At daybreak on the 28th, it began to thunder, and it rained hard for about three hours, but we left camp at 6 A. M., just the same. And the roads, which, previous to that, were good, had now become almost impassable, especially on clay soil; and we got soaked through. That made us again realize the delights of a soldier in the field. After leaving camp we followed Bayou Rapids, which we crossed about 12 miles above Alexandria. We marched about 17 miles that day. Next day, the 29th, was pleasant and the soil being rather sandy, the road soon became good again, all of which made us almost forget the hardships of the day before. The country here was different from what we had seen since we left Barwick City. Instead of being mostly level, it was very hilly; and the soil instead of being loamy, was mostly sandy. There were also nice pine trees along the route, many of which, although not more than two feet in diameter, were from 80 to 120 feet high.

About three miles from camp, we crossed Bayou Rapids again, and marched toward Cane River—also called Old River

—leaving Castor Lake on our right and Mill Lake on our left. We marched only 13 miles that day, and camped near Cane River, where we had to build a bridge. The cavalry ahead of us had also stopped there. But as our pontoon bridges were not there with the head of the column, we first built two bridges by tying trees together, but they were not very solid, especially for artillery. We worked at that all night. Next day the 30th, about noon, our pontoon bridges arrived, and a solid bridge was soon constructed. The cavalry and part of the artillery crossed the river that day. Our army corps crossed next morning, the 31st. We then continued our march. Passing by Cloutierville, we camped about four miles west of town, having crossed Cane River again.

Next day, April 1, 5:45 A. M., we—our division—left camp, and General Cameron—our division commander—having received word that our cavalry ahead had met the enemy in strong force and were engaged with them, our march was hastened. We marched from our camp to Natchitoches a distance of twenty-two miles, in a little over six hours. We arrived at Natchitoches about noon. A part of our cavalry was there. They had had a skirmish with the enemy, but it was of little importance. The enemy had retired. But it is probable that we will soon meet them in force, as I have no doubt they will oppose our march before we get to Shreveport, where they must be strongly fortified. Our troops having now marched about 250 miles since we left Berwick City, we are more able to endure the fatigues and privations than we were at the beginning of the campaign.

I am sending you a copy of a Natchitoches paper. The editor having left the town in a hurry, and having left the press and everything in working order, in his office, a few of our men are now publishing the paper. It will give you an idea of the town and its inhabitants, and also a few incidents that transpired since we are here. Most of the people can speak French; most of them are of a fresh and ruddy complexion, and resemble somewhat the Mexicans.

XXXVII.

GRAND Ecore, LA., April 12, 1864.

Having received word that the mail would leave here at 7 A. M., I will write you a few lines. I suppose you have before this heard of two battles being fought here on the 8th and 9th inst. That of the 8th was fought near Mansfield, and that of the 9th at Pleasant Hill, La. The first was a complete rout for our troops, and it was all we could do to stop the rebels about sundown, and retreat with the trains, so as to save them, although the rebels got a part of the cavalry trains in front of us.

Companies A, D, I, C, and H, of our regiment—24th Iowa—having that day been detailed to guard our Army Corps trains, they were not in that battle.

The battle of the 9th was a victory for our army. The 13th Army Corps was that morning, detailed to guard the army trains, marching towards Grand Ecore, while the 19th Army Corps, and a part of the 16th and 17th Army Corps were engaged at Pleasant Hill.

It was very easy for the rebels to put our army in confusion the first day, because our army corps, which was then next to the cavalry, was whipped in detail, only a few hundred men being sent at a time. First the 4th division and the 3rd. The 19th Army Corps were behind and had gone to camp about five miles from the battle field, while they should have been on the battle field, or at least at supporting distance. They then came on double quick to reinforce our corps, only about an hour before sundown, but too late to do much good, as the two divisions of our corps had been fighting for a few hours at a disadvantage and against superior forces, and having been forced to retreat, it was all the 19th Army Corps could do to stop the rebels, and give us time to save the trains. We arrived here yesterday, a little before sundown. We have orders to be ready to take arms at any moment, and as I have only a few minutes time I will close. I will give you more details as soon as I can. The losses of our regiment—

that is the four companies that were engaged—were 27 killed, wounded and taken prisoners.

XXXVIII.

GRAND ECOPE, LA., April 12-15, 1864.

As the mail was going out this morning, I wrote you a few lines so as to give you at least a sign of life. But as I have now a little leisure time, I will give you a continuation of our campaign:

When I wrote you my Number 36, at Natchitoches, La., on the 5th inst., we were then in a good position, and everything looked encouraging for the present campaign. We had until then, marched through a nice and rich country, and where we could easily forage everything necessary for men and beast. The country was also generally level, except along Cane River, which was a great advantage for us, as we had a good deal of artillery. We could have made good use of it, if the enemy had tried to stop us on our march. But the rebels knew better than to try to do that. But after we left Natchitoches it was different. The country was nearly all covered with timber and it was quite hilly. We saw very few plantations between Natchitoches and Pleasant Hill, and most of them looked rather poor. We saw very little ground improved.

We left Natchitoches on the 6th inst., marching northwest towards Pleasant Hill; the 13th Army Corps marching for a few hours by a cross road, and the 19th Army Corps by another road, the two corps uniting together on the main road, about twelve miles northwest of Natchitoches. We then went to camp together about four miles from there, to stop over night, and right there where we camped, as well as all around, the timber was so thick that not only artillery or cavalry, but even infantry, could not go through without difficulty.

April 7, we left our camp and kept marching towards Pleasant Hill. Our regiment was at the head of the column, except that there was some cavalry ahead of us. There was

a rumor that the rebels had fortified at Pleasant Hill, and were waiting for us, but there was nothing in it. After having marched about seventeen miles, we got to Pleasant Hill, but the enemy was not there. Our advance guard had a little skirmish with the enemy about ten miles before reaching Pleasant Hill, but it was of little importance.

We arrived at Pleasant Hill about 1 P. M., and about half an hour after we got there, our division was ordered to form in line of battle immediately and march forward. Our regiment was ahead. It seems that just as we arrived at Pleasant Hill, our cavalry and some artillery were engaged with the enemy about four miles from there, and had sent a dispatch asking for reinforcements; but we had hardly marched one mile, when we were ordered back to camp, where we stopped over night. It seems that our advanced guard, cavalry and artillery, had met a few rebels who were concealed at the edge of the timber, near an open field, and where our troops had to cross. When our cavalry tried to dislodge them, the rebels fired a few volleys of musketry at them, and then retired. And as the wind blew rather strong, and from an opposite direction, we heard nothing of it. We lost there about eighty men, in killed and wounded, and also a good many horses. Our cavalry went then a few miles further without meeting any opposition.

There are nine or ten buildings at Pleasant Hill, and a few of them were appropriated for hospital use. The cavalrymen engaged that day were mostly from the 87th Illinois, 2nd Louisiana, and the 6th Missouri.

Next morning, April 8, about 3 A. M., the 4th division of our army corps was in motion, marching toward Mansfield, our division following them, but leaving camp only about 5 A. M. Companies A, D, I, C, and H, of our regiment were detailed to remain behind, and guard the army corps trains. The trains belonging to cavalry followed immediately the cavalry, but those belonging to infantry remained behind the two army corps. We—train guards—left camp with our

trains about 9 A. M. About 10:30 A. M., and when we were only about five miles from camp, we heard cannonading about six miles ahead of us, but it lasted only 15 or 20 minutes. Our advance guard had met the enemy, but the latter soon withdrew. About 12 M., we heard the cannonading about six or seven miles ahead of us, and about two miles southeast of Mansfield, but this time it kept increasing as if there was something serious going on in front. We kept marching with our train, and when we got about two miles further, we passed by the 19th Army Corps, who had gone into camp and had their tents up, just as if there was nothing serious going on in front, while instead of being in camp they should have been on the battlefield, or at least at supporting distance of those engaged. Our trains kept going until we got two miles from the battlefield, when we stopped. I first thought that our army was driving the rebels, but instead of that, our men were retreating in great confusion through the timber. The cavalrymen leading their horses, as they could not ride on account of the timber being too thick, and the road was all encumbered with cavalry trains and artillery. It was then about 4 P. M., and our army had already retreated about two miles. Most of the cavalry trains and some pieces of the artillery were taken by the enemy. We did not hear much more cannonading any more after that, but musketry kept increasing. About 5 P. M., our cavalry began to pass by us, retreating in great confusion, and saying that our army corps was nearly annihilated, and that the rebels would soon be upon us. It looked then as a complete rout for our army. The noise of musketry was getting nearer and nearer to us. It was then 5:30. We then loaded our arms, with the intention of defending our trains until the last extremity, in case the enemy would reach us. But just then the 19th Army Corps passed by us in double quick, to reinforce our corps, but it was too late to do much good. The troops of our corps had been engaged for several hours, and were so divided and confused that it looked then as if it was "every one for himself."

A few words about the way our army was engaged: As I was with the trains, and consequently was not right in the battle, I cannot say much about the battlefield at the beginning of the battle, but as much as I learned from inquiry, our army was marching leisurely along the road, just as if there were no enemy around. The road was very narrow, and on each side of it was very thick timber and underbrush. The battlefield was certainly well selected by the rebels. It was what I would call a "trap" for our army. Where the battle began there was an open field about one-fourth or one-third of a mile in depth. The rebels were on the other side of that field, and were waiting for our troops to get out of the timber, and then opened fire on them. It seems that after our cavalry at the head of the column had been engaged and was repulsed, our 4th division numbering about 4,000 men, was engaged first, but only a part at a time. But they were then fighting at a great disadvantage and against superior forces, and their lines were soon broken by the rebels; and the men, after rallying several times, were forced to retreat. The 3rd division—our division—numbering only about 1800 men, was formed in line of battle behind the 4th division. The rebels then charged on our division, which disputed the ground for over an hour, but the rebels having brought fresh troops, the lines of a part of the heroes of Champion Hill were broken, and the 3rd division had the same fate as the 4th. It was then about half an hour before sundown, and just then the 19th Army Corps, which had been formed in line of battle behind our division, met the rebels, and succeeded in stopping them. While this was going on our trains turned around and marched towards Pleasant Hill, about fifteen miles from there; and we—the train guards—accompanied them. The 3rd and 4th divisions of our army corps followed us. We marched during the whole night and arrived at Pleasant Hill at daybreak. Sometime during the night, and when it was thought that there was no more danger of the enemy pressing too close on us, with a strong force, and capturing our trains,

the 19th Corps left the battlefield, and also followed us to Pleasant Hill. Our killed and a part of our wounded were left in the hands of the rebels, on the battlefield. What a pity! The 19th Corps arrived at Pleasant Hill about 9 A. M. On arriving at Pleasant Hill, we saw General A. J. Smith with a part of the 16th and 17th Army Corps. They had just arrived there, coming from Grand Ecore, to reinforce us. They had already a battery planted on the top of a hill, and one on the prolongation of a ravine through which it was expected the rebels would come. General Smith had the whole of his army in line of battle, and well disposed, waiting for the rebels. Although we had been marching all night, and had no sleep, we did not feel very sleepy, and we thought we would soon be aroused by the noise of the cannon and musketry. We all thought that the enemy having had the best of us the day before, would certainly follow us and attack us in the morning. We had just time enough to make coffee and eat a light breakfast, when we were ordered to form in line of battle. The 19th Corps was formed in the first line and two lines deep. General Smith formed a part of his army on the second line, and also a part on the right, to avoid being flanked by the rebels on that side. Our corps was formed partly behind as a reserve, and partly on the left, either to avoid being flanked by the enemy on that side, or to flank them, as the case might be. About 10 A. M., we began to hear the cannon. It was probably our cavalry with a few pieces of artillery, who were in front of our line, and who had met the enemy's skirmishers. About 11 A. M., our trains—the trains of the whole army—began to move, going towards Grand Ecore, so as to avoid being too near the battlefield, and run the risk of being exposed, or even taken by the enemy, in case our army should be repulsed, and as it was feared that the enemy might send a force of cavalry to cut off our communications between Pleasant Hill and Grand Ecore, or that they might come with a strong force from that direction and attack us, either from the rear or on our flank, the

two divisions of our army corps were ordered to accompany the trains, one part marching in front, and the other part marching in rear of the trains.

The country near Pleasant Hill, although somewhat hilly, looked to me as very convenient for a battlefield. There was about one and one-half miles of open field. The timber around it was partly very thick, especially on the right, while that on the left was a kind of a black oak and pine opening. About the middle of the open field and also on both flanks were some ravines, where a part of General Smith's troops were in line of battle.

About 1 P. M., that is when our trains had left Pleasant Hill, our division left and followed the trains. Until then the engagement had not become very serious, and only the skirmishers were engaged.

About 2 P. M., that is, when we were about three miles from Pleasant Hill, with the trains, we heard heavy cannonading again, but this time it was for good. The rebels thought probably that they could do with our army as they had done the day before, but in that they were disappointed. They nevertheless succeeded in breaking the lines of the 19th Army Corps in a few points, but behind that was General A. J. Smith, one of the heroes of Vicksburg, who, with a knowledge of military strategy, such as would be a blessing to the country, if some of our leading generals here possessed, had his troops disposed just as he wanted them, and he not only stopped the rebels who thought themselves already victorious, but after having disputed the ground with them, and slain a few hundred of them he put the remainder in confusion, following them about five miles, taking about 600 prisoners, and several pieces of artillery, among which were a few of those that the rebels had taken from us the day before.

Our army corps—with the army trains—halted about half way between Pleasant Hill and Grand Ecore, and as the news from the front—Pleasant Hill—was good, we stacked arms. It was then about 2 A. M. We rested till about 4:30 A. M.

When we—the 13th Army Corps with the army trains—resumed our march towards Grand Ecore, the 19th Army Corps following us.

General A. J. Smith, although master of the battlefield, left his position during the night, taking his prisoners with him. And from all accounts it was the best thing he could do, as his troops were getting short of provisions. I hear that the wounded were taken away from the battlefield, but that the killed were left there without being buried. Now, if such is the case, I wonder who will bury them? But as it is now 11 P. M., and I intend to rest for a few hours, I do not know whether I will have a chance to finish this letter and send it to you or not.

April 14. Although I do not know when we will have a chance to send any mail out, I thought I would add a few words to this: We arrived within two miles of Grand Ecore, 11 A. M., on the 10th and halted there till 3 P. M. During which time every one rested himself. We then went into camp. Our division was on the left, and our regiment was on the extreme left of the line. We remained there until yesterday the 13th, about noon, when the troops changed position, and are now disposed so as to form a line in front of Grand Ecore. The right and left of our line resting on Red River. The right of our regiment is now resting on the road going from Grand Ecore to Natchitoches. As soon as we got here we stacked arms, and as it was expected that the rebels would come out and attack us, we hunted for tools and built a parapet in front of us. That parapet, which I think is strong enough to resist a cannon ball, was built in six hours. The men worked faithfully at it, and if we had had tools enough I think we could have built those works in two hours. But we had only tools enough for two companies to work at a time. Nearly every regiment built fortifications as we did.

There is now on our line only two divisions of our army corps, and a few regiments of the 19th Army Corps; but there are a few troops in rear of us as a reserve. If the

rebels come to attack us, I think we will give them a hot reception. Our line is in the timber, which is quite thick. We are now cutting down timber in front of our line, turning the tops towards the enemy. There is a gunboat at each end of our line. When we came here on the 12th, there was a rumor that General Steele, with a force of about 9,000 or 10,000 men, was in Shreveport, which is doubtful. There is also a rumor that General Witzel with a force of 7,000 or 8,000 men went up the Red River, on the 11th inst., so as to co-operate with us, but that the rebels have planted some batteries between him and us, and that he is now in a critical position.

During the afternoon of the 12th, a pontoon bridge was built across the Red River, and General Smith with a part of his troops, crossed the river yesterday morning and went up the river, probably with the intention of helping those of our troops who may be in danger, or to keep the rebels from crossing the river.

Taking everything into consideration, I think that our army here is in a critical condition. Red River is getting rather low, and although boats are still coming up the river with provisions, I fear that we may have trouble in traveling with our fleet, and may have to give up this expedition. Our men are also beginning to suffer for lack of clothing, especially shoes. I often think about the way our army was handled at the battle of the 8th inst. From what I learned in military affairs, I was taught that an army marching through an enemy's country as we did that day, with thick timber on both sides of the road, the roads should be left for the trains, artillery, ambulances, and even cavalry, but the infantry should march through the timber on each side of the road, either by the flank, or in column by regiments, one or two lines deep, leaving room enough between the regiments to form in line of battle in a few minutes, if needed, and be ready for the enemy, instead of being taken by surprise and whipped in detail, as our army was that day. And when I see such

blunders, I cannot help saying that I think we have men among the rank and file, who may be able to handle an army on a battlefield about as well, and perhaps better, than ours was that day. I have no right to criticise the actions of my superior officers, but I must say that although General A. J. Smith is only a brigadier general, I think he is better able to handle an army on a battlefield than any of his superiors here.

At the battle of the 9th, we had about 18,000 or 20,000 men, but they were better disposed than on the 8th, and were engaged nearly all at one time; and besides that we had better chances for our artillery, which was very effective. The rebels were said to have received reinforcements, and to have between 25,000 or 30,000 men engaged. I hear that Generals Banks and Franklin were present at both battles. But it is said that on the 9th, General Smith, although inferior to the other generals was allowed to dispose his troops as he thought best. If this is true, I must say that he did nobly and showed that he had great military abilities. I hear that our losses for both days were about 4000 men, killed, wounded and taken prisoners. On the first day our losses were heavier than those of the rebels, but I think it was the reverse on the second day.

April 15, 12:30 P. M. We just formed in line of battle behind our parapets, and that because—it is said—the rebels have, either last evening or this morning, sent a white flag, and sent us word to depart from here by today noon, or they would attack us, but the time appointed for them to come has passed and we do not hear about them coming. As it is doubtful about their coming at all, we have stacked arms. Having received word that the mail will leave here at 2 P. M., I am sending you this letter. The rebels who are in this department are generally strong looking men and good soldiers. There is a good many French and Germans among them, most of whom have served in the army in Europe. They belong chiefly to Louisiana and Texas regiments. I hear that among their generals they have: Taylor, Green, Mouton and Price.

XXXIX.

GRAND Ecore, LA., April 20th, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my Number 38 of the 12-15th inst.

The rebels did not come and attack us, as they threatened to do. I did not think they would attempt to attack us behind our fortifications, as I have no doubt they knew that we were well fortified. But I must say that a good many of the confederate soldiers, and especially the leaders, have a good deal of experience as soldiers, and are also what I call "farce players," since they try to alarm us, either by threats or otherwise, while at the same time it may not be their intention to attack us at all, and yet, it is always the best to be ready for them at all times.

We often have false reports in camp. There was a report that a few of our transports were blockaded a few miles up the river, but there was nothing in it. The rebels made a charge on some of our transports a few days ago, but, against their expectation, we had a gunboat there, which they probably had not noticed and when they were near enough, our troops sent them a few loads of grape and canister, and they withdrew immediately, leaving about 130 killed and wounded; and it is said that rebel General Green is one of them. Our transports arrived all safe at Grand Ecore.

Yesterday General Banks issued an order by which all the troops that are here, must be ready to march against the enemy at a moment's notice, and must have three days' rations with them, and we may leave here at any time. There is also a report that the rebels have divided their army, and have sent a part down the river towards Alexandria.

Since we are here, our troops have been foraging considerably north of the river, and a part of General Smith's troops were employed guarding the foraging trains, and making reconnoissances.

XL.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR ALEXANDRIA LA., May 4, 1864.

I wish to inform you that on April 27, we received four months' pay—for November and December 1863, and January and February 1864, and next day I sent you by Adams Express Company \$460, of which \$260 are from me. The balance is divided as follows: \$40 from Franz Herzer, for his brother-in-law, Gotlieb Miller, Iowa City, Iowa; \$25 from Lyman Bartlett, for his wife, Mrs. Lyman Bartlett, Solon, Johnson County, Iowa; \$60 from Thomas R. Chandler for William K. Chandler, Iowa City, Iowa; \$40 from James B. Ford, for Mr. John Parrott, Iowa City, Iowa; \$35 from Francis M. Newton, for Jacob Newton, Iowa City, Iowa. I paid \$9.20 for freight and insurance. We have been engaged in a few skirmishes since I wrote you my Number 39, on April 20, but I am now in a hurry, and I will give you the details in my next. I am now ordered on picket, and must leave camp immediately. I leave this letter with Sergeant J. B. Swafford, who will send it to you, if the mail leaves before I come back from picket. I also leave with him \$60, in case anything wrong should happen me while on picket, in which case he will send it to you. I must say here that although I do not think the rebels have much of a force here, yet, they have enough to give us now and then a little trouble, and harrasing our flanks, and sometimes, fire into our camp,—and we always have to be on the alert for them.

Captain Casebeer of our company came back from Iowa on the 2nd inst, and rejoined the company yesterday evening. Our regiment was then after the rebels, and was in line of battle about two miles from camp.

XLI.

MORGANZIA, LA., May 23, 1864.

Having at last reached a place where we can expect that the mails will reach home comparatively safe, I am writing you a few lines in a hurry, not with the intention of giving

you long details about what has transpired since I wrote you my Number 39, of April 20, because I have not the time to do that now, but simply to inform you that although this last campaign has been somewhat hard on us, my health is excellent. I never felt more able to stand the long marches, fatigues, privations, etc., than at present, and although we sometimes had to march between 35 and 40 miles in less than 24 hours, and a good part of that at night, I never had to say "I am tired." I often think I can stand the march as long as the colonel's horse. The soldier can get accustomed to a good many things, and although our company—Company "D"—was in a good many skirmishes and reconnoissances, we are all right yet, except John S. Foot—a recruit—who was injured by our cavalry, while marching during the night of April 9 to 10. He is now in the hospital in New Orleans. We expect to leave here at any moment, and we do not know our destination, but it is probable that we will remain a short time along the Mississippi River; and that our army corps will be reorganized before beginning a new campaign.

I suppose you are anxious to hear from me, as my Number 39, of April 20, was the last one I mailed to you myself. Since then we have had very few chances to send any letter. I wrote you my Number 40, on the 4th inst. I left it with Sergeant Swafford to be sent to you, in case the mail should leave camp while I was on picket. But the mail did not leave, and so he gave the letter back to me. I then kept it a few days longer, and on the 8th I gave it to Sergeant B. F. Bivins who must have sent it to you a few days later.

I heard that the rebels captured two of our gunboats, one going up Red River, and the other going down the river. There was mail on both of them. The rebels, after capturing those gunboats, took from them everything that was of any use to them, and then burned what was left.

Our march or rather retreat from Grand Ecore to Morganza was well managed, and our leaders did better than I expected. The men are yet in good spirit, but they are glad to see the Mississippi River once more.

XLII.

MORGANZIA BEND, LA., May 29-June 3, 1864.

As I did not give you many details concerning our campaign, in my Number 41, I will first answer your letter Number 31, which I have just received, and will then say a little more about the most important incidents that have transpired since I wrote my Number 39.

I was glad to hear that you succeeded in seeing Captain Casebeer, at his recruiting office, before he left Iowa City, with his recruits for Dixie's land. He came back to us near Alexandria, La., on May 3; and until we arrived here May 22, he was in only one engagement—or rather skirmish—with us. I congratulated him on his success in raising recruits, as he raised 44 for our company, but 4 or 5 of them are too young—15 and 16 years old—and one or two are too old; and I think that they could do more good at home than here, as I do not think they can stand the fatigues of long marches in the field.

Our company, with the regiment, was in a good many skirmishes since the captain came back, but he said he was not well enough to go with us. During the afternoon of May 5, that is when our division which had been sent out after the rebels who had fired a few shells into camp, he gave out and remained behind, rejoining the company only when we had halted near Middle Bayou, about five miles south of Alexandria, and where we encamped over night. He said then that he got injured inwardly in crossing a fence, and that he could hardly walk. On May 14th he left the company, being unable to march, and went towards the river—Red River, where our fleet was lying, only about one-mile from where we had bivouacked over night. He was soon on board a steamer. We saw him again at our arrival here on May 22. He complained for a few days that he was suffering very much from the internal injuries he had received on May 5. I think he intends to try to get a discharge for disability.

On April 22, we left Grand Ecore, and reached Cane River

early next morning and found the enemy with a strong force on the other side of the river, in order to keep us from crossing, but we moved up the river to the right, waded it, and by a circuitous march, succeeded in flanking him and drove him away. We then built a bridge across the river, and by ten o'clock next morning, General Banks' army was safe across the river. We then resumed our march for Alexandria, where we arrived on the evening of April 25.

During the retreat from Grand Ecore, we experienced some of the most tiresome marches we ever experienced. We often had to march all day and night. Although Major Ed Wright, who had the command of the regiment during the temporary absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilds, who was on recruiting service in Iowa, often on his own responsibility would halt the regiment once during the night march, and with his stentorian voice would shout: "Twenty-fourth Iowa, halt! twenty minutes for coffee," which was then considered a good stimulant to keep the men awake during the march, yet, some of the soldiers would go to sleep while walking along the road.

Before we left Grand Ecore, Company "A" of our regiment was detailed to guard a steamer to Alexandria. During the trip, some guerillas made an attempt to capture the boat, a sharp fight ensued in which the company had two men severely wounded; but the guerillas were driven off, and the company returned to the regiment upon its arrival at Alexandria. Here, Colonel Slack of the 47th Indiana returned and took command of the Brigade; General Cameron, of the Division; General Lawler, of the detachment of the 13th Army Corps.

I see by the papers that they encourage enlistment for the call of 100 day men, but I do not. The general opinion is that, that call will be sufficient to put an end to the rebellion. I wish it would, but I fear it will not; and from all appearance I think I may have a chance to finish my term, before the end comes. I think it would have been better to have made the call for at least one year. It takes at least three months for

recruits to get well drilled and get used to the climate, etc., and if we could not raise volunteers enough for one year, then I say, we should have a "draft" among men who are eighteen years old and over, and who could stand the fatigues of a soldier in the field. By drafting, we could also have in the army, a few of those copperheads, who may soon be the only ones left at home, and they may then have a chance to upset everything; and the government may then have to send, and keep, a garrison of old soldiers in every town, so as to keep peace among the citizens.

I think the appointment of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant to the command-in-chief of all the Union Armies is a good thing. I hope he will succeed in the present campaign, and that Petersburg and Richmond may soon have the same fate as Vicksburg. I have no doubt it will be a difficult task to accomplish, and it will cost the lives of several thousand men on both sides. The combined forces of rebel Generals Lee, Longstreet, Beauregard, etc., being concentrated near the rebel capital, it is inevitable that a good deal of blood will be shed on both sides. I think that upon the success of General Grant, will depend a good deal the future of the rebels. But what gives me the most hope for the success of our armies under the command of General Grant is that he has under him, several generals upon whom he can depend, as they have been tried before.

Since we left Algiers, March 5th, we have generally had nice weather, the roads were generally dusty, but we did not suffer much for lack of water, as the bayous are generally a short distance apart. The water of most of those bayous is not very good, yet, it is passable. We drink very little water; we make coffee with most of it.

But as it is already 11 P. M., and we have just received orders to be ready to leave camp by tomorrow at 4 A. M., with two days' rations, to go on a reconnoissance, I will close and will go to rest for a few hours.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE STATUTE LAWS OF 1838-'39.



HE "Statute Laws of the Territory of Iowa" which were "enacted at the first session of the Legislative Assembly of said Territory, held at Burlington, A. D. 1838-'39" and "published by authority" at "Du Buque" by Russell & Reeves, Printers "1839," have recently been reprinted by the Historical Department of Iowa. This is the beginning of a very commendable work. And we venture to say that the Historical Department can be of no higher service to the people of the state than in this work of reprinting such public documents as are now out of print.

It is to be hoped that the present volume of laws will without delay be followed by reprints of all of the laws of the Territorial period including the Laws of the Territory of Wisconsin from 1836 to 1838 inclusive. Then too, a reprint of the famous Code of 1850 would be welcomed.

The Statute Laws of 1838-'39 are a remarkable body of law. It comes very near being a Code. In it the acts are not arranged chronologically but alphabetically according to title. Had the arrangement been topical the volume would be classed as a Code.

The scope of the legislation of 1838-'39 is illustrated by the following headings which are taken from the table of contents: Abatement; Amendments and Joefails; Apprentices and Servants; Arbitrators and Referees; Attachments; Bail; Banking Associations; Bills of Exchange; Blacks and Mulattoes; Boats and Vessels; Bonds, etc.; Burlington; Constables; Construction of Statutes; Costs and Fees; Counties and County Seats; County Commissioners; Courts; Depositions; District Prosecutors; Divorces; Education; Elections; Executions; Ferries; Forcible Entry and Detainer; Gaming; Half Breed Tract; Horses; Incorporations; Indians; Insane Persons; Interest; Jurors; Justices of the Peace; Laws and Journal; Legislative Assembly; Limitations of Actions; Mechanics; Militia; Mill Dams; Mills and Millers; Minors; Orphans, and Guardians;

Ne exeat and Injunctions; Partition; Partnership; Penitentiary; Petitions; Practice; Promissory Notes, etc.; Public Administrators; Public Lands; Quo Warranto; Recorders; Replevin; Revenue; Right; Roads; Seats; Seat of Government; Securities; Sheriffs; Steam Boats; Surveyors; Territorial Treasury; Town Plats; Vagrants; Vendors of Provisions, etc., Venue; Waste; Water Crafts; Lost Goods and Estrays; Weights and Measures; Wills and Administrations; Worshiping Congregations; Resolutions.

In 1843 this volume of statute law was made still more remarkable by the fact that it was nearly all adopted and made by resolution a part of the law of the provisional government of Oregon.

RECENT DEATHS.

EDWARD W. LUCAS, who died at Iowa City, on December 17th, 1900, was the son of Robert Lucas, first Territorial Governor of Iowa, and closely identified with him in the public mind. He was born in Pike county, Ohio, September 13, 1825, and came to Iowa in 1840, beginning active life on his own account as a boyish clerk in the store of E. Clark in Iowa City. Later he engaged in the land business at Iowa City, Des Moines and Fort Dodge. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the 14th Iowa Infantry in October, 1861, taken prisoner at Shiloh, and released by exchange in October, 1862. He was postmaster of Iowa City for two years, 1867-9, and represented Johnson County in the House of the Iowa Legislature for two terms, 1882-4. He assisted in the organization of the Johnson County Agricultural Society and was an active promoter of the State society. During many years he was actively identified with the fine stock interests of the State. From 1850 to 1890 he was closely associated with Iowa's progress and filled a large place in the history, politics and agricultural interests of the State. He is survived by his wife, a sister of the late Ezekiel Clark, and by two sons.

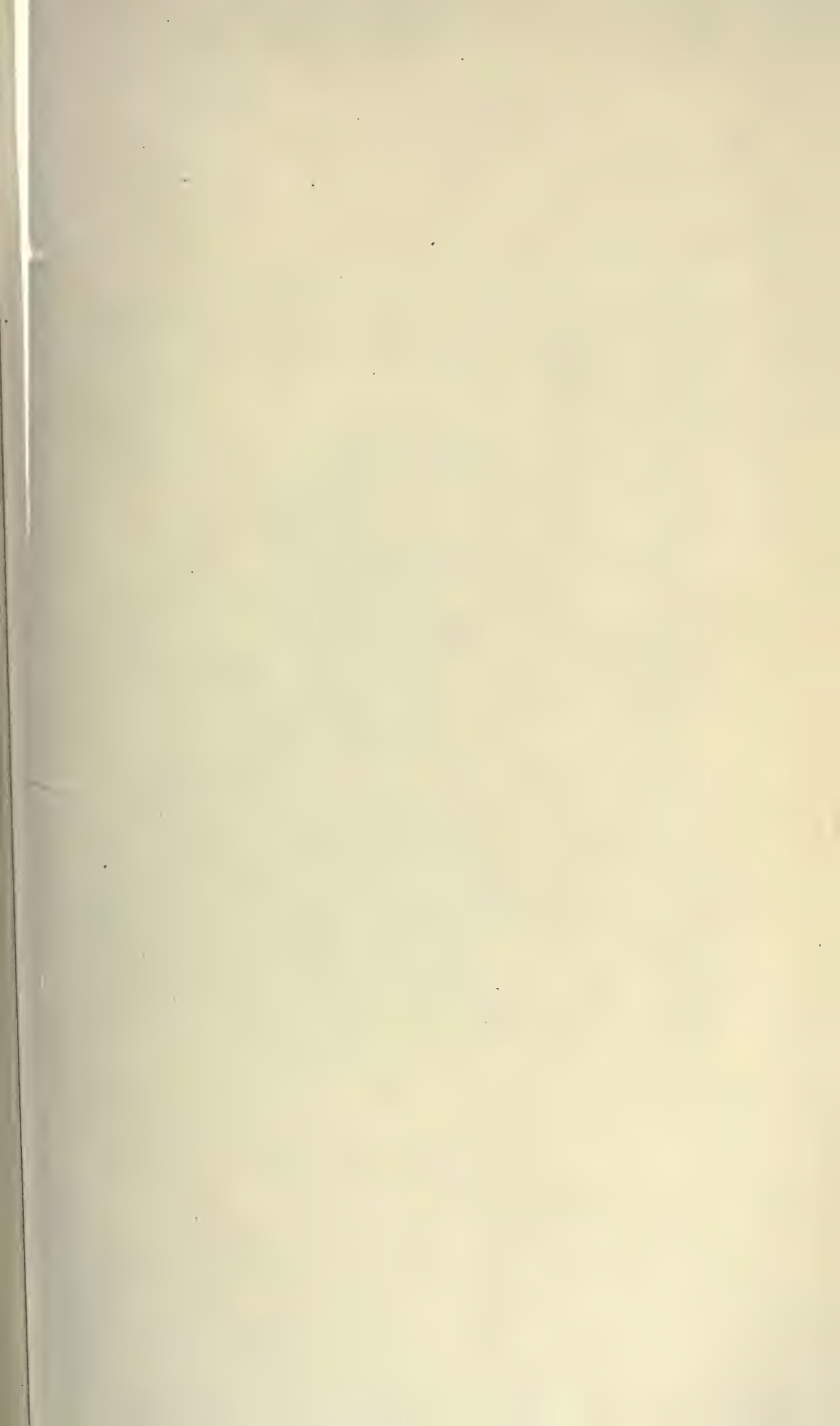
HON. A. Y. HULL, father of Congressman John A. T. Hull, of Des Moines, died December 23d, at the home of his daughter in Milton, Kansas, aged 83 years. He was born in Ohio, where he studied and practiced law until 1849, when he came to Iowa, locating at Lafayette. Elected to the State Senate, he took a leading place, and introduced the bill to remove the capital to Des Moines. He was for some years in newspaper and general business at the capital, later being a publisher in Missouri and in Colorado. Later he made his home again in Des Moines, removing only a year ago to Kansas. He was a pioneer in three States.

LEVI FULLER, who died at West Union, December 8th, aged 76 years, had lived in Iowa almost forty-eight years. He was twice a member of the Iowa Legislature and was for some time collector of internal revenue in the third district. He was one of the commissioners to distribute aid in the northwest counties after the "grasshopper plague." For twenty years he had been one of the trustees of Upper Iowa University.

NOTES.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY has received from Dr. L. F. Parker, of Grinnell, a very handsome volume containing a memorial of his wife Mrs. Sarah Candace (Pearse) Parker. Her long association with Iowa College and the State University and her secretaryship of the Iowa Missionary Society of the Congregational Church have made her name a household word and delightful memory in very many of the homes of Iowa.

A. B. BACON, of Des Moines, enjoys the distinction of having lived in three centuries. He was born December 19, 1799, and was able to take a leading part in a New Year family celebration in his honor, January 1st, 1901.





JAMES B. EDMONDS

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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APRIL, 1901.

No 2.

JAMES B. EDMONDS.

BY PETER A. DEY.



THE death of James B. Edmonds, while not unexpected, has excited much feeling among the older residents of this portion of the state. Most of his contemporaries that were familiar with his efforts at the bar of Johnson and surrounding counties and his practice in the Supreme and Federal courts are gone, still there are many that remember him and to these a tribute to his memory will be received with pleasure.

Mr. Edmonds was a resident of Iowa City for about twenty years, coming with his partner Charles T. Ransom early in January, 1856.

At that time Wm. Penn Clarke and Gilman Folsom were leaders at the Johnson county bar. Rush Clark and George D. Woodin (later of Keokuk county) were rapidly becoming prominent.

The firm of Edmonds & Ransom within a brief time was employed in many important cases and later held a position that was undisputed. Mr. Edmonds generally tried the cases in court. Mr. Ransom devoted himself to their preparation and the business interests of the partnership. They were both able men and singularly well adapted to each other in the relation they so long sustained.

With the possible exception of John N. Rogers, of Davenport, there was during the period he practiced in Iowa City perhaps no lawyer in the State more thoroughly grounded in the underlying principles of jurisprudence. Among his contemporaries this we believe will not be questioned.

The following is copied from the *Washington Post*:

"James B. Edmonds, formerly a member of the board of commissioners for the District of Columbia, died at his residence, 1625 K street, northwest, at 7 o'clock, December 29, 1900. Mr. Edmonds was in his sixty-ninth year and had been in poor health for some time. He leaves a widow but no children. The funeral and interment will take place in Washington.

"Mr. Edmonds was born May 20, 1832, in Saratoga county, N. Y. He began the study of the law early, and was barely of age when he was admitted to the bar in Owego, N. Y. The same year, 1853, he entered into partnership with his former preceptor, Hon. John L. Taylor, who was then a representative of the Owego district in Congress. This connection lasted for a few years, and was followed by a partnership between Mr. Edmonds and Gen. B. F. Tracey, later Secretary of the Navy. After a few more years spent in Owego Mr. Edmonds went to Iowa City, Iowa, then the capital of the State and a promising business town, where he opened a law office, in partnership with Charles T. Ransom, a former comrade at the bar in Elmira, and the firm soon attained great prominence not only in Iowa, but throughout the entire west.

"Mr. Edmonds and his partner practiced law with great success for twenty years in Iowa City, though their business extended to all parts of the country, and at the time of Mr. Edmonds' retirement from active practice, on account of poor health, his firm was the most prominent in the west. Both partners amassed comfortable fortunes.

"In 1875 Mr. Edmonds gave up a portion of his practice and sought health in travel. He finally came to Washington,

where his health improved and here he decided to make his home. He did not open an office in this city, nor actively practice his profession, but was frequently called into consultation. In these years he went abroad several times, and also built a handsome residence for himself on K street, where he resided at the time of his death.

"Mr. Edmonds' first wife was a sister of his law partner, Mr. Ransom. She died several years before he removed to Washington. His widow, to whom he was married in 1866, was Miss Lydia Myers, a daughter of a prominent citizen of Iowa City.

"President Arthur nominated Mr. Edmonds to be a commissioner of the district, March 3, 1883. He served till the expiration of his term, April 1, 1886, when he was succeeded by Mr. Wheatley. Mr. Edmonds was one of the most efficient and popular officials of those who have presided over the affairs of the district, and his refusal to accept a renomination for office was greatly regretted. His associate commissioners were Gen. West, and later Mr. Webb. Maj. Lydecker was the engineer member of the board."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Upon motion of Commissioner Macfarland the board of district commissioners today issued the following order:

"That the commissioners of the District of Columbia learn with deep regret of the decease the evening of the 29th instant in this city of James Barker Edmonds, who was a commissioner of the said district from March 3, 1883, to April 1, 1886; that as a mark of respect to his memory the flags of all district buildings be placed at half-mast until after his obsequies, and that all officers and employes of the district government intending to be present at the funeral, which will take place at 2 o'clock P. M., Wednesday, the 2d proximo, be excused from duty for that purpose."

Speaking of Mr. Edmonds, Mr. Macfarland said:

"Mr. Edmonds was a man of unusual ability and attain-

ments. He was so modest that his powers were not generally appreciated. He fully met the high standard maintained by successive presidents in appointments to the district commissionership, and performed its exacting duties so successfully that there was general regret at his unwillingness to accept a reappointment. In public office, as in private life, he showed fidelity, conscientiousness and industry. Ill health of late years prevented his constant participation in the activities of the district, but he took a keen and unselfish interest in its affairs. The last time I saw him was when he called to speak of a matter of public interest."

Mr. Edmonds was an early advocate of the free school system adopted in Iowa, claiming that property interests gained more than it cost in the protection afforded by increased intelligence, and he carried the same reasoning to higher education believing the State owed to its young people an opportunity to acquire learning in every branch of human knowledge. He emphasized this in the offer he subsequently made the State. He was greatly disappointed when he saw year by year the lands granted by congress to the State for the purpose of founding a university sold for an average of five dollars per acre when they should have been held until they would sell for from twenty-five to fifty dollars, and the university instead of realizing from this grant from one to two million dollars found the lands closed out at two hundred thousand dollars, the result of the legislature overruling the plans and purposes of Chancellor Dean, who was then the head of the institution, and who was giving to its management the intelligent thought and experience of a life-time spent in public instruction and the upbuilding of institutions of learning. Later Mr. Edmonds, with an appreciation of the future, while property at Iowa City was comparatively cheap, proposed and with his friends undertook to raise money to purchase all the land between the university park and the Iowa river; this the authorities declined to accept. All now see how short-sighted this was, these grounds now would be invaluable but are out of reach.

It is unfortunate that in the political arrangements of the State that vital interests are entrusted to men of limited capacity. Had Mr. Edmonds with his clear foresight been placed in a position to have influenced the action of the authorities the congressional land grant would have realized a large amount, the university ground would have extended to the Iowa river and a bequest of one hundred thousand dollars added to the funds, probably more, through his influence with his friends.

In 1894 Mr. Edmonds' health failing he made some arrangements for the distribution of his property. As his professional reputation was made and the basis of his fortune acquired in Iowa he naturally turned to the State when selecting a place for his money where it would do the most good after his death. Having been at one time an instructor in the Law Department he decided to give to the State University \$100,000, the regents to select from Iowa mortgages drawing seven and eight per cent interest, such as they preferred, he to be guaranteed six per cent interest on this amount during the life-time of his wife and himself.

To make this binding required an act of the legislature and to the astonishment of everyone who was familiar with the circumstances the offer was declined unless he would accept such interest on the money as the university should get. Mr. Edmonds was deeply hurt at the spirit in which his generous offer was received and it was withdrawn.

Although nearly twenty-five years had passed since he left Iowa, he retained an interest in Iowa people and the hospitalities of his home were freely tendered them when at the national capital. Few men adhered more closely to early friends and few remembered them with more kindly feeling.

THE EARLY COURTS OF IOWA—THE COUNTY COURT—THE CIRCUIT COURT.

[Prepared for a History of Humboldt County.]

BY A. D. BICKNELL.



ONE of the most fertile sources of information in the study of the progress of our State, and incidentally of the progress of the world, is to be found in the examination of old laws, and especially the laws creating the courts that administer those laws.

With the admission of Iowa as a State in 1846 came the supreme court, the district court, the probate court, the police court and the justice court, all of which had jurisdiction much as they severally have today.

The probate court was established in the early days of the Territory (1838). The general county business was under the control of a board of three commissioners for each county. Their powers were such as are now vested in the board of supervisors, but in 1851 the Code was adopted and the office of county judge was created. (Sec. 103 et seq.) The board of commissioners and the probate court were both swept away and their numerous powers, as well as most of the duties now devolving upon the county auditor, were given to the county judge.

He was "to take the management of *all* county business and the care and custody of *all county* property * * * to audit all claims against the county." To draw "all warrants on the treasurer for money to be paid out of the county treasury. To audit and settle the accounts of the treasurer * * * and those of any person entrusted to expend any money of the county * * * to institute and prosecute civil actions brought for the benefit of the county, to superintend the fiscal concerns of the county and secure their management in the best manner."

He was required also to furnish, by erection or lease, all buildings and rooms for county offices and for the district court, including the erection of a court house, jail and poor house. He deeded all lands sold by him on behalf of the county. After he had loaded the county with depreciated county warrants that had found their way into his own pocket and the pockets of his associates, he was authorized to submit to a vote the question whether or not a special tax should be laid for the redemption of such warrants, such tax to be paid always in money. Almost all questions tried in his court were tried without a jury. At this time, 1851, only thirty-three counties had been organized and the other sixty-six counties were attached in large groups to the organized counties that lay upon the border.

The Code (Sec. 100) gave the county judge a little chance here also. He was "required to divide the attached county into townships and to determine the place for holding elections in each and to appoint the judge of election." So, too, it was his duty (Sec. 219) to divide his own county into townships; and he might alter the boundaries at will. In those counties where poor houses had been established he might appoint (Sec. 830) directors to run the business or he might retain "all the authority" himself, including, among much other very arbitrary power, (Sec. 839) the power "to bind out such poor children of the poor house as they believe are likely to remain a permanent charge on the public; males until 21 and females until the age of 18, unless sooner married." The judge had the power to terminate the apprenticeship of the ward if the ward in his opinion was ill used. Such wards thus encouraged generally married quite young and pauperism multiplied.

Bastardy proceedings were within his jurisdiction (Sec. 848). He had "jurisdiction over insane persons" (Sec. 857) and he appointed guardians for the care of their property, their children and their persons with power to commit to jail on his own order. The court had almost absolute control through

his creature guardian (Sec. 868) of the person of the insane, and of the support of his family out of his estate, for which purpose the court might, after exhausting personal property, "order a mortgage, lease or sale of the whole or such part of the real estate as may be necessary," and give deed for the same. In his field as court he could remove the guardian and appoint another in his place, and he was sole judge of the patient's sanity after commitment and could release him on his own motion.

He had a hand in the laying out of towns and in the incorporation of villages and towns. He licensed ferries and at his option forbade competition within a mile each way, and he might revoke such license for cause. Such monopolies were to run from three to ten years. In conjunction with the county judge of an adjoining county, he could establish toll bridges over line streams and grant a *fifty year franchise*. (Sec. 729). It is difficult to believe that such powers would be conferred as we find in Sec. 735—"The county court may also grant licenses for the construction of any canal or railroad or any macadamized or plank road or any other improvement of a similar character or any telegraph line to keep the same up for a period not exceeding *fifty* years and to use for this purpose any portion of the public highway or other property, public or private, if necessary."

He also fixed "the maximum rates of toll to be charged on any such work and may render the same unalterable for a period of not exceeding twenty years." But if anyone was dissatisfied with the action of the court an appeal to the people might be taken within thirty days "by any white male citizen of the county." His reign extended also over the levy of taxes for state, county, poor, poll, road and schools (Sec. 454). He had "the general supervision over the railways of the county with power to establish a change as herein provided," (Sec. 514) and he settled accounts with all road supervisors (Sec. 580).

Such is a partial list of the powers given to the county judge

by the Code of 1851. At first blush it would seem that he had been loaded up with all possible authority; but not so, for the state continued to add to his arbitrary sway at nearly every session of the legislature until January, 1861, when the board of supervisors absorbed all of his dangerous powers. (Ch. 46, 8 G. A.).

It would be hard to discover another officer so tempted and so surrounded on every side with opportunity to reap a golden harvest. The salary was only fifty to eight hundred dollars a year; yet many great fortunes were gleaned from the office during the single term of three years. Although the county judge took quick rank as the most corrupt official in the state, the legislature, which met December 6th, 1852, passed the famous swamp land act (Ch. 13, 4 G. A.), which provided in part that the county judge, as a court, should "appoint some competent person" to select the swamp lands; that the judge should set a valuation upon each tract not "less than twenty cents per acre," and that he should sell said lands and take pay in cash or labor as he saw fit. As to lands not sold by the county court at auction "the clerk of the county court is authorized and required to sell all such lands at private sale." It was made the duty of the county surveyor to examine the lands within his county and plat the swamp lands, filing his report with "the clerk of the county court, giving names of all parties employed by him in such work, including cost of teams and other expenses" and when "satisfactory to the county court" the said clerk was "required to issue a county order for the amount thereof." Sec. 23 provides that the "county courts shall have power to allow drainage commissioners, surveyors, clerks and all others employed, such fees as they may deem just and right."

A drainage commissioner was also provided whose only duty, in the first period of his existence, was to draw his pay. In later years when the boodle was gone, the place was given to the persistent office seeker. This legislature had a high sense of the humorous. After adding the temptations of this

statute to those already existing, after inviting easy frauds and conspiracies, such as no great body of office holders has ever been able to resist, it was provided that if anybody was dishonest, he should be imprisoned in the penitentiary for a term of from one to five years. This provision along with that which required the swamp lands to be drained, was also and everywhere treated as a good joke. Immediately after the passage of this act combinations and conspiracies arose all over the state for the purpose of defrauding the several counties out of their swamp lands, which, in most cases, were attended with great success. In a few cases the county secured some benefit from its swamp lands, but the benefit was exceedingly small when compared with the great acreage deeded. The state claimed four million acres of swamp lands. All northwestern Iowa was then practically without settlement, so that even three years later (Ch. 142, 5 G. A.) Wright, Humboldt, Pocahontas, Palo Alto, Kossuth, Hancock, Winnebago and Emmet counties were attached to Webster county, which included Hamilton county, for judicial purposes, and yet these were well east of a great part of the northwestern part of the state. A scheme soon developed and was speedily carried out to "organize the unpeopled counties." This was done by a few daring spirits, just enough to hold the county offices, who, actually residing in an organized county, secured for themselves from the county judge the appointment of judges of election in the county they wished to work, after which they proceeded by camp wagon to that county, held the pretended election, elected themselves unanimously to all the offices, built imaginary bridges, drained on paper great swamps, made great highways on the map, perpetrated other great and valuable improvements and voted in payment, warrants, bonds and swamp lands to supple friends who shared in the conspiracy. In a few days all were back home busy in printing and signing the obligations. Soon after a trusted confederate was sent to Chicago or New York or Boston where he generally succeeded in unloading his grip full of fraudulent paper upon the

confiding get-rich-quick victim. Such work was not rare. It was very common. In fact what is here given does not indicate the full history of many extreme cases which are to be found in many counties.

It is greatly to the credit of Jonathan Hutchinson, Humboldt county's first county judge, Chas. Bergk and Edward McKnight, who had first control of the business of Humboldt county, that they resisted these great inducements so alluring, so general and so safe. They started the county on clean lines, kept it free from large indebtedness and clung tenaciously to the swamp lands, so that the county retained them until 1879, when they were traded to the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad Company in part consideration for the building of the first railroad through the county.

THE COUNTY JUDGE AND THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.

In the early months of the fifth year of the State (Sec. 924 to 936, Code of 1851) the people showed their good intentions and their high moral aim by the passage of a prohibitory liquor law. It contained several provisions that have followed its successors down to the present time. The first section reads "(924) The people of this state will hereafter take no share in the profits of retailing intoxicating liquors, but the traffic in those commodities as articles of merchandise is not prohibited." This section is a type of the mildness of the short two-paged statute. But people were just as greedy then as now and just as thirsty. The law failed to enforce itself and the legislature came to the rescue four years later in a thirteen-paged statute full of severe penalties, (Ch. 45, 5 G. A.), which put the whole business into the hands of that over-burdened and already over-tempted official, the county judge. Here again we are put to wonder as we read the strange provisions of the statute and the added temptations that defied the integrity of the county judge. The counties took literal charge of the liquor traffic by way of the county judge. He was authorized to appoint one or two persons in his county to

sell intoxicating liquor within the county "for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes only and the said *judge may remove* such agent *at his pleasure* and appoint another in his stead * * * and no two agents will be allowed to sell such liquor in the same township. He shall in the purchase and sale of such liquor conform to such rules and requirements as shall be prescribed by said county judge * * * he shall sell such liquor *at such prices* as shall be prescribed by the county judge, not however to exceed twenty-five per cent. upon the cost thereof * * * such agent shall receive for his services a fixed and stipulated compensation to be prescribed by the county judge." He was also permitted (Sec. 16) "from time to time to draw from the treasury of said county *such sums* as in his judgment shall be necessary for the purchase of intoxicating liquor " to be sold under the statute.

It can be readily seen that the conferring of this power made it very easy for the county judge as an official, if he were not a man of sterling integrity, to profit by the granting of these monopolies, the fixing of prices, the purchase of goods, by the watering of stock and through other illegitimate methods, and by conniving at the violation of the law. It would seem as though the legislature had bestowed sufficient power upon this county official, but a great deal of criticism had been visited upon him and he felt the need of the support of the press; so three years afterwards (Ch. 151, 7 G. A.) an act was passed that in a large manner assisted him. It was enacted that the county judge should publish in two newspapers in each county seat "such of said general laws as he may consider of interest to the people of his county." The judge was judge of almost everything that could be named excepting law; so he naturally considered one law of equal interest with all others and he generally published the most of them. It had a peculiar effect. The newspapers of that day were generally small and in the lesser county seats there would be two papers, a representative of each party. Their space was soon so crowded that there was no room to insert hostile items about the shortcomings of their county officials.

In 1868 (Auditor's report, page 324, 12 G. A.) the state paid for such publication of the laws for the two previous years \$26,442.65 and for postage for the assembly of 1866 \$13,021.15. The house had made an objection on account of the small allowance made it for postage and as to the quality of the pens received, and had had the audacity to resolve (House resolution No. 2, 11 G. A.) "That the Secretary of State be directed to furnish to the members of this house the same amount of postage as furnished to the members of the senate" and "that the members return to the Secretary the pens furnished said members and ask to be furnished with *good gold pens.*"

DECLINE OF THE POWERS OF THE COUNTY JUDGE.

Other considerable powers were given to the county judge from time to time until he became such a scandal and terror that in 1861 (Ch. 46, 8 G. A.) he was stripped of his regal powers and left with little excepting the authority of probate judge and that in a land where everybody was young and vigorous and death seldom came to give him a job.

Thus ended the most anomalous official that has ever existed in the democratic form of government unless it be later in our history during reconstruction after the civil war. He had had a ten years' run. The boodle that flourished in the vicinity of his court was so scattered about that officials and jurors were generally his co-workers. Wielding such an immense power, this judge should have been a profound lawyer; but in fact he seldom, if ever, pretended to any knowledge of law. Knowledge of law would have been quite inconvenient. The less he knew the easier he was handled.

NEWSPAPER SUBSIDIES—ETHICS OF THOSE DAYS.

But as we rummage through those time-worn books and study those strange statutes we must exercise great caution and be guided by that authority which considers the conditions of the times. We must ever bear in mind that ethics and morality are always held in the clutch of environment; that

they bend and yield to the fashions of the day and the temptations of the hour and locality.

Then and for a dozen years before that time the press all over the state had been tenderly cared for and practically subsidized. In 1868 (Ch. 167, 12 G. A.) the legislature, following a well-established custom, had subscribed for 160 newspapers for the use of its members and paid for the same out of the people's money. The entire amount reached the sum of \$23,702.29, or an average of \$158 to each of the 150 members of the two houses, one Des Moines paper alone receiving the sum of \$7,482.75 in the rake-off. Such wholesale confiscation of public funds evoked little protest. For surely the legislature and the beneficiary papers, being almost the entire press, were in no condition to raise the alarm and the donated papers had been scattered all over the state, having been sent to small local politicians, who were flattered because of the distinction, and proud in the belief that they were really leading citizens.

This same legislature of 1868 (Ch. 9, 12 G. A.) voted itself ten thousand dollars "for the payment in part" of its postage. Such fashion had long been current and still continued until that much abused, much ridiculed, and yet most efficient reformer, the granger, came to the rescue in the early 70's and with ungloved hand began his telling work. Then fashions quickly changed and out of the hurly-burly of the grange movement and its legitimate children, the anti-railroad party and other minor and major eccentric movements, there has been gleaned much valuable and lasting reformation.

THE DISTRICT COURT AND THE CIRCUIT COURT.

The Constitution that was adopted with the admission of the State in 1846 provided (Art. 5, Sec. 4) that "the first session of the general assembly shall divide the state into four districts which may be increased as the exigencies require."

It was marvelous what the "exigencies" did require. In a little while (1857, Ch. 81, 6 G. A.) with less than half the State

holding any court whatever and the other half doing less business than is now done in Polk and Woodbury counties, 14 judicial districts had been established, and there seemed some danger that the district judge would compete with the county judge in ways that were dark and uncanny. That individual, known as the reformer, about this time protested and such reaction set in that the new constitution, adopted in August, 1857 and proclaimed September 3rd of the same year, cut the districts down to eleven (Art. 5, Sec. 10), and forbid any increase of the number until 1860, and then permitted an increase of only one district with one judge to the district at any single session of the legislature, or a maximum of five additional judges to a decade. The increase of the number of judges in the supreme court was also limited to one judge at a single session. The pendulum had swung backward with great force. This excess of caution was partly owing to a thick gloom which pervaded all parts of the United States during that year of panic, which had destroyed confidence in the future. But the impetus of the civil war, the Homestead Bill and extension of railroads poured into Iowa a migration so great that the population increased from 674,913 in 1860 to 1,191,792 in 1870.

Both the supreme court and all district courts had, in the meantime, become overrun with business and all were badly in arrears. There were then only twelve judicial districts; so the legislature of 1863 (Ch. 86, 12 G. A.) undertook to relieve the congested condition without actual defiance of the constitution. The case was too pressing for the slow constitutional remedy amendment, with its years of delay and possible defeat at the end; so the circuit court was devised and here again the pendulum took a swing backward. The said statute provided for one district judge and two circuit judges for each of the twelve judicial districts, thirty-six judges in all. At least four terms of the circuit court besides the one or two terms of the district court were to be held in each county annually. Two or three days of active work would have done the annual

business in each of the twenty counties in northwestern Iowa, but it was a great opportunity for the office-hungry and briefless attorney. The jurisdiction of the circuit court was made co-extensive with that of the district court in most civil cases and it was given exclusive jurisdiction in probate matters and appeals from the justice court, both civil and criminal, and in all "actions and proceedings of which the county judge or county court" had jurisdiction while the grand jury and all indictable crimes and trials thereunder remained with the district court. Other minor jurisdiction was also given to the circuit court.

This statute also attempted to relieve the supreme court by checking the great number of cases that were submerging that body. It provided that each year in each judicial district from two to four "general terms" should be held at which the district judge and the two circuit judges should sit as a court of review to determine all appeals from the two courts of the district and this decision at this term was to be final in all cases begun before a justice of the peace unless two or more of the judges should certify that a question of law was involved upon which it was desirable to have the opinion of the supreme court.

All appeals to the supreme court were to be "heard in the first instance by said general term."

The same legislature (Ch. 160) created the office of the county auditor and made the county judge ex-officio auditor after January 1st, 1869, until such time as a newly created official should be elected and qualified, and thus the lingering feeble and yet tenacious life of the county judge was finally snuffed out.

The general term proved to be a cumbersome, expensive nuisance and was promptly repealed by the next legislature (Ch. 41, 13 G. A.). Four years' trial quite satisfied the State that it had badly over-done the circuit judge business, and (Ch. 22, 14 G. A.) it reduced the number to one judge for each district and created the 13th district, thus giving the State twenty-six judges for both courts, instead of thirty-six as

theretofore and gave the circuit judge the same civil jurisdiction then exercised by the district judge while the said circuit judge retained the probate business and lost all criminal jurisdiction.

The farce of holding five or six terms of court annually in each county, even in those counties where no business was expected, had a run of four years, when this same statute came to the rescue and provided that "at least one term of each court shall be held in each organized county in the State," thus cutting off a possible three-fourths of the terms in the counties sparsely settled.

But the unfortunate victim of his own vice and crime awaiting the action of the grand jury at the next term of court felt justly aggrieved, as he counted off the long days until the next term of court, often fifty weeks away, all of which time he was doomed to remain behind the bars of some distant jail, as the county where he had committed his crime often had no such place to keep him. So, too, it was often found a great hardship for all litigants to await the slow passage of a year between terms, and the next legislature (Ch. 12, 15 G. A.) doubled the terms, giving two to each court. The fact must not be lost sight of that each court was separate and distinct and wholly independent of the other, so that even after the last amendment above named a case continued went over an average of six months less a few days while before the amendment it had to wait one year.

These two courts did business side by side without friction or further material change in the law until the constitutional amendment adopted at the election of 1884, which gave the Legislature power to divide the State "into the necessary judicial districts for district court purposes * * * and the number of the districts and judges of said courts increased or diminished," which amendment was followed by legislation in 1886 (Ch. 134, 21 G. A.) that abolished the circuit court after January 1, 1887 and gave us the present district court system. The circuit court had been in existence eighteen years and

none of the many judges in the state had ever doubted its constitutionality, though they seemed to stand almost alone in such belief.

During the circuit court period it was a little awkward for parties to avoid confusion as to which court their cases were pending in, and the litigant and attorney of easy conscience whose cases had no merit were often tempted to rare and daring acts of perjury in order to continue such cases. Two such continuances by a defenceless defendant carried the case over a year, and many times, owing to the removal or death of witnesses or failure of memory or through intervening circumstances, or all combined, justice failed to reward the worthy litigant.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY—THE COUNTY ATTORNEY.

In criminal procedure conditions were more discouraging than in civil practice. When the circuit court went out of business in January, 1887, (Ch. 73, 21 G. A.) the newly created official, the county attorney, came into office in each county, taking the place within his county of the district attorney, whose office was abolished by the same act.

Prior to this time and ever since 1858, (Ch. 102, 7 G. A.), there had been in office one district attorney for each judicial district, who was required, amongst other things, "to appear for the State and several counties comprising his district in all matters in which the State or any such county may be a party or interested, in the district court of his district," except that in justice court he might appear in the initiatory proceedings or not, at his option.

Treating the subject from a local standpoint and viewing it as it operated in this district, it is doubtless a little too extreme for the older and thicker peopled parts of the State; but in this district the district attorney was not often selected because of his legal knowledge or because of his vigor or because of his superior shrewdness or intelligence in any line. Until the last ten years of the office he went about the district by private

conveyance or by stage, and his interest in criminal prosecutions lacked all the zeal of local motives, and there was not that determination to win that comes to him who works up his own case and knows it in detail from the very beginning and whose livelihood is at stake as well. Almost always when he reached the case it had been already through the justice's court and he was obliged to rely upon the local attorney or perhaps the pettifogger who had put up the case, there being no official whose bounden duty it was to prosecute small offenders in justice's court. That branch of the service was in a deplorable condition and prosecutions were begun on the motion of any informer who dared brave frequent local hostility and the personal malice of the defendant and his friends. Appeals were taken to the district court.

When the district attorney took up the trial of a case in the district court he was confronted with the ablest criminal lawyer in several counties near by, who, in addition to the practice now available, took full advantage of the wretched jury system then in vogue.

About fifteen jurors composed the regular panel. In the majority of cases not more than a dozen appeared, while of that dozen one or more of the very best men in the list got excused by the court on account of pressure of business, thus leaving in many instances less than the twelve jurors necessary in the trial of a case. Talesmen to fill up the gap were called into the box by the sheriff, who selected any bystander who might be sitting in the court room, and this was continued as jurors were challenged until the jury was complete. The court room always contained a number of friends of the defendant and his attorney and all anxious for the acquittal of the defendant and frequently it had been whispered to discreet numbers of them that they "had best come to court today because you will probably get a chance to sit on the jury." Then, too, there was no assignment of civil cases for a certain date as the practice is now, but all litigants were expected to be ready for trial whenever their cases chanced to be reached.

Witnesses were required to be in court the second day of the term, the first jury day, where, with the parties to actions, they awaited the day of trial. This was added grief for the district attorney; because his able antagonist was also leading attorney in many civil cases and his witnesses and clients found their way also into the jury box as talesmen.

Then, too, the defendant had a double opportunity in peremptory challenges (Sec. 4413, Code 1873), the number being six, twelve and twenty, according to the grade of the offense charged, while the State had in each case just half as many. Now when all the peremptory challenges had been exercised, scarcely a fragment of the original panel of fifteen remained. The typical jury ready for the trial of a State case would generally be made up about as follows: Two of the clients of defendant's attorney, two or three of his witnesses in other cases, two or three who had come in on purpose to sit in the case and the balance friendly acquaintances of said attorney, while the entire twelve were strangers to the district attorney. The case was virtually won and the defendant acquitted before the indictment had been read to the jury. Such conditions bore so heavily upon the district attorney that he had little spirit for the one-sided contest, and he tried few cases that he could properly dispose of some other way. His fixed salary was \$600.00 per annum and the fees for trials were fairly good, considering the ability at his command; but the current fees in private practice were much greater in proportion and he was very naturally tempted to make his official work quite a secondary matter of business. He continued his cases or permitted the defendant to plead guilty to the smallest grade of crime that could be carved out of the indictment, so that generally after a day or two spent in hovering about the court room and the hotels he returned to his home. If the county clerk should inform him before the next term of court, six months away, that new business awaited him, he came back for that term. Otherwise he did not return.

But it is hardly fair to censure this official or the juries of

that period for the conditions and the results of State trials. The trouble lay in the system. The same system would give us about the same results today. Nor would it be right to suppose that crime flourished. The inherited virtue of the people and a healthy public opinion attended every community, and misdemeanors and the higher crimes were no more common than now.

With the coming in of the county attorney, in 1887, and the changes made in the jury law in 1894 and in 1896, the difficulties above named were all swept away, and convictions, where the guilt was plain, have ever since been the rule. We now look back and wonder why we suffered such intolerable conditions as long as we did.

This backward glance has been taken and the facts detailed with absolute verity and without a shade of coloring or attempt to excuse and apologize. From our point of view of today we can see how rapidly and steadily we are advancing along moral lines and it inspires our hope in a future yet more satisfactory and complete in all things wise and good.

SAMUEL MERCER CLARK.

TWO CHARACTER SKETCHES.

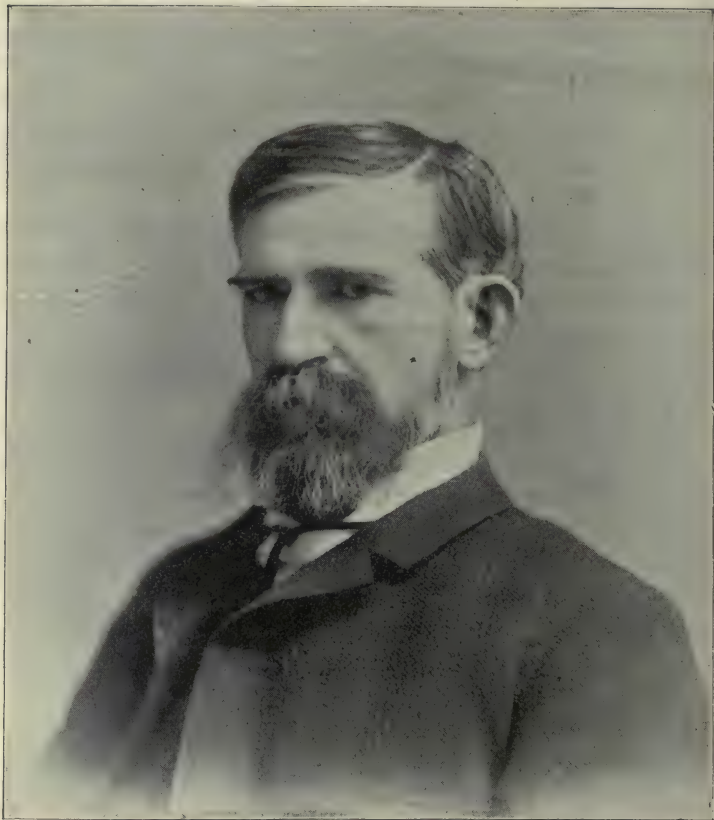
I.

BY GEO. D. PERKINS.



AS sweet a life as ever run its fitful course in mortal frame has gone out with the death of Sam Clark. Those who knew and loved him will cling to the familiar name—generous, genial, brilliant dear old Sam. And yet not old—not 58 until October coming.

Samuel M. Clark was born on a farm in Van Buren county. All his life he passed in Iowa and in the neighborhood of his birth. His health was delicate always. As a boy, in the days

**SAMUEL MERCER CLARK.**

of the civil war, he enlisted as a private soldier in Company H, Nineteenth Iowa volunteer infantry, but they would not muster him because of his ill health. He studied law with the late Judge Wright, in the old town of Keosauqua, and with John W. Rankin and George W. McCrary, of Keokuk, and he was admitted to the bar in 1864. But from school teaching and one thing and another he soon drifted into newspaper work, and for thirty-two years he was editor of the

Keokuk Gate City. Howell & Clark was for many years the firm, the senior Howell being at one time a Senator in Congress. In those earlier days Keokuk presented an array of great men, and Sam Clark held a place among them, wise in his counsel, loyal in his friendships. He gave a score of years to the service of the public schools of his city and attained high rank over the State as a leader in educational work. In 1894 he was elected to Congress from the First District, succeeding the late Senator Gear; he was re-elected in 1896, and in 1898 declined to stand again as a candidate. For thirty years he was prominent in Republican politics. For four times in succession, beginning with 1872, he was a delegate to the national conventions of the party. He was nearly always in attendance upon the State conventions, and many of the platforms of the party are the product of his gifted pen. He was a public servant in the true sense of the term. His record of devotion to those things he believed true, to those interests he believed paramount, to those friends who stood the test of his unselfish analysis, was the crown and charm of his exalted life.

To have enjoyed the sanctuary and the confidence of this noble man was to be stayed in the aspirations and in the hopes of the time, and the memory of such rare privilege is a solace in the darkness that has come with the going out of his light.

He loved books as he loved men. From his companionship with these he enriched his own companionship. Out of the storehouse of his mind there welled up, as from an unroiled spring, treasures old and new. It was worth a journey at any time to take his hand, to look in his kindly eye, and to go apart with him to a quiet place, where he might talk. He had a gentle way. Ostentation was not a sin with him. He had learning, and with it the ways of a child.

He was friend with the birds, the trees, the shrubs, the ground upon which he trod and the struggling grass of it. The majesty of the great river flowing by gave him inspiration. His mind gathered riches from all things, as a bee gathers honey.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, he coined his treasures, or put them into blossom, and gave them unreservedly to the readers of the *Gate City*. He counted them all his bosom friends. He so loved them that he gave always and freely the best of his life that they might live with him.

He could speak as well as write. Out of the eloquence of his life he could happily project the eloquence of speech. His platform work, often at the peril of his health, was always for a cause.

He lived, withal, a heroic life. With a mind intensified by the weakness of his body he had constantly before him great purposes from which he was held back. The spirit was willing; the flesh was weak. Yet he suffered his limitations uncomplainingly. His cheery voice and sunny face put an eclipse upon his personal troubles. He was tenderly considerate of others; he would not add a feather weight, if so be he could help it, to the burdens of another life. He lived upon the hopeful side; he lived upon the sunny side. The riches of his philosophy made him a prince at home and abroad.

It is not easy, upon a sudden call, to write adequately of dear old Sam Clark. A measure of the life of the State has gone out. Iowa is not just the Iowa it was. A beautiful life has flickered out, and where it was is impenetrable darkness.

In his life he stood by many graves. His soul went forth many times to touch with benediction the soul of the mourner. It would be of peace in this moment to have his hand for amanuensis. But who shall write, in tenderness and justice, befitting tribute to him?

God help us every one.

II.

BY G. WALTER BARR.

Sixty years ago, in the characteristic house and environment of the pioneer, in Van Buren County, Iowa, there lived

a Methodist minister from Virginia, whose father was born in Ireland. The minister's wife had been Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, and she was of a Maryland-Pennsylvania family whose genealogy touches much of the history of the American Revolution and the War of 1812. The godly minister with the poetic and belligerent Irish blood in his veins was Samuel Clarke, and his mother was a Mercer of the Old Dominion, who had married the Irishman who came to fight for the liberty of the colonies and saw the surrender of Yorktown.

This family tree bore Samuel Mercer Clark, who dropped the final "e" from his name, but kept all the patriotism, poetry, humor, pride, shrewdness, belligerency and force of character that came to him from the Irishman, the Virginian, the Pennsylvanian removed to Maryland, the line of army officers, and the follower of John Wesley.

The boy born in Van Buren County grew up in the environment of wild nature,—the beautiful valley of the Des Moines River. He took the environment into his ego; and in later years men marvelled at the complexity of his character, because they did not appreciate the forces of which he was the resultant. He arrived in the world on October 11, 1841, and was the seventh child of the minister and his wife who had one son later. When he died, August 11, 1900, he was first in Iowa journalism, first in the hearts of his fellow citizens in his home town, first in one department of the literature of the middle west, and first and last of a kind of man to whom the State showed every honor. He had shortened his name again to Sam. M. Clark, and thus it stood as the name of a journalist, poet-philosopher, statesman, educator, orator, scholar and gentleman.

He grew up in the sunlight of the fields, and amid the mysteries of the fencerow and the forest; he never got away from nature; he knew her inner heart.

As a part of nature, he studied men; as a part of religion, he studied character; as a part of eternal life, he developed his own soul. As the wild flowers and the shifting sunbeams

gave him their reflected colors, men of the body politic reflected upon him the genius of American institutions and gave him civic honors. He was not yet nineteen years old when he made political speeches for Abraham Lincoln in 1860, when that meant literally speaking from the stump all over Van Buren County. He got the completeness of politics that first year, for the candidate for County Treasurer for whom he worked hardest on promise of being appointed deputy gave the place to another. When the boy went to town to take the place he found that politics has its disappointments and broken pledges. His future seemed ruined; and he went back to farming and wood chopping as the work of his life. But the fit of despondency soon passed and was succeeded by a better view of affairs and the determination to force the heights of success instead of depending upon a guide and the alpenstock of another. He worked hard in the country schools and afterwards entered a little college at West Point, in Lee County. It was a school of education rather than a machine for turning out parchments cut square and tied with colored ribbons. There his schooling stopped, but his study never stopped until the day he died. He read the best of literature, the deepest of philosophy, the broadest of history; he read omnivorously and continuously; and in some wonderful way he managed to digest the immense amount of information which he thus obtained. He also read events around him. His alma mater was the world. His text books were the writings of the wise of all ages and the actions of the wise and unwise of his own time.

The examining surgeon would not let the small weak body, top heavy with its brain, enter the army of the North in the Civil War. Before this he had begun to read law. George S. Wright, of Keosauqua, was his first preceptor; and in 1863, he went to the law office of the great firm of Rankin & McCrary, at Keokuk. In June, 1864, he was admitted to the bar. All these dates are close together, and show with what tremendous energy the mind of the man was struggling up-

ward, without much directness of purpose toward any certain point, but always upward.

Hence, it was natural that the next opportunity which came should be grasped because it put another round of the ladder within his reach. A week had not passed after his admission to the bar of Iowa, before he eagerly accepted the invitation of James B. Howell, another great man, to take a position on the newspaper of southern Iowa, *The Gate City*, of Keokuk. These two men worked together on the paper like man and wife, and when Mr. Howell went to Washington as United States Senator and later as Judge of the Court of Claims, Mr. Clark was left alone in the editorial room of *The Gate City*. He appreciated Mr. Howell, and not long before his death, in one of his philosophic moods, he said that of all the men he had met in his long and wide life, James B. Howell was the greatest.

The struggling young mind had at last found its place. It was on *The Gate City* that Mr. Clark did his life work. The conduct of a great newspaper meant activity in politics. Mr. Clark attended every State convention but one from 1864 to 1900. He was a delegate to the national republican conventions of 1872, 1876 and 1880. He was commissioner of education from the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1889. He was postmaster for several terms. He was elected to Congress from the First District to succeed John H. Gear in 1894 by the largest majority the district ever gave any man; and was unanimously nominated for a second term, election coming as a matter of course. At the end of that term he was compelled to decline renomination on account of failing health. Then, too, he was a member of the board of education in Keokuk for twenty-one years, and was its president for fourteen years. This service began in 1877, and is after all his highest honor from the people. For in Keokuk, election to the school board is kept sacredly as the greenest laurel the citizens ever give their most honored fellows—an honor never sought but presented as an honor *cum laude* to him

who is conceived to be most worthy. In 1883 he was elected unanimously to this position, a gilding to the crown which nobody else ever received. He left the board of education in 1898 on account of his absence in Washington and his failing health.

All this is what the written record shows, but it very inadequately indicates the position of Sam M. Clark in affairs and among the people. To Iowa he was at the same time what Horace Greeley was to the North and what Henry Clay was to Kentucky. To the day of his death hundreds of people read every line in *The Gate City* thinking he wrote it all and kept the books in the counting room. Hundreds and thousands of others followed his political guidance without swerving, believing that he was the star in the east to lead them to the cradle of the newer and better era of statesmanship. He was unique as a personal force; and the difficulties of describing him lie in the fact that as a force he was so complex that the calculus of psychology is hardly sufficient to solve the problem. Those who knew well one or two parts of him had only a few factors where there were a large number with the sign of infinity at the end.

As a publicist, he believed that the people are always right when they have had time and opportunity for judgment. And when the people expressed themselves before mature judgment and turned out to be wrong, Mr. Clark would place himself in the forefront of the mistaken line and would receive the sorest wounds and take the most blame. He cared no more for consistency than a woman cares for a last year's bonnet, and he changed his mind as often as new conditions arose to make something else better or more feasible. He conceived that government is for the happiness of the governed, rather than for exploiting systems of ethics; and sometimes he aroused the deepest ire of the truly good people who sought to make the government a tincture of their active principles of religion. As an educator, he hated fads like a countryman, and cursed cant like Carlyle. He was at once

the most conservative of educators on the board of education, and the first to adopt those things which the next decade showed to be valuable inventions or discoveries in pedagogy. As a journalist (he was that and not a newspaper man, to use the newer nomenclature) he was in no sense an editor—that is a man who understands all the details of planning the issue of a newspaper—and he had no more idea of news value (which is a term now standing for the essence of newspaper work) than a sixteen year old girl has of the nature of men. This was largely because he did his work on the paper in his library at home. Men have served a term as reporter without ever seeing him at the office.

But after all his greatest work was done through the types of his paper. This is one of the most easily understood paradoxes in his life. No paper, not even Greeley's, ever had so much individuality as his. His was the last editorial page to be read first by subscribers, years after people quit noticing the editorials and turned to the "scare heads" in the news columns. The intangible, invisible, invincible force of the man was wonderful. The community in the throes of a convulsion would quietly follow him through a gateway and along a road of his choosing; and a movement that had gathered great force has dissolved like snow in the light and heat of a single editorial article. When *The Gate City* was exciting the smiles of the trained newspaper man, it was holding thousands of readers enrapt and making them respond to its suggestions as if they were somnambulistic. If he was not an editor, he was the greatest editorial writer that the west has ever seen. And this is the expressed opinion of all editors who knew his work for so many years. That *The Gate City* was Sam Clark is shown in this, that other Iowa papers generally made the credit line of reprinted articles read in his name rather than in the name of the paper.

What shall we say of him? One is driven to the despairing cry of Carlyle in beginning his chapter upon Joan of Arc. He was a composite of an inheritance, complex in itself, and

an education which came from all the books in the world and travel all over America and Europe. Every printed line, every change of color from sunshine or cloud in his front yard, every exhibition of human nature by his associates, every seismic rumble in civilization, all these he absorbed into himself and made a part of himself. His environment affected him fundamentally, and his environment was constantly changing.

His perception was so extensive that, octopus like, he gathered in things from the farthest sources. He noticed the slightest change of color in a star above the atmosphere at the same time that he was watching the effect of emotions and cunning on the face of the man to whom he was talking on the porch. And what information he had was as accurate as it was sometimes unusual. When the proofreader found a proper noun which he had never seen before and was driven from an unsuccessful search in the dictionary to Mr. Clark himself, there would come from the writer of the editorial article not only its spelling, but a thousand words of detailed explanation of the thing which, colloquially speaking, nobody else ever heard of; and if the young proofreader was driven by his wonder and skepticism to the library, every fact mentioned by Mr. Clark was found to be accurate with mathematical precision. Nothing worried him so much as a slip, even in a date or minor fact.

His judgment was far seeing and true, because based upon wide experience—not only the experience of his varied life, but the experience of all who had gone before and left a record in history or letters.

The practical politicians said that he was a poor politician, just as the newspaper men said that he was not an editor; but he gained offices for years, just as he made his paper of great influence. The fact is, that if he had chosen to go into the valley and the shadow of practical politics he might have achieved wonders by his shrewdness and agility—unless he had failed because he had thereby thrown away the source of his greatest strength, his sincerity.

A Methodist who knew him through and through said that Mr. Clark was the most religious man he ever knew; and a surface skimming skeptic said that only Universalism would save him. This shows how Mr. Clark kept his soul to himself and looked farther into the kingdom of God than most men. A few hours before he died, the man who could say "damn" with great unction when it seemed necessary, spoke to a young man as follows:

"People have called me an agnostic. I claim to be a believer. The life of Jesus has been an inspiration to me; but because my mind could not grasp the dogmas that were put before it, I have been fenced by them without the enclosure. My christianity is satisfactory to me, and if my end should come I go satisfied. This has been a beautiful world, and though I have suffered much, I go satisfied."

The religion he lived was one of deep philosophy, sweet poetry and much human nature. He loved well and true, and his hate carried a whiplash. He would forgive more thoroughly than most men for the asking; and he never forgot an unrequited wrong done him. He would criticise the clergy and fight for the church at the same time. He knew as much theology as a doctor of divinity and cared as little for it as a Digger Indian; but the greatest thing in the universe for him was the religion of the God of Moses and of Jesus of Nazareth. He told with gusto of a man who "lied like a gentleman," where a woman was concerned; he could make excuses for a thief of a certain environment, and would have assisted in the escape of some man who had broken another of the commandments; but to him, commandments were made for man, and not for God, and over all, permeating all, enlightening all and ruling all was the God who spoke at Sinai. While other good men emphasized their religion at prayer meeting, Mr. Clark emphasized his human nature in the columns of his paper where all might read.

Something of his character is found in the files of the paper for which he wrote for so many years. Its editorial page

shows his scholarship, religion, heart, philosophy, poetry, manliness and womanliness, political acumen, and ambition. His literary style was unique and inimitable. It had the qualities of electricity which strikes from the sky to burst the oak and at other times glides through the filament to illuminate all the surroundings. It was an excellent style, but it started a new school; its analysis would make an interesting article for a literary journal, but can not be made here. It accomplished the purpose of all writing, which is the best criticism of it.

His newspaper editorials covered as wide a range as his studies had done. In politics, he was considered such an able writer that he wrote the platforms of Iowa republicans for years. In literature he was known as a critic of exceptional ability. In the countryside he was accepted as the painter of the people as they are. In the city he was worshiped as the high priest of the poetry of everyday life, although he wrote always in prose. In everything he was a philosopher who remembered the past and bent it to the necessity of the present. While his reading was omnivorous, it was never trifling, and he skipped the puerile. The allusions in his writings were usually to the essayists and historians and poets who wrote the English classics and seldom came from the dead languages.

Leaving his political writings, which had so much to do with shaping the course of the ship of state, Iowa, one turns with avidity to his everyday editorials of everyday life. He wrote of concrete things, and never went into transcendentalism. He wrote longer editorial articles than anybody of his generation; and he could say more in ten lines than anybody on the tripod. He would write a sermon in a few lines, and the next Sunday would have an article two columns long on the evolution of a current religious idea. His philosophy and poetry were so combined that they were separated by an imaginary line, but the boundary was as distinct, after all, as the frontier of a state. His philosophy led him so far into the heart of things that it encountered love and beauty and enfolded them into a prose poem. After assimilating the philosophers from

John Stuart Mill to Schopenhauer, he cast the books aside and made a philosophy of his own which was always optimistic in a practical way. He never descended to verse, but wrote like Ossian at times, and at other times had the delicacy of Maurice Thompson. The restrictions of meter and rhyme were unbearable to him, and he chafed under the unavoidable restrictions of the language and the bondage that he called the tyranny of the types. He had the freedom of a bird in his writing because he took it; and sometimes there would be in his editorial page expressions which made Walt Whitman seem like a purist, and Tolstoy read like a young ladies' mentor. There has been a good deal of talk lately about the literature of the West, but when in years to come the gems of English in the West are collected, some of his prose poems will be there. They do not belong to any class now recognized in literature, because they are his very own. They were published among the other editorials in *The Gate City* on Sundays, and they are too varied to illustrate by the scant quotation this space allows. About the time of his death, Iowa papers reprinted a number which he did not write because they appeared after his final illness took him from his work. The best one he ever wrote, perhaps, was about three hundred words on a summer night: he was racked with pain and could not sleep nor lie still in bed: he got up and wrote the article in his bedroom, and it contains nothing but brightness and the poetry of optimism as seen by one who saw more from the window of a chamber of pain than other men see in a lifetime of joy. His personal equation always appeared true in his writings, regardless of his sufferings at the time—and he suffered greatly at times, for he was never robust. He liked best to write about the heart of nature and the hearts of men: the things that are remembered the best belong in this class. One time he wrote of the scene in a country store, and its realism was superb—one can see yet the woman rubbing the edge of a piece of calico between her thumb and finger as she bargains with the clerk.

Of all his years of writing only one generalization can be made. The governor of his actions was his heart. True, he could fight with a broadsword and never used foils or mask in merely fencing with an adversary; but the men with whom he fought the hardest battles were the ones with whom he felt the greatest sympathy. The only exception was toward the man who had done him unjust and personal harm; that man was carved with a scimitar and the fragments burnt to ashes. The reason that men say he was a poor politician is that he generally allowed his judgment to be overcome by his heart, and always let his selfishness be warped by his sympathy. He delighted to appall his party with a half column of praise of somebody in the opposition who was an actual or prospective candidate; the opposition press always had scrap books full of his praise of men whom he was later fighting in a political way; his answer always was that the candidate was a fine man, but the party he represented made it a calamity to elect him. Everybody smiled, because everybody knew that Sam. M. Clark could no more keep from warming the hearts of others with the radiant heat of his own than the rain from heaven can keep from falling on the just and the unjust alike.

This poetry of temperament and warmth of heart made him like a woman, as his strength of character and depth of philosophy made him a virile man. He would hurl thunderbolts with one hand and plant violets with the other. He came nearer a perfect understanding of woman-kind than any other man has reached; and more women read what he wrote than has been the good fortune of any other western editor. He married Kate Avery Farrar in 1868, and she died in 1885. He was in love with his wife with the fervor of a schoolboy until the day of his own death. He never coquetted with women and met them only intellectually; but all women who read him admired him, and some of the old subscribers to his paper looked upon his writings as being almost if not quite inspired. This was one reason of his ex-cathedra power in public affairs of all kinds.

He was ambitious to a high degree—ambitious for one thing which considered the political honors he received as of secondary importance. The height of his ambition was to be admired and honored and loved in the homes of his district. To this he attained, and he valued it more than to be president. There was something of his philosophy in this. He spoke once of a number of forgotten books and authors, and compared them with his own continuing influence upon the people around him. He had rather be in the citadel of regard of a thousand people nearest at hand than to be elected president of his country by hundreds of thousands of people who did not know him.

All his work in life was the outgrowth of, and was similar to, his work on his paper. In Congress he had a judicial mind, great tolerance for others, praise for many, and abiding faith in the people. One of his first speeches there was on trusts, and it was scholarly, clear, cogent, conclusive and illuminating as an argument made at a time when that economic problem had just been discovered. One of his last speeches was on the subject of territorial expansion, and its theme was that God intended this country to grow in its geography, and hence to keep the South Sea Islands was but to obey the law of Omnipotence which would be enforced anyhow. He also spoke on pensions, army reorganization and other matters in the gamut between the acme of logic and the acme of poetry found alike in his first and last addresses upon the floor of Congress. He never liked anything that took him away from *The Gate City*, and he did not enjoy his congressional career as much as he did writing for his paper.

He came home from Washington broken down in health. People had been expecting his frail body to succumb to the strain he put upon it for thirty years. He gradually gave up his work during the winter of 1899-1900, and by slow gradations sank into the grave. He died August 11, 1900, in the home where most of his work had been done. To his one child, Arthur Farrar Clark, he left a heritage in the minds

and hearts of the people, and a comfortable fortune. His funeral was a civic ceremony attended by public men from the farthest corners of the State and by literally everybody in Keokuk. By the side of the officials was a colored man and his wife weeping bitter tears; and never before or since has every part of the heterogenous mass that is called a city been represented as it was there. He was laid to rest in the beautiful Oakland cemetery with many men famed in national history as his neighbors.

His last public address was at Salem, Iowa, July 4, 1900.

His last editorial was a warm eulogy upon Judge A. J. McCrary, who was about to move from Keokuk to New York: it appeared July 29, 1900. He was then supposed to be too weak to write, but the incentive of saying a good word for a friend moved the pen in his hand. The next preceding article he published was a long review of a little book on Paidō-Theology, by Rev. Dr. J. A. Boatman, of Keokuk. One of the last things he wrote was a column leader upon the life and services of Senator Gear, in the issue of July 15, 1900.

His last words were spoken to a medical student at his bedside. Just before he died, Mr. Clark said:

“Throughout thy life always keep the infinity of spirit, and through all thy work do not lose sight of the Lord.”

Iowa editors called him their dean, and every newspaper in Iowa published an article on his life and work. The sum total left much omitted. This sketch is an attempt to give a broad idea of the man; and at its end as in the beginning one is driven back to the same despairing cry, What shall we say of him? He was a great force, and like the other forces must be studied through his manifestations which still leave much that is puzzling except to the deepest delver, and too much that is paradoxical at first glance. To know him was a treat; to be associated with him was an education in itself.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D. 24TH, IA.

(Continued from the January, 1901, number of the Record.)



JUNE 3, 11 A. M. We left camp for the reconnoissance, at the time appointed, and we only came back yesterday evening; and so we were gone four days instead of two.

Something of special interest transpired during that reconnoissance. On May 30th, about 8:30 P. M., when it was very dark, our column was following the road in the timber and along a bayou about 50 feet wide, when all at once a squad of guerillas, who were hidden in the timber on the other side of the bayou, fired a volley of musketry just as our regiment passed by them. Captain Paul of Company "K" was killed, and four men were wounded. Our regiment was certainly taken by surprise there. The arms were not loaded, but they were soon loaded, and a few shots fired in the direction of the rebel fire. But it was so dark we could not see anything across the bayou. Although the bayou was dry in some places, there was about four or five feet of water where the firing occurred and it would have been useless to attempt to cross it.

The guerillas did not fire on any of the regiments ahead of us, but they opened on one regiment behind ours, which belongs to the 19th Corps. But that regiment as well as all the others following ours, having heard the firing ahead of them, loaded their arms and were ready to fire at any moment, so that when the rebels fired on them, they returned the fire immediately, and the rebels ran into the timber, leaving a few killed and wounded behind them.

We were then about twenty miles south of Morganzia Bend. I think that little bayou runs into Bayou Grosse Tête, or Big Head. General Lawler had the command of the troops on this reconnoissance.

June 3, 12 M. The mail is going out in a few minutes, so I will close. We expect to leave here at any moment. Destination unknown. It may be Carrollton or Baton Rouge.

On May 30, we marched about twenty-five miles and stopped to bivouac for the balance of the night. We were then about five or six miles east of the River Atchafalaya. Next day, May 31, we turned around, marched twelve miles and stopped there until yesterday at 4 P. M., when we resumed our march towards Morganzia Bend, where we arrived about 7 P. M.

XLIII.

MORGANZIA BEND, LA., June 9, 1864.

I learned a few days ago that the rebels had fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery planted near Columbia, and that the Mississippi River was blockaded there. Yesterday afternoon a few steamers passed here, coming from the North, which indicates that the rebels must have been dislodged, that they have raised the blockade, and have probably gone to try some other points on the river.

We received a mail this morning. We had not received any for six days. The mail will leave here tomorrow at 11 A. M., when I will send you this.

Since the 3d, inst. I have been very busy, not only with the every day duty with the company, but also in drilling the recruits who came to us near Alexandria, La. I like to drill them myself. I know by experience that the first principles of instruction given to recruits, are the ones they will remember the longest, and it is important that they should be given right. I only commenced to drill them for good on the 5th, inst., and I must say that in four days—drilling twice a day, two and a half hours per day, or one and a fourth hours each time—they have improved considerable, and I think that in about two weeks they will be nearly as well drilled as the old soldiers. They were drilled somewhat before, but only what they really needed to know in order to do camp and picket duty, and go into a battle. But I now drill them systematic-

ally. I do not want to drill them very long at a time, but I improve the time while at it.

Since the 2d, inst., the weather has been very changeable. We had rains at intervals. Thunder showers most every day. Very hot and unhealthy.

Among the recruits who left Iowa and who joined our company near Alexandria, seven are now sick in hospital. They are: J. S. Foote, C. W. Tappan, C. Tappan, J. P. Ohl, S. S. Spielman, R. Gary and P. H. Germain. They came to us just as the hot weather was setting in, and they had a rather hard introduction during the retreat on the Red River campaign, as we often had to march during the night, which is certainly more tiresome than in the day time. As few of them were used to long marches and fatigues it was natural that some of them should have given out.

The following have left Iowa, but have not joined the company yet, and are sick in hospital, either in Memphis or New Orleans: O. B. Ford, C. W. Hill, D. P. Hawthorn, and L. Hawthorn.

The following have left Iowa, but have died never having joined the company: Timothy Hunter, Noah Miller, and Edward F. Holcomb.

The following recruits who have joined the company, are generally in good health, and seem to get used to the climate, fatigues, change of diet, etc.: B. A. Herrington, A. J. Morford, J. Morford, D. M. Reed, S. Akerly, T. Evans, E. C. Gary, S. Jones, J. E. Spencer, J. A. Trimble, J. M. Trimble, J. Walker, C. W. White, M. F. Ardrey, S. Hopkins, J. Knot, W. A. J. Hill, R. Axtel, J. Hurley, C. W. Romp, J. W. Gordon, and C. Westfall.

A few officers and several enlisted men have been granted furloughs during the last few months. I intended to ask for one, but I could not go while Captain Casebeer was absent on recruiting service in Iowa, as I was the only commissioned officer present with the company. Our First Lieutenant, J. R. Gould, has been detached at Brigade Headquarters nearly

the whole time since we arrived at Helena, Arkansas, in November, 1862. Captain Casebeer returned to the company on the 3d of last May, but he has not been present for duty but a few days, and he has now made application to get his discharge for disability. I think it will be granted. Consequently it would be useless for me to apply for a furlough, as there must always be at least one commissioned officer with the company. My health being good, I think it best for me to remain here.

The war news is as follows: I think that aside from the Red River campaign which was a failure, the war news are somewhat encouraging. Although General Grant has gained some successes over rebel General Lee, he will probably lose several thousand men before the rebel capital will be in our possession. In the several engagements fought between Grant and Lee, during the first part of last May, including May 8, our losses were probably not less than 30,000 men. The rebel losses were probably as heavy, although they had the advantage of occupying good positions, and also of knowing the ground upon which they were fighting, better than our men did. But I have faith in General Grant's military genius, and although General Lee seems to be a match for him, yet, I hope he will come out all right at the end.

XLIV.

THIBODEAUX, LA., June 30, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my number 43 at Morganzia Bend, except that we moved several times. June 13, we—our brigade, composed of the 24th and 28th Iowa, the 29th Wisconsin and the 47th Indiana—left Morganzia Bend for Carrollton, La., where we arrived next day. We encamped at the same place we occupied last fall. June 21 we left Carrollton, marched ten miles going up the river, and encamped at Kennerville, where we remained until June 26 in the afternoon, when we received order to immediately get on board a steamer. Our destination was Algiers, where we

arrived the same day, about 8 P. M. About 9 P. M. we boarded the train. Destination Terre Bonne, where we arrived next morning at day-break. We immediately got off the train, and marched to Thibodeaux, about four miles north of Terre Bonne, fifty-six miles west of New Orleans, and where we are now. Thibodeaux looks like an important place, and seems to be a center of trade for cotton growing and sugar producing surroundings. June 23, we received pay for the months of March and April. I intend to go to New Orleans next week, to express some money home, and at the same time purchase a few things I need.

The health of the troops here is generally good. During the last three weeks we have been having some very hot weather, and we had rain—thunder showers—nearly every day.

XLV.

ALGIERS, LA., July 10, 1864.

Very little of particular interest has transpired since I wrote my number 44, at Thibodeaux, on June 30, except that on the 7th, instant at day break, we left that place, and by railroad moved to Algiers, where we arrived the same day at 4 P. M. On our arrival here we found nearly the whole of the 19th Army Corps. The first division of this corps has already left Algiers, and has embarked on board some transports, with ten days' rations. Their destination is unknown. They went down the river. We may follow them soon.

On the 8th, instant, I was in New Orleans, and sent you seventy dollars, by Adams' Express Company. I also got my picture taken again, and I am now sending it to you. It cost me three dollars including the frame.

We are now on the eve of a new campaign, and I think it will be a hard one, and I have no doubt that many of us will fall; and if I should happen to be of that number, you will keep this picture as the last image of my person. And as I am sending it to you in a double frame, I wish you would place yours with it.

Captain Casebeer—our captain—has resigned, that is he is discharged for disability. He left us yesterday. I bade him good-bye, and wished him good luck through life. And so I am again the only commissioned officer with the company, but everything is running smooth just the same.

XLVI.

ALGIERS, LA., July 16, 1864.

Although nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my number 45, I am writing again.

On July 12, I sent you a copy of the *New Orleans Times*, and also one on the 13th, and yesterday I received the number of the *Iowa City Republican*, of June 29, you sent me.

On the 13th, inst., I sent you by express an album, also my picture in a double frame and seven photographs. I paid two dollars for express freight. You will keep the picture in the frame and one photograph for yourself, and dispose of the others as you think best.

I must say here that the 13th Army Corps—our corps—is discontinued. Our division under the command of General McGinnis is, in one sense of the word, “independent” and without number. It is composed of Western regiments. Some say we are called the “Western division,” but I have not seen any order to that effect. Our brigade is now composed of the 24th and 28th Iowa, 8th and 47th Indiana, and the 29th Wisconsin.

The 11th Indiana and 22nd Iowa are transferred to the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 19th Army Corps, and have received orders to be ready to move from here at a moment's notice. Their teams are already on board a transport. We may also leave here soon, although we have not yet received any order to that effect. It would not surprise me if our division would remain here for sometime and occupy the fortifications around New Orleans, because I have no doubt that after the biggest part of our army leaves this place, that the rebels will make reconnoissances around here, and especially along the railroad

between Algiers and Brashear City, and other points where they might try to hurt us.

I am sending you a supplement to the *New Orleans Weekly Era* containing an oration delivered at Thibodeaux on the 4th instant by S. Sawyer, Chaplain of the 47th Indiana Volunteers. I think it is good.

Since I wrote my number 45, we have been having nice weather; very little rain. Very hot; but we generally have a good breeze from the gulf.

XLVII.

ALGIERS, LA., July 18, 1864.

Very little of special interest has transpired since I wrote my number 46, except that yesterday, the 22d Iowa went on board a transport. Destination unknown. They went down the river. They will probably go to re-enforce General Grant. We may follow them soon, although we have not received any order to that effect yet. I will now say a few words about our currency.

It is astonishing to see how our paper money has depreciated in value during the last year. Two years ago it was worth about 90 cents on the dollar; it is now worth hardly 40 cents. A year ago the dollar in gold was worth only \$1.50 in paper money; it is now worth nearly \$3. I hope our government will soon be able to remedy such a state of affairs. It costs now about two and a half millions of dollars per day to carry on the war, and yet we cannot give it up until the rebellion is crushed.

The currency of the confederate states is much worse than ours. A dollar of their paper money is hardly worth 10 cents in gold, and I do not think they can remedy the condition. It will probably keep decreasing in proportion to the successes of our arms; and as soon as the rebellion is put down, it may not be worth one cent on the dollar.

XLVIII.

ALGIERS, LA., July 21, 1864, 6 P. M.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon, we received orders to pack up immediately, and be ready to go on board a transport. Destination unknown, but it will probably be for Petersburg or Richmond, and in a few days we will probably be on a new theater of war.

In less than an hour after we had received the order, we had everything packed up, and we are now waiting for the order "Fall in."

A few days ago we turned over our Enfield rifles which had become much worn by service, and we received new Springfield rifled muskets and accoutrements. I like the change very much. Although the Enfield is intended for target practice as far as 900 yards and is very accurate, and the Springfield is intended to practice only as far as 600 yards, yet, I consider the latter superior to the Enfield, as the lock springs are very strong, and they hardly ever miss fire, while the lock springs of the Enfield are rather weak, and the men often have to try twice before the load goes off, which is quite a disadvantage in battle.

XLIX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31, 1864, 7 A. M.

I suppose that you will be surprised to see that this letter is written in the capital of the United States, while ten days ago we were still near New Orleans, La. I just received word that the mail is going out in half an hour, and I am writing you in a hurry to inform you of our movements.

July 22, at 9 A. M., the steamer "Star of the South," on board of which was our regiment and a part of the 8th Indiana, left Algiers. Colonel Wilds, commanding our regiment, had the command of the detachment, was ordered to go down the river and into the Gulf of Mexico. He had sealed orders which he was not to open until after passing the bar at the mouth of the river. The weather was clear. About 9 P. M. we arrived at the mouth of the river and stopped there over

night. Next day, about 4:30 A. M., we weighed anchor and got in motion, and bade adieu to the "Father of Waters," and after having crossed the bar, which is rather dangerous during the night, we soon got into the Gulf.

The 28th Iowa and the 29th Wisconsin, who were on board another transport, and who had left Algiers the day before, were stopped on the sand bar. We passed them. We have not seen them since. As soon as we passed them our commander unsealed the order, and we soon learned that our destination was "Fortress Monroe" at the mouth of James River. We then traveled in a south-easterly direction. We left the Mississippi River by the southwest pass. The weather was calm during the day, but toward evening we had a fair breeze, the steamer began to rock, and several men got sea sick, which is somewhat amusing for those who are all right.

July 24, nice and calm. Direction east southeast. Towards evening we got a refreshing shower. We were then already about the 27th degree of latitude north. Very hot.

July 25, continuation of calm, and same direction. About 4 P. M., we passed within about four miles of the Key West light house. We could just see the tops of the buildings in Key West.

July 26, rather strong breeze from the west northwest. Our direction was east. July 27, strong breeze again in the morning, but calm in the afternoon. Our direction was the same. July 28, direction north, northeast until noon, then north. Same day during the afternoon we got sight of land. Saw Cape Hatteras. From there we were nearly always in sight of land, that is about nine or ten miles from it. July 29, continuation of nice and calm weather. Nice breeze. About 5 P. M., we arrived at Fortress Monroe, where we received orders to go to Washington, where orders would be given us by General Halleck. We went by Chesapeake Bay. The 30th, about 9 A. M., we got to the mouth of the Potomac River, and about 6 P. M. we arrived at Alexandria, where we disembarked, as the "Star of the South" could not sail up as far as Washington, and we had to transfer all our goods on a

ferry boat to go to Washington, where we arrived about 9:30 P. M. We immediately unloaded our goods upon the wharf, made down our beds and slept till morning.

We are here near the river, and outside of the city. We expect to be ordered away from here at any moment. Destination unknown, but probably Harper's Ferry. Nothing extraordinary transpired during our voyage from Algiers to Washington; and with the exception of several cases of sea sickness—which is rather beneficial to health—everything passed off very pleasantly, and the men are apparently enjoying good health. I was not sea sick. It seems as though traveling on water agrees with me as well as on land. Excuse this writing, for on this, as well as on many previous occasions, I am using my knee for a writing desk.

L.

MONACACY BRIDGE, MARYLAND, August 4, 1864.

I will now give you a continuation of our movements since I wrote my Number 49, at Washington, D. C., on July 31.

July 31, about noon, we received orders to pack up immediately to go to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot. We left in Washington some clothing that the men could easily get along without on a march; also company field desks, mess boxes, and some camp and garrison equipage. In other words we kept just what we really need for a campaign, in light marching order. Our trains are reduced to only two wagons by regiment. The officers keep with them only what is absolutely necessary in the field. During our campaigns in Louisiana we generally had four or five wagons by regiment, so that the men were allowed transportation for a part of camp and garrison equipage, during the march.

Same day, July 31, about 2:30 P. M., we marched to the depot, which was only about one and a half miles from where we had disembarked. To get there we went across some parts of the city, parts east, south and southwest, and which are not very thickly settled. At the first glance I took at that city, it appeared to me not as a city such as I expected

to see for the capital of the United States, but rather as a common city in appearance, and which I compare to Iowa City, except that the streets are generally wider. They are well laid out according to the four cardinal points; in many places they are paved, other parts are macadamized, while others are bare ground. We see very few blocks entirely occupied, thus leaving a good many vacant spaces between the houses. And the city looks as if it is composed of several little towns. The ground upon which the city is situated looks somewhat like that of Iowa City, partly level and partly hilly, especially the eastern part. In the principal streets we crossed, especially near the capitol, we saw quite a number of four and five story brick or stone houses, also a few of marble, and also some nice frame buildings. I did not have the pleasure of visiting the city as I wished to, and only had time to cast a glance at it in a hurry, while marching and also while near the railroad, but the depot grounds being lower than most parts of the city; we could see but very little from there. I did not have the pleasure of seeing the White House. We passed within about 500 yards of the capitol, which appeared to me as one of the nicest and largest buildings I have ever seen. It is built of white marble and appears to be of retangular shape. It is of four or five stories, and is surmounted by a nice dome. It appears to be about 200 yards long and and about 150 yards wide.

The heat was intense on the 31st, and while we marched through the city; and it was very dusty in most of the streets, which often kept us from answering the greetings of the people, and especially the ladies, who were not afraid to come en masse, where we passed, to bid us "welcome."

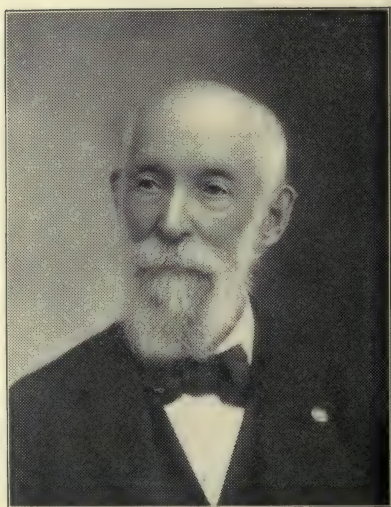
Before time to board the train we were taken to the Soldiers' Home, where we had a splendid supper consisting of ham, bread and butter, and coffee with milk; everything excellent, and was highly appreciated by all, especially that we had nice ladies to wait on us, who, with a pleasant smile on their faces, asked us a thousand and one questions such as where we belong, where we came from, the State we

belong to, etc. They were surprised to hear that we were from Iowa, as our regiment is the first Iowa regiment that came through Washington. And I must say that it made us rejoice to see that, after soldiering for twenty months in an enemy's country where most of the people did not seem to have much sympathy for the Union soldier, we are now among friends. That did us good. It made us feel at home.

When we went to Louisiana last year, we got there gradually, and did not notice very much difference between the ways of the people of the two sections of the country, but this time that we were carried so suddenly from one part of the country to the other, the difference seems more striking. And taking everything into consideration, such as climate, pure water, etc., I prefer to live in the North.

We did not stop long in Washington, and on that same day, July 31, at 7 P. M., we boarded the train going towards Baltimore, Maryland. We passed by Elkridge Landing, about thirty miles from Washington, and turned to the left, and came to Monocacy Bridge, about fifty miles from Elkridge Landing, and eighty miles from Washington. We arrived here next morning at 5:30. As we traveled on the railroad mostly during the night, I cannot say much about the country between Washington and Monocacy; but from what little I have seen in the day time, it looks very much like that around Iowa City, that is, hills and valleys. There is considerable timber and open country. We see very few large farms. They have nice orchards of apple, pear and peach trees. There is blue rock in large quantity. We see now and then some lime kilns. The soil is rather light and not very rich, and much gravel and little stones are found on the surface. There is also considerable marble, which would make a fortune in a thickly settled country. The crops of rye, winter wheat and oats, appear to have been good. The harvesting of grains is over, and stacking is nearly all done. The corn crop is not very heavy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE LAST OF THE MUS-QUA-KIES.

BY HORACE M. REBOK.

[These pages on the Musquakies (otherwise known as the Foxes) are reprinted from a monograph written by Horace M. Rebok, and published by W. R. Funk, Dayton, Ohio. Through the courtesy of the publisher the State Historical Society of Iowa is enabled to give to the readers of THE RECORD the results of Mr. Rebok's investigations.]



HIS brief narrative is of a people especially interesting among the tribes of North American Indians on account of their innate ability to resist the forces of that environment which we call civilization.

Four hundred members of a prehistoric race, residing on a little less than eight acres of land, per capita, among the hills, groves, and meadows which skirt the banks of the beautiful Iowa River, enjoying the rude, wild life, and cherishing the customs of their ancestors of centuries ago, relishing the dog feast and growing zealous in the medicine dance, marrying and divorcing as their fathers did before the light of Christianity reached the banks of the Mississippi River,* without church-house or school,† or a single communicant of Protestant

* In the Musquakie tongue, *Messa sepo*, great river.

† A day-school, with one teacher, was maintained at Federal expense at irregular priods, 1876-1897, but was a failure. In 1896, Congress appropriated thirty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a boarding-school, which was opened September, 1898, and closed its first year, June 30, 1899, with an attendance of fifty pupils, but the following year many of the Indians withdrew their children from the school.

or Catholic faith, although for many years devoted missionaries have faithfully ministered to their physical wants and zealously tried to make the story of Christ music to their barbaric ears and comfort to their disquieted souls, clinging firmly and steadfastly in life and in the hour of death to the superstitions of their ancestral warriors, has been such an anomaly in the history of North American Indians as has staggered the faith of the most zealous believers in the capacity of the American people for the assimilation of a race alien to our blood and institutions, but native to our soil. But such is no overdrawn picture of Indian life as it is presented by a little band of Musquakies,* as they have resided in the heart of the great and progressive State of Iowa for half a century.

There have been many erroneous notions in vogue as to the meaning of the name and the date of its origin. A story has been current that the name originated at the outbreak of the Black Hawk war, and that it signifies "coward," and was applied to the Foxes by the Sacs as a term of reproach because they refused to take part in the hostilities led by Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs. No interpretation could be further from the truth. The name is of much earlier origin, and is believed to have been the ancient name used among Indians to distinguish this tribe from other tribes before they came in contact with the white man. Literally translated, the name means red earth,† and every Musquakie interrogated on the subject will maintain with great earnestness that when the Indian race was created, his tribe was the first created, was made of red earth, and as soon as the *Ke-che Man-i-to*, or Great Spirit, had created them, he pronounced the word, "Musquakie,"

*The spelling here used is that adopted by the Indians themselves and by the people of Iowa among whom they reside. Francis Parkman uses the form Musquawkies in his "A Half-Century of Conflict," and the Smithsonian Institute has adopted the spelling Muskwaki; but I know of no reason why either of these forms should be preferred to the local spelling, Musquakies. In a certificate of good character given the chief of the tribe in 1824 by John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and in possession of the present chief of the tribe, these people are referred to as the Musquky Nation. "Their real name is Musquakies."—*Note to Paris Doc. II., N. Y. Col. Hist., IX., 161.*

† *Mus-gua*, red, and *kie* or *kee*, earth.

and gave it to them as a name for their people forever, thus distinguishing and honoring above all others the first tribe created. The Musquakies were known in the Algonquin tongue as the *Outagamies*, signifying "foxes," from which the French called them Renards, and the Americans, Foxes, and they are the Foxes of the confederated tribe known in treaties with the Federal Government as the Sac and Fox of the Mississippi. The Sacs now live in Oklahoma, the Foxes, in Iowa.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE MUSQUAKIES.

The Musquakies of Iowa are the remnant of a mighty race that played a conspicuous part in the tragic scenes of the great Northwest while England and France were struggling for vantage-ground among the warring tribes of that covetable territory; and later in the early days of our Republic, when the pioneers with their families and little fortunes were laying the foundation for the present States of Illinois and Wisconsin, and blazing a pathway for civilization in the vast region beyond. Prior to the middle of the eighteenth century the Musquakies were a distinct nation, and for a full century they had swayed to and fro through the forests and over the prairies of the Northwest, the terror of every other tribe and the firebrands of civilization.* Their earlier haunts are hidden among the mysteries of the unwritten history of the continent, but tradition clearly points to their having once lived along the waters of the St. Lawrence, while there is some evidence that Rhode Island was their home before the internecine conquests of the Iroquois had made the ancient habitations of weaker tribes a solitude, and driven their surviving members into the wilderness of the West. Caleb Atwater, who was a commissioner of the United States at the Indian conference at Prairie du Chien in 1829, and who visited the Musquakies in their village on the west bank of the Mississippi opposite Rock Island,†

* Parkman "A Half-Century of Conflict," Vol. I., Ch. XIV., The Outagamie War.

† Ossem Menes, Rock Island.

declared that the Foxes, according to their account of themselves, must have resided in Rhode Island originally, and have been driven from thence on the death and overthrow of King Philip. "I have arrived at this conclusion very unexpectedly to myself," says Mr. Atwater, "from the very correct description of the physical features of that district and the clear and interesting account they gave me of those wars." There can be little doubt that the Musquakies once inhabited the country along the Atlantic seaboard, but the time of their migration to the Northwest must have been before King Philip's War. This zealous and ill-fated Wampanoag chief was overthrown in 1676, and as early as 1634* Jean Nicolet, serving under Samuel de Champlain, governor of New France, in hope of finding a westward passage to China by way of the Great Lakes, made his way to the west shore of Lake Michigan and the Green Bay country, and recorded the presence of the Foxes among the Indian tribes in that locality.† And again, in 1667, or nine years before Philip's conspiracy against the settlers of Massachusetts, Claude Allouez, a French Jesuit, who came as a missionary among the Algonquin tribes about the Great Lakes, found on the Wolf River, in Wisconsin, a Musquakie village containing a thousand warriors.‡ At that time this number of warriors represented a camp of nearly five thousand souls, and it is therefore evident that the great body, if not all, of the Musquakies had passed from the east side of the Great Lakes to the Green Bay country at an earlier date. These Indians relate to this day that the first white men their people saw were Englishmen; the next nationality they came in contact with was the French; that the French were hostile to them and allied other tribes against them and finally drove them westward and across the lakes.§ The stories of the stirring events that filled these years with deeds

*Cartier to Frontenac—Winsor, 152.

† Wisconsin State Historical Society, Report III., 126.

‡ The Jesuit Relation, I.L., 43.

§ "This powerful and restless tribe play a conspicuous part in history, being the only Algonquin tribe on whom the French ever made war."—Shea, in *Wis. Hist. Col.* III., 127.

of war and scenes of carnage, and finally wrought such havoc in the life of the tribe, are subjects for tradition and camp-fire tales to this day among the elders of the tribe. In the warm summer days it is not uncommon to see an old man with his blanket spread upon the ground and himself disrobed of all garments excepting the breech-cloth, basking in the sunshine and teaching his grandchildren and the young men of the tribe the traditions of former years when the Musquakies acknowledged no sovereign and feared no foe.

Among the Indian population focused near the Green Bay of Lake Michigan and on Fox River, in 1712, Francis Parkman mentions the "Outagamies, or Foxes, a formidable tribe, a source of endless trouble to the French." What the Iroquois had been in the East in the seventeenth century, the Musquakies were in the Northwest about a century later. The French sought to hold all the tribes of the Northwest in friendly alliance, and the Dutch and English traders of the East, through the friendly mediation of the Iroquois and the temptation of cheap rum, planned to disturb the tranquility of the French and designed to destroy their fur trade. A firm alliance was formed with the Kickapoos and Mascoutins, with the Rock River* as a base of operation, and with these allies the Musquakies held sway over nearly all of the present States of Illinois and Wisconsin.† They thus sought to beat back the Eastern tribes from encroaching upon the west and to hold the Sioux and other tribes from encroaching upon them from the west and north and opening up communication with the East. The tribes occupying middle ground and refusing to ally their destinies with that of the Musquakies were doomed to flight or the cruel fate of the war club and scalping-knife. In their wars for dominion the Musquakies were tireless, relentless, and wantonly bloody, and themselves finally offered

* Ossem-a-sepo, from ossem, rock, and sepo, river. The connecting vowel is here introduced solely for euphony, as is common in the language of the tribe, which is much more rhythmical than that of many of their Algonquin neighbors.

† N. Y. Col. Hist., IX, 889.

a greater sacrifice to their inordinate ambition than any other tribe of the Northwest suffered for similar reason. Other tribes there were who suffered total extinction in defensive warfare, but there were none whose numbers were so reduced from love of conquest.

In the spring of 1712 the Musquakies, with a small band of Mascoutin allies, numbering in all about three hundred warriors and seven hundred old men, women, and children, suddenly appeared before Fort Detroit. Friction between the commandant of the fort and the Indians soon arose and subsequently led to open hostilities and to one of the bloodiest battles in the history of Indian warfare. The French were now able to ally against the Musquakies every tribe that had suffered loss of dominion or prowess at their hands, and when the outbreak came the Musquakies found arrayed against them not only the French garrison, but deadly enemies from among the warriors of the Hurons, Ottawas, Pottawottomies, Ojibwas, Misisagas, Sacs, Menominees, Illinois, Missouries, and "other tribes yet more remote." Among this motley crowd, outnumbering the Musquakies four to one, were haughty warriors whose hearts wrung with revenge for wrongs unatoned, but when the war-whoops arose from the French fort a furious and defiant answer came hot from the throats of the Musquakies. For nineteen days a murderous siege was kept up between the opposing hordes of savages, and then the Musquakies evaded their foes under cover of the night and intrenched themselves again a few miles distant, only to surrender to a miserable fate four days later. The men who did not escape in the night were shot to furnish amusement for their captors, and the women and children were carried into slavery as the spoils of war.*

The French were making a desperate struggle to control the fur trade of the West. With peace among the tribes their chances were good, but with inter-tribal wars and attacks

* Parkman, "A Half-Century of Conflict," I., 270-286.

on their traders the thrifty merchants of New York were sure to demoralize their trade. The memories of Detroit were fresh in the minds of all when the Musquakies revived their old feud with the Illinois.* It was an unhappy day for both the French and the Musquakies when, influenced by English traders or seized by a savage frenzy, the bonds of peace were again broken between Father Onantio and his children. From this time until their subjugation in 1732 the forests of the Northwest rung with the hideous war-cries of Musquakie demons scenting for the blood of the French and their allies.

For a time the French sought the pacification of the tribe by every means of cajolery and intimidation. At one time the Musquakie prisoners were burned to death by slow fire as a warning to their survivors, and again, their prisoners were returned unharmed as an evidence of love and friendship.† But it was the hazard of the cost that gave the French pause. To strike and fail stayed the hand of not only the commandants of the French forts, but called from the king an order to chance not blood and treasure in so doubtful an undertaking.‡

The Musquakies were skilled in the arts of statecraft to a surprising degree, in the hard school of experience. The impending danger of racial extinction had made their minds as active and resourceful as their limbs nimble. From the very nature of the contest, hostilities could not be limited to the French on one side and the Musquakies on the other, but other tribes were compelled to ally their fortunes with one or the other antagonist. Alliances were easily made and enforced, and when another peace conference was proposed at Montreal, in 1718, it is distinctly mentioned that "Ouchata and the war

* Report, Lewis and Clark, American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I., 711., "To them is justly attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouries, the Illinois, the Cahokias, Kaskaskias, and Peorias."

† *Memoir De Lignery*, 1726, Wis. Hist. Col. I., 22-23.

‡ *Memoire du Roy*, 29 April, 1727, cited by Parkman. This order was about three years after the Colonial Minister of France declared the king's policy toward the Musquakies by announcing to the army in America that "his majesty will reward the officer who will reduce, or rather destroy them." Also, *Paris Docs.*, VIII., N. Y. Col. Hist., IX., 1005.

chiefs of the Foxes, *with a train of their allies*, the Puans, (Winnebagoes), Sauks, Kickapoos, Mascoutins, and Sioux" were invited. The contest here going on was more than individual revenge or tribal frenzy. The people of the Algonquin tongue had been thrown into the Northwest country with the Huron-Iroquois on the east, the Dakotas on the west, and a strange people from over the sea, with strange tongues, were closing in upon them from both the north and the south. To the Musquakies the only way out was to fight their way out, and they became at once the representatives and champions of the instincts of their race.

Events were now crowding upon each other to hasten the final struggle between nature and her despoiler, as if earth thirsted again for the blood of her children. Shall a Frenchman or an Englishman tan a mink hide or get the profit on a pelt?—that was the question. France soon determined that her trade could not exist in the new territory so long as the Musquakies continued a formidable power, and, since they could not be pacified, they must be exterminated. The king determined this course, and in 1723 the colonial minister declared, "His majesty will reward the officer who will reduce, or rather destroy them." The Canadian governors, fearing the outcome, were slow to undertake the task, and the hour was deferred when tempest and storm should be stilled by the agonies of an expiring race. When the crisis came the Musquakies hazarded all for the religion of their fathers. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was the inspiring doctrine that guided each blow, whether directed by a savage or a Christian, and earth drank deep of the blood of both. What savagery the instincts of the race did not give, French brandy, English rum, and the duplicity of the white man supplied. The French had planned an unequal match, and were fanning the embers of ancient animosities against the Musquakies about the camp-fires of every tribe that emissaries could reach, and were welcoming every means that could be evoked in assisting them in the mad determination

to exterminate their dreaded foes. In the earlier years of this internecine conflict, the Kickapoos and Mascoutins were allies of the Musquakies, but in the final blow, dealt by a union of the Hurons, Iroquois, and Ottawas, in the winter of 1732, they gave aid and comfort to the foes of their former friends.* The disasters of that winter were so great that frequent stories were current, and even one semi-official report was made that the Musquakies had been exterminated.† As we now well know, this report, so pleasing to the French, did not prove to be true. The Musquakies had been greatly weakened and deeply humiliated, but not destroyed. In 1667, before their conquests for dominion over the hunting-grounds between the Green Bay country and the Rock River, their warriors numbered a thousand strong. In 1718, six years after the disasters met at Fort Detroit, they were reported as five hundred warriors; in 1728, as two hundred; and in 1736, as having been reduced to one hundred.‡ But even with this small fighting force, peace did not come to the French forts and to the Musquakie villages until after Canada and the Northwest were transferred to Great Britain in 1763, at the close of the French and Indian Wars.

THE SAC AND FOX CONFEDERACY.§

Following the disasters of the recent wars, a closer alliance than previously existed was formed between the Foxes and

* Parkman "A Half-Century of Conflict," I., 330.

† Relation de la Defaite des Renards par les Sauvages Hurons et Iroquois, le 28 Fev. 1732.—*Archives de la Marine*, cited by Parkman.

‡ These figures are taken from French official reports found in N. Y. Col. Hist. In considering the population of the tribe at these different periods, it must be taken into account that prior to these wars the number of warriors was a much more accurate index to the population of the tribe than after the wars. Although women and children suffered greatly, their numbers were not reduced in the same proportion as those actively engaged. The report of 1718 says, "They number five hundred men and abound in women and children." "This nation, now migratory, consists, when not separated, still of one hundred men bearing arms."—*N. Y. Col. Hist.*, IX., 1055, *Enumeration of Indian Tribes*, 1736. Same authority gives Sakis (Sacs) at one hundred and fifty, but remarks that others count only one hundred and twenty.

§ In his autobiography, page 15, Black Hawk says that the union of the two tribes took place on the Sac River in Wisconsin—"The Foxes abandoned their villages and joined the

the Sacs.* The two tribes closely resembled each other in language, customs, and religion, and evidently had sprung from a common stock. Previous to their great reduction in the sanguinary conflicts of the preceding half-century, each tribe had asserted an independent sovereignty which found them as often arraigned against each other as in mutual defense. The new confederacy sought to terminate intertribal war and to strengthen the common defense. To these ends mutual obligations were imposed, but there was little community of interest or feeling beyond that arising from military necessity, and whether or not the terms of the compact warranted the steps, each tribe afterwards maintained the right to declare war and make treaties of peace, with both their white neighbors and with other Indian tribes, without the consent of the other party to the alliance. The new confederacy was not a new nation, even in the meager sense in which that term was understood among Indian tribes. It was merely an alliance defensive, and for the cessation of hostilities. Denationalization never took place on the one hand and assimilation on the other. Even the linking of the two tribes together in later years in treaties by the Federal Government did not amalgamate them, and no error could be more palpable than the popular one made by many writers and Government officials that they were "as one people." The ancient clans and a perfect line of chieftainship have been handed down in each tribe to the present day.

Sacs,"—but this Sac chief claims no further prestige for his nation by admitting that the arrangement was "mutually obligatory upon both parties." Fox tradition has it that the Sacs *came over* to the Foxes. If the union took place on the Sac River, the tribes did not long remain there, for the first military demonstration against them was within ten years after the formation of the confederacy and resulted in their expulsion from the Fox River in 1746. Prior to this union the Foxes had been the dominant tribe and in some of the early French documents the tribes are referred to as the "Fox and Saguis," notwithstanding the more euphonious and now generally accepted appellation, "Sac and Fox."

* At best we have only tradition and circumstantial evidence to assist us in fixing the time of this alliance, but it clearly took place after 1732 and prior to 1746, and the logical conclusion seems to be that it followed soon after the disasters of the former date. In 1729 the Foxes proposed a union with the Sinnekes (Senecas), and this was encouraged by the English authorities, but was prevented by the duplicity of a French trader who was in the Seneca country.—*N. Y. Col. Hist.*, V. 911.

From the time of this alliance until the social dissolution of the confederacy more than a century later, the movements of both tribes were mainly by the same rivers, over the same prairies, and through the same forests. By the two rivers of Wisconsin bearing the tribal names, the Sac and the Fox, the camp-fires of both nations burned brightly during the days of feasting and dancing in celebration of buried animosities and friendships resurrected. But the monotony of peace soon made the Foxes restive. As well cage an Abyssinian lion behind bars of bamboo as restrain a Musquakie warrior of the eighteenth century by the fetters of peace. Where books are short, memories are long; and the chastisements by the French were both unforgotten and unforgiven. Within a decade after their last humiliation, the Foxes again became a deadly menace to the French and levied heavy tribute on every cargo that sought passage through the Fox River.* This unwise course again cost the Foxes dearly, and in 1746 they, with their allies, were driven from the river bearing their name, and took refuge on the waters of the Wisconsin. The Sacs now established themselves in two well-constructed villages at Prairie du Sac, and the Foxes at Prairie du Chien, where they were later joined by the Sacs. For a hundred years the tribes followed the current of the Wisconsin to its confluence with the Mississippi and thence down that noble stream as far as the mouth of the Missouri. On its beautiful banks and its fertile valleys burned the lodge fires of three generations. In the main, the Foxes kept to the west bank of the Mississippi and the Sacs to the east. When the hunting and trapping season came in the fall of 1766, a general movement of Sacs set in from the Wisconsin towards the

* A story persistently told, but concerning which Parkman says contemporary documents are silent, runs like this: "A French trader named Marin determined to put an end to this sort of piracy on the Fox River, and accordingly organized a company of soldiers and Menominee Indians with whom he surprised and defeated the Foxes, first at Little Butte des Morts and later at Great Butte des Morts, and from this event these mounds are said to have taken their names." Marin, with the usual mendacity of man hunters, is said to have reported the destruction of the whole tribe. Various dates from 1725 to 1746 are assigned to this affair, but whatever there was of it in all probability occurred in connection with the campaigns against the Foxes, resulting in the migration of both the Sac and Fox Tribes to the Wisconsin River in 1746.

Rock River, and the following spring of 1767 witnessed busy scenes of village making and maize planting in the triangular valley formed by the confluence of the Rock River with the Mississippi, the establishment of Saukenuk made memorable in the traditions of the Sacs by the birth of the noted war chief Black Hawk, in the first year of its existence, and made famous sixty-five years later by the heroic but ill-advised efforts of that intrepid leader to recover the fields of his people and the graves of their fathers from the desecration of insolent and illegal squatters.

For nearly twenty-five year after Saukenuk became the center of the Sac population, the Foxes clung to their ancient haunts at Prairie du Chien.* The most conservative of all tribes, they have contested every lake and river from the St. Lawrence to the Iowa with the superior forces which have attended their fate. But it is interesting to note the recuperative power of these people after the hard lot which befell them on their expulsion from their old hunting-grounds in the country tributary to the Green Bay, and if French traders and hostile Indians are to be believed, the men among them who were able to bear arms were almost exterminated at the ill-fated battle of Butte des Morts, the Hill of the Dead. But a few years span the period between youth and manhood—old age lingers in the twilight while youth approaches with fleeting feet—and about the patches of corn and beans and along the river banks at Prairie du Chien, the young sons of Fox mothers, who had escaped the bullets of the French and the scalping-knife of their allies, sprung into strong and intrepid warriors in a few brief years. In 1763 the number of men in the Fox village was reported as three hundred and twenty;† in 1782 the chiefs and head men consorting at

* Wis. Hist. Col. XII., 87, 88.—The Foxes are supposed to have finally deserted Prairie du Chien about 1790, although they had villages down on the west bank of the Mississippi many years before.

† Sir William Johnson, Bart., Nov. 18, 1763. N. Y. Col. Hist., Vol. VII., 583. Lieut. James Gorrell's Journal, Wis. Hist. Col., Vol. I., p. 32, 1762, reported 350.**

** The above reports on Fox population are probably as reliable as any estimates ever made, but 300 warriors at these periods no doubt represented a total population of as

Michilimackinac were two hundred;* and in 1787 Joseph Ainsée found three hundred Foxes (men) in a village on the Mississippi near the mouth of the Wisconsin.†

After leaving Prairie du Chien, the Foxes established themselves on the west side of the Mississippi River in the region around Dubuque, and this remained the focus of their population until 1830, when an incident occurred which caused them to move down the river to the vicinity of Davenport. The Foxes had been at war for several years with the Sioux and the Menominees. In the winter of 1829, these nations represented to General Joseph M. Street, Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, that they were ready and willing to bury the tomahawk with the Musquakies and requested them to be invited to the agency for that purpose. The Foxes cheerfully accepted the invitation and sent out from their camp at Dubuque their principal chiefs and warriors, who left their implements of war behind, and proceeded up the river to join the tribes in establishing peace. The Sioux had sent out spies to watch their course. On the second night after leaving their village, the Musquakie braves pitched their tents on the east side of the Mississippi, a short distance below the Wisconsin River, and when cooking their evening meal were fallen upon by a band of Sioux and Menominees and cruelly massacred. All their chiefs were slain and but two braves escaped to carry back the message of treachery and death. The Government failed to call upon the Sioux or Menominees to deliver up the murderous band who had used the agent to carry out their treacherous plot, and the crime against the nation and its friendly wards went unpunished. But the sur-

much as two or three thousand. On April 13, 1786, Montreal traders in a memorial to the Government reported the men of the Fox tribe as 1,400, but this must be regarded as wholly unreliable. They were requesting goods for the Foxes. Report of Lewis and Clark estimates the Foxes at 1,200, of whom 300 were warriors. In 1805, Lieut. L. M. Pike estimated the Foxes at 1,750, of whom 400 were warriors, and the Sacs at 2,850, of whom 700 were warriors. In a message to Congress in 1825, President Monroe estimated the confederated tribes at 6,400, and in 1829 they were reported as 6,600.

* Wis. Hist. Col., XII., 60.

† Idem, X., 90.

viving Foxes resolved to punish the crime by Indian standards of justice. A half-breed by the name of Morgan* was selected chief of the tribe. He formed a war party of the best young men in the village and started on his mission of revenge. The warriors secluded themselves in the bluffs opposite Prairie du Chien, and under cover of night swam the Mississippi and stealthily crept upon their foes now sleeping under the protection of the guns of Fort Crawford, and before the fort could be aroused and the village assume defense, the Foxes slew twenty-eight braves and many women and children in the lodges of their enemies, and successfully made their escape across the Mississippi and back to their camp. For fear of being attacked by an alliance of the Northern tribes, they now moved down the river to the vicinity of Davenport.

THE MUSQUAKIES AND THE NATION.

When Canada and the country north and west of the Ohio passed from the dominion of France to Great Britain in 1763 a period of rest came to the border frontier, and the Musquakies spent a season of comparative peace in the pleasures of the chase and the indolence of camp life. The turn that had taken in New World politics created no greater joy in the homes of English settlers and at English trading-posts than about the lodge fires of the Musquakies. They now counted the sacrifices their fathers had made at Detroit and along the Fox and Wisconsin rivers as having been rewarded by the Great Spirit in seeing the land over which they had contended pass from the possession of their ancient foe, and in their new homes on the Mississippi there was great rejoicing over the successes of their British father.

But the revolution soon came and with it a confusion of interests that was no less trying to the Indian tribes between

*Several of his descendants now live in the tribe, and George Morgan (Ash-e-ton-e-quot), the secretary of the tribe, is of this descent.

the Ohio and the head waters of the Mississippi than to the settlers on the frontier. The British were in command of the military posts of the Northwest, and about these places were huddled the English, and French and Indians friendly to the British cause. British agents were everywhere active in forming alliances with Indian tribes and in bestowing English rum and goods on those who smoked with them the calumet.* Much to their surprise, the Musquakies and their allies refused to join in the war against the Americans,† and an English officer reported them as the only Western tribes in favor of the rebels.‡ The Sioux, the implacable enemies of the Sacs and Foxes, were hired to keep them in subjection. In 1780 the captain of the fort at Michilimackinac reported that these tribes had taken up the hatchet against the British,§ and the enormous expenditure of the Indian department at that place during the preceding year was partly explained to the British governor as occasioned by the large bribes demanded by the Sioux in order to induce them to make threatening demonstrations against these tribes.**

We are now far enough removed from the politics of the Revolution and the early years of the Republic to do simple justice to these bands of barbarian friends of the fathers of the Revolution without bedimming the fame of a Virginia colonel or spoiling the chances of an Indiana general in a presidential campaign. Indian traditions are pronounced the most untrustworthy evidence upon which to base history, but it frequently so happens that they are to be taken with no greater allowance than the fictions of glory wreathed about the head of a favorite military hero. Whether from a resentment of the alliance formed by the British with the Sioux and

*Gautier's Journal, 1777-78, Wis. Hist. Col., XI., 100-111.

†Gautier to De Peyster, 126-7; also, de Peyster to Haldimand, 127-9, 132, 134; Wis. Hist. Col., XI.

‡Sinclair to Haldimand, Aug. 3, 1780; Wis. Hist. Col., XI., 159.

§"The Sacks and Renards have taken up the hatchet against us."—*Capt. Mompesson to De Peyster, Sept. 20, 1780.*

**Major De Peyster, to General Haldimand, June 8, 1780.—*Wis. Hist. Col., XII., 50.*

other enemies of their people, or from an aversion to seeing success come to foreign arms on American soil; whether from motives of the basest selfishness or from the love of that liberty which is the darling dream of the savage in battle or in the chase, the Sacs and Foxes voluntarily cast their fortunes with the Americans, and were temporarily diverted from their purpose on several occasions only by the most corrupt and strenuous efforts of the British. They played little part in the active hostilities of the Revolution, but their mission proved to be a far more important one. Besides furnishing Americans in the West with bullets from their lead mines on the Mississippi, the Sacs and Foxes neutralized the influence of the British among the Western tribes and saved the country from a general uprising of Indians between the Ohio and the Mississippi. Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, and Thomas Jefferson realized the importance of the Americans establishing military stations in this part of the country, and in 1778 Col. George Rogers Clark was commissioned by Virginia "Commandant of the Eastern Illinois and its dependencies." Clark was a bold and courageous leader, and his movements down the Ohio and across the country to Kaskaskia and the Mississippi were skillfully executed, and during this notable expedition he acted well his part; but the accounts of this military hero, as is too often the case, leave little room for credit to others who made his exploits possible.

The Foxes continued to maintain their principal village at Prairie du Chien and the Sacs at Saukenuk, but bands from each were scattered along the Mississippi nearly as far south as St. Louis, and their runners penetrated far into the interior on the east to learn every bit of news borne through the Indian lines of the stirring events now going on east of the Alleghenies.

On reaching Kaskaskia, Clark learned from rumors that head men from the Sacs, Foxes, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawottomies, and some minor tribes were already as far east as the Illinois River, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to talk

with the Long Knives, as the Indians had been taught by the British to call the Americans, and to get a truthful account of the war between the colonies and the mother country. The Indians were invited to a conference at Cahokia, nearly opposite St. Louis, and they cheerfully responded to the invitation. Treaties of allegiance to the American cause were there established between these tribes and the United States. Thrilling accounts are given of the harangues of Clark to the Indians on this occasion, and of daring and heroic deeds of his to frighten the Indians into an alliance.* But these stories bear such internal evidence of mendacity as to breathe a suspicion that a more faithful report of the attitude of the Indians would have robbed this military hero of much of the glory and romance which he and unkind friends were wont to wreath about him. Had the Foxes now taken up the war club for the British against the Americans, as they had done in former years against the French, and become the leaders of this motley crowd then wavering between two masters, Clark and his little band would have been welcomed to hospitable graves on the banks of the the Ohio instead of meeting these Indians as friends in a peace council in western Illinois; the wilderness would again have been set on fire, and the savage war-cry would have rung through the forests and valleys from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi. With peace among these tribes, the Americans were able to divide the possession of the Northwest Territory with the British and to prepare a successful demand for its cession to the United States in the treaty at the close of the Revolution.

During the Revolution the Musquakies were in possession of the lead mines on the Mississippi River known as the Spanish mines, and in 1788 made a cession to Julien Dubuque, granting to him the right to *occupy and work* the mines within a district containing about one hundred and forty-eight thousand acres of land in the vicinity where the city of Dubuque

* "Winning of the West," Roosevelt, II., 54-57.

is now situated. In 1810, the year of Dubuque's death, the Indians manufactured from these and neighboring mines 400,000 pounds of lead, and continued to return to them for their supply of bullets until after the Black Hawk war. Here it was that the last war chief of the Musquakies, Ma-tau-e-quah, was born in 1810, and his voice was heard in few councils until the time of his death in 1897, when he did not reproach the white man and vigorously arraign Julien Dubuque for attempting to seize, under the cloak of a Spanish grant, the title to these lands to which the Musquakies had given him the right only to occupy and work.*

In their political relations with the Government, the Musquakies had been unfortunate, and the Government has equally suffered from the lack of a more open and equitable policy from the beginning with these people and their allies, the Sacs. After Jefferson had purchased Louisiana from Napoleon he hastened to establish peaceful relations with the Indians along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and sought to quiet the title to lands held by the Indians east of the Mississippi, in the Federal Government. William Henry Harrison was then governor of the Indian Territory of Louisiana and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for that district, with headquarters at St. Louis. To him was delegated, in June, 1804, the responsibility of making a treaty with the Sacs who, as Jefferson wrote, "own the country in the neighborhood of our settlements of Kaskaskia and St. Louis."† The treaty was made on the following November 3, and included the Foxes, who were recognized as holding two-fifths interest in the possessions ceded east of the Mississippi, but the remarkable phase of this first and very important treaty with these two tribes is that there is strong probability that not a single Fox or Musquakie was within a hundred miles of St. Louis at the time

* Dubuque transferred part of the claim to Auguste Chateau in 1804, but the military authorities of the United States sustained the claims of the Indians from the death of Dubuque until the mines were embraced in the "Black Hawk Purchase" of 1832, and the Supreme Court, 1853, refused to recognize the claims of the heirs of Chateau.

† American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I., 693.

the treaty was made, and that of all the chiefs and warriors of the two tribes the instrument bears the signature of but four Sacs and one half-breed,* the former of whom, as Black Hawk asserted and as the Sacs and the Foxes have always affirmed, had been dispatched to St. Louis in the autumn of that year to plead for the freedom of a Sac who was being held at that post on the charge of murder. The account of this treaty as given by Black Hawk is so representative of the Indian version of the case that it may well be here incorporated to throw light on the first and perhaps greatest mistake, not to say blunder, made by our Government in dealing with these people:†

"One of our‡ people killed an American, was taken prisoner and was confined in the prison of St. Louis for the offense. We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him, and determined that Quashquame, Pashepaho, Ouchequaka, and Hashequarhiqua should go down to St. Louis, see our American father, and do all they could to have our friend released by paying for the person killed, thus covering the blood and satisfying the relations of the murdered man. This being the only means with us for saving a person who had killed another, and we then thought it was the same way with the whites.

"The party started with the good wishes of the whole nation, who had high hopes that the emissaries would accomplish the object of their mission. The relations of the prisoner blacked their faces and fasted, hoping the Great Spirit would take pity on them and return husband and father to his sorrowing wife and weeping children.

"Quashquame and party remained a long time absent. They at length returned and encamped near the village, a short distance below it, and did not come up that day, nor did any one approach their camp. They appeared to be dressed in fine coats and had medals. From these circumstances we were in hopes that they had brought good news. Early the next morning

* Quashquame was a Sac village chief and signed several subsequent treaties on behalf of the Sacs; Pashepaho was a Sac war chief whose identity is likewise discovered as late as 1842; from Black Hawk's testimony and from tradition, Ouchequaka and Hashequarhiqua also appear to have been Sacs, but their rank is unknown and they do not appear in any subsequent treaties; Layouvis bears a name indicating French rather than Indian origin, and was probably a half-breed who may have been attached to either tribe.

† In weighing Black Hawk's testimony, it is well to remember that he was thirty-seven years old at the date of the treaty and the time of the events he relates, and was then a conspicuous character in the village at Saukenuk.

‡ Black Hawk habitually used "our," "we," and "us" in referring to the Sacs, but referred to the Foxes as such, just as he would have referred to the Sioux or any other tribe.

the Council Lodge was crowded, Quashquame and party came up and gave us the following account of their mission:

“On our arrival at St. Louis we met our American father and explained to him our business, urging the release of our friend. The American chief told us he wanted land. We agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, likewise more on the Illinois side opposite Jefferson. When the business was all arranged we expected to have our friend released to come home with us. About the time we were ready to start, our brother was let out of the prison. He started and ran a short distance when he was SHOT DEAD!’

“This was all they could remember of what had been said and done. It subsequently appeared that they had been drunk the greater part of the time while at St. Louis.”—*Autobiography*, pp. 22, 23.

To one familiar with the dilatory methods of these Indians, their stubborn resistance to every encroachment, and their religious superstition to affixing their names to any document, it is inconceivable that time sufficient should have elapsed between the 27th day of June and the 3d day of November for the receipt of the Washington orders at St. Louis, the dispatch of messengers among the Sac and Fox bands between St. Louis and the Wisconsin River, tribal and intertribal councils where the important questions involved should have been discussed and determined, and competent representatives returned to St. Louis to conclude the treaty. Nay, more, that they should have consented to dispose of their almost undisputed possession of the rich valleys and prolific hunting-grounds between the Illinois and the Wisconsin rivers, embracing about fifty millions of acres, on the *first* proposition made to them, and that, too, for the paltry sum of an annuity of one thousand dollars, or that the head men and warriors of both tribes, numbering several hundred, so fond of display and quick to seize every opportunity for recognition and favor, should have deliberately delegated but five of their number to make the journey to St. Louis and transact this important piece of business, no one familiar with their character and history will be disposed to affirm.

From the time of the Revolution until the War of 1812, the Sacs and Foxes maintained peaceful relations with the

United States and extended a cordial hand to honest adventurers and settlers. In 1803, Lewis and Clark reported them "extremely friendly to the whites,"* and Jefferson, referring to them, thus positively declared, "They have always been peaceful and friendly." But the fatal error of the governor of Louisiana in driving a sharp bargain with a few drunken† and irresponsible members of one band was sure to cost his nation dearly. No sooner was the treaty of 1804 ratified and the news spread among the Indian tribes than the Pottawotomies and others began to lay claims to parts of the territory ceded by the Sacs and Foxes, and a few years later the United States was compelled to make treaties with other tribes, granting them large annuities for small parts of the land Governor Harrison had taken from the Sacs and Foxes for an annuity of one thousand dollars.‡ When the treaty was proclaimed both tribes repudiated it, and, although they had been the mainstay of the colonists in the West during the Revolution, as soon as the War of 1812 broke out they threw themselves on the side of the British, and for several years were a deadly menace to the Americans along the Mississippi and its tributaries. In the treaty of Ghent between the United States and Great Britain at the close of the war, it was especially provided that each nation should put an end to hostilities with the Indian tribes with whom they were at war. James Monroe, then Secretary of War, on March 11, 1815, commissioned William Clark, governor of the Missouri territory, Ninean Edwards, governor of the Illinois territory, and Colonel Auguste Chateau,§ to conclude treaties of peace with the Sacs, Foxes, and many other tribes of the North-

* American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I., 711.

† Pashepahoh, one of the five signers, was called The Stabber, and is frequently referred to in accounts of the period as a drunken, murderous debauchee. Tradition relates that Quashquame received a barrel of whiskey on this visit to St. Louis and had a good supply of it with him on his return to camp. Black Hawk made a similar charge.

‡ United States Statutes at Large, VII., 147, 320; Black Hawk's Autobiography, 79.

§ One of the witnesses to treaty of 1804, and the same person to whom Dubuque illegally transferred a large part of the Fox grant in the same year.

west. The commission took up headquarters at St. Louis and designated Portage des Sioux, a point a few miles above the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, as a convenient place for assembling the tribes. Almost immediately upon their arrival they reported to the Secretary of War evidence of continued hostility on the part of the Sacs and Foxes of the Rock River, thus distinguishing the main body of the tribes from a small band which had located on the Missouri River. Letter after letter reached the office of the secretary, giving it as the opinion of the commissioners that these tribes would not recognize the authority of the United States and urging a strong military movement against them. Many depredations and murderous sallies against American settlers were reported in the Sac and Fox country. The principal chiefs and warriors of the two tribes refused to accept an invitation to a conference with the commissioners, and the few stragglers from these nations, appearing at Portage des Sioux, treated the commissioners with the utmost insolence and contempt.

The cause of the Sacs and Foxes taking up arms against the American people in the War of 1812, and of their refusal to treat with the commissioners of the United States was now plain, and is fully apparent in the correspondence between the commissioners and the War Department, as also in the treaties afterwards made.* The treaty of 1804 had been brooded over about the lodge fires of the two nations ever since the bleak November day when Quashquame and his companions returned to tell the melancholy tale of the sale of their homes and the fate of their brother, and when British agents carried the war belt among the Western tribes they found the Sacs and Foxes naturally eager to again take up the hatchet with their old allies against an enemy they had befriended and trusted, as they thought, to their own ruin. And now when the war was over they were slow to acknowl-

*American State Papers, Indian Affairs, II., 7-10, United States Statutes at Large, VII., 135, 141.

edge the defeat of their British father, and saw little to hope for in re-establishing friendly relations with the Americans. But the appeal to arms had failed, and the logic of events forced the Indians to finally realize that their only hope lay in their acceptance of the terms offered them by the commissioners, and they were compelled to "assent to, recognize, establish, and confirm the treaty of St. Louis," without any further attempt on the part of the Government to redress the grievances which they had suffered, thus permanently fastening upon them the treaty of 1804.

This is, indeed, a sorrowful chapter in the annals of our history, but the full measure of retribution for the treaty of 1804 did not come until, in 1832, Black Hawk, jaded and harassed to desperation by the indignities heaped upon his followers by a lawless vanguard of frontiersmen, again crossed to the Illinois side of the Mississippi to raise a crop of corn with the Pottawottomies and Winnebagoes for his half-starved people, in the hope, as there is reason to believe, of reclaiming Saukenuk the following year. Here fate pursued the savage through the wilderness and haunted the settler and the soldier in every quarter. The cowardly assault of Stillman's men upon a flag of truce and the wanton murder of one of its bearers,* precipitated a war as defenseless as it was cruel, and placed a price in treasure and blood upon the cessions of the treaty of 1804 of which its author little dreamed.

The chiefs and warriors of the Foxes, like Keokuk, one of the chiefs of the Sacs, did not approve of Black Hawk's crossing the Mississippi, and, as a people, held aloof from the war. The few Musquakie adventurers who joined Black Hawk during the fight, did so on their own responsibility, but when the treaty of peace was made we again behold the imperialism of the soldier grasping for more land, and the land of the Foxes confiscated as freely, by the arbitrament of a war in which they had no part, as the land of the Sacs.†

The Federal Government was now pressing a policy with

* Wis. His. Col. VII., 320, X., 157, XII., 237-9, 263. Autobiography of Black Hawk, 96, 166.

† Preamble, Treaty 1832, U. S. Statutes at Large, VII., 374.

these nations, uncertain in every particular except in its purpose to wrest from them every foot of soil they possessed and leave them to shift for themselves in a struggle with arid land and hostile tribes beyond the Missouri. What land was left them after the confiscation* of 1832 was reached for in 1836, but only 1,250,000 acres obtained. Six years later the Government again pressed its suit for land, and swept from them the last acre of their fertile valleys in Iowa. But the years following the treaty of 1804 had been filled with bitter experiences, and in them the Government as well as the Indians learned wisdom and moderation. The treaty of 1836 awarded the Sacs and Foxes \$177,000 in cash, goods, implements of industry, and the payment of debts, and \$200,000 in a permanent trust fund bearing an annuity of five per centum; while the treaty of 1842, besides providing a reservation beyond the Missouri River, gave them more than \$1,000,000, of which \$800,000 was likewise vested in a trust fund. In these latter treaties we see the broader, fairer, and more intelligent policy of the Government toward the natives of our soil, even while the administration of Indian affairs was in the hands of the War Department, and it is noteworthy that the two important treaties here referred to bear the signatures of a large number of chiefs, head men, and warriors, the Sacs signing for the Sac nation and the Foxes for the Fox nation. A treaty such as William Henry Harrison submitted to the Secretary of War in 1804, and he to Jefferson, who transmitted it to the Senate for approval, at this later period would not have passed the head of the department, and today no agent in the field would venture to submit such a document to his superior. The Christian doctrine of universal brotherhood was working its way into our civilization, and the doctrine of the bully and barbarian, that "the most ultimately righteous of all wars is a war with savages,"† was fast retreating into the jungles of the beast whence it came.

*Only part of the land ceded in the treaty was taken as the right of war; the rest was paid for.

†Roosevelt, "Winning of the West," IIL., 45.

DISSOLUTION OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Forces from without and internal dissensions were fast preparing the Sacs and the Foxes for a social dissolution of the confederacy formed a century before by their fathers on the rivers of Wisconsin. The treaty of 1842 provided that both tribes should move west of the Missouri River in three years, and a reservation was assigned to them in Kansas. Again were to be repeated the pathetic scenes so often enacted in the drama of our frontier life—the extinguishment of the lodge fires, the forming of the cavalcade, the last farewell to the graves of kindred, and the solemn march of destiny toward the setting sun. When the last treaty was signed, a new epoch dawned in the history of the tribes, and it is scarcely probable that either Keokuk or Poweshiek was more than semiconscious of its significance. The interests which had held the tribes together for more than a hundred years had passed away with their conquest by the superior race; the bonds of union were loosened by the extermination or suppression of hostile tribes, and all their possessions, except an untried reservation west of the Missouri, were transferred to a trust fund held by the Government. In all the years of the confederacy each tribe maintained its individuality, and the chief of neither ever assumed the chieftainship of both. Black Hawk and Keokuk were as boastful that they were Sacs, as Wapello and Poweshiek were proud that they were Foxes, and the years that follow witness the gradual separation of the two peoples, the social dissolution of the confederacy.

The future welfare of the Musquakies now depended solely on that species of statecraft dubbed “diplomacy” among the greater nations of earth, but the cunning Foxes had practiced the art long before their chiefs and warriors began to treat with representatives of our Government. No minister about the court of St. James can be more suave in Britainizing a new ambassador from America than a Musquakie chief in deluding his conqueror with soft words. A master in protes-

tation, he can equivocate, evade, and dilate in such profusion of simple graces as to entitle him to high rank in the noble art of lying for the good of one's nation. We have an example of the Musquakie art as early as 1726. M. de Lignery had assembled the Foxes, the Sauks, and the Winnebagoes in a conference at Green Bay, to demand of them, in the name of the king of France, that the unjust wars which they were waging against the Illinois should cease. The Sauks and the Winnebagoes, in direct and unequivocal terms, yielded to the demand, but the chief of the Foxes, who had been the aggressors in the wars against the Illinois, evaded the Frenchman with this soft reply: "Since the Grand Onothio, the King, extends his hands to us, to signify this day that he wishes truly to pity us, our women and our children, thus, my Father, I give you today my word; although our young men are at war, I expect to gain them over." How well this feeble expectation was realized is told in the sad story of the Illinois, whose warriors numbered from four to five thousand at the time it was expressed, and in less than a century had been reduced to *thirty*, mainly by the wars waged against them by the Foxes and their allies.

But now all depended on their art, and the story of how they outwitted secretaries and turned the policy of the Government from active hostility to toleration and finally to favor, and reëstablished themselves in Iowa on a patch of the very soil they ceded to the Government in 1842, is unique in the annals of our Indian history.

The Musquakies loved their Iowa. When first they floated out of the mouth of the Wisconsin and down the Mississippi in search of rest, their canoes touched the west bank of that majestic stream at a beautiful spot suitable for landing, somewhere between McGregor and Dubuque, and those in advance cried out to their companions, "I-o-way" (*this is the place*), and thus they christened the State. And so they loved to linger by their lodge fires even after the strong hand of the Government pointed them westward. After Keokuk and

Appanoose moved to the Des Moines River, Poweshiek kept watch by the banks of the Iowa where now the university of the State and a city bearing its name repose. When again the strong hand pointed them westward, Poweshiek and his people lingered by the waters of the Des Moines after Keokuk and the Sacs had extinguished for the last time their lodge fires east of the Missouri, and the march of the Musquakies westward was with slow and uncertain pace, as if fate was beckoning them back to the land of their birth and the graves of their fathers. But the soldier stood in the rear of this retreating column, and they pressed forward to unwelcome abodes only for fear of a harder fate.

After the chase of 1847 the last of Poweshiek's band crossed the Missouri to join their brethren. The faithful squaw pitched the tepee and planted the corn, but earth refused to yield of her abundance as she had done in the valley of the Iowa. Nature now conspired with sentiment and tradition to make the Musquakies unhappy. The children grew sallow, sickened and died in the feverish climate of the new reservation, and the specter of the plain made many a sturdy warrior its victim. A few autumnal suns tinged the leaves with golden hues and the great chief Poweshiek was gathered to his fathers. The women wept over the desolation of their lodges, and the old men and braves assembled in secret councils to make propitiations and to invoke the guidance of the Great Spirit. Poweshiek, under the spur of the Government, had led them out of a land of plenty, but it was not his happy lot to lead them back again. His death brought to the head of his people a young chieftain, incapable of leadership, and the counsels of the nation now devolved upon a few elders of the tribe. For several years small bands had made excursions back into Iowa, but in 1853 a general movement of the tribe was determined upon, and that winter witnessed smoke again ascending from the wigwams of the Musquakies along the banks of the Iowa.

At first a few false rumors disturbed the quietude of the

settlers, but their fears were soon allayed by the peaceful mission of their visitors. Many of the warriors were personally known to the log-cabin pioneers of the Cedar, the Iowa, and the Des Moines river valleys. The little bands that had returned to Iowa a few years before had been conducted beyond the Missouri by military escort, and the elders of the tribe now adopted measures to prevent a recurrence of Federal interference. Friendly relations were at once established with every settlement within their reach and the most rigid tribal discipline was enforced to prevent depredations or disturbances by reckless members of the band. Prominent citizens were waited on and their good offices sought, and the master-stroke of Musquakie statesmanship was reached when a successful appeal was made to the State itself, and their residence legalized in a special act of the legislature in 1856, further requesting the Secretary of War to pay the Indians their annuity in their new home.

This sudden turn in Musquakie diplomacy outwitted the Federal authorities, and the secretary refused to honor the request of the Iowa legislature. The Indians resolved to forego all things, endure all things, to accomplish the object of their desire, and sent out from their village near Iowa City five of their trusted leaders, in the spring of 1857, to find a place where the Musquakie could pitch his wickiup, smoke his pipe in peace, and be at rest. When the last annuity had been received, small pieces of silver had been carefully put aside, their relatives and friends yet remaining in Kansas sent pledges of help, and those who had no money sold beads or a pony to contribute their share to the tribal fund required for the first purchase of land. After visiting many of the old haunts of the tribe, the commissioners selected a beautiful locality on the Iowa River, in Tama County, near a spot where once they had given battle to the Sioux, and purchased eighty acres of land for one thousand dollars, and here they chose to cast their lot with the white man, in an unequal contest in life. Busy scenes now engaged the Musquakies, and

runners carried the good tidings to their friends as far away as Kansas. Their dead were reverently borne from distant places and buried with solemn and impressive ceremonies in the bluff in plain view of their new home, and the warriors of the Musquakies fell on their knees by the graves of their kindred and kissed the earth in gratitude to the Great Spirit for his goodness toward them. The valley below was soon bedecked with new tepees and enlivened with feasts and dances and the sound of the lover's flute. Nature and her children were again living in sweet accord, and the paleface had plighted his faith so long as the Indian should keep his vows. While peace thus dwelt in the breast of the Musquakie warrior, his body was pinched from hunger and cold, and his soul was sad for his women and children. The Secretary of War had been rigorous and exacting in his dealings with these children, and the Secretary of the Interior was scarcely less obstinate in clinging to precedents erected upon what has since seemed to have been partial and prejudicial evidence, and for many long winters the Musquakie warriors saw their women and children fade and die from hunger and cold, and they suffered the crime of their paternal Government in silence. But in 1866 the citizens of Iowa volunteered to espouse the cause of the Indians, and the following January the secretary ordered an annuity payment. In the fall of 1859, Mau-me-wah-ne-kah, the chief of the Foxes, and some of his people joined their Iowa friends, and when the first census was taken in 1866, two hundred and sixty-four persons were enrolled in camp, and some of the tribe were then hunting and trapping in other parts of the State and a few remained by the lodges of the Sacs in Kansas. Immediately after the first payment, the secretary again ordered the Indians to remove to Kansas and notified them that no more payments would be made in Iowa. This ruling was reversed in the following March by an act of Congress recognizing their legal residence in Iowa and directing the payment of their annuity in their new home. Between the annuity pay-

ment and the act of Congress referred to, a new treaty was made between the confederated tribes and the Government, by representatives of the Indians remaining on the reservation in Kansas, by which the treaty of 1842 was in part abrogated. Like the first treaty with these tribes, this new one bears but few names, seven in all, and they chiefly the names of the Sacs; and further, like that first unfortunate document, the treaty of 1867 was sure to cause endless trouble between the tribes and the Government. The chief, counselors, and at least three-fourths of the Fox nation were at that time residing in Iowa, and have ever since maintained that notice of the proposed treaty had not been given them.* It is curious to note that the first and last treaties with these confederated tribes were signed by so few persons, five and seven respectively, and these chiefly Sacs, while in all other important treaties, the chiefs and head men signed in large numbers, the Sacs for the Sac tribe and the Foxes for the Fox tribe. At the close of the War of 1812, each of these nations entered into a treaty of peace with the United States independent of the other, the Foxes in 1815 and the Sacs about a year later. The treaty of 1824 was signed by six Sacs and four Foxes; that of 1825 by thirteen Sacs and sixteen Foxes; the one of 1830 by fourteen Sacs and fifteen Foxes; and the treaty of 1832, at the close of the Black Hawk war, by nine Sacs and twenty-four Foxes; the treaty of 1837 by eleven Sacs and twelve Foxes; while the treaty of 1842 bears the signature of twenty-two Sacs and twenty-two Foxes. In consequence of the contentions growing out of the treaty of 1867 and the rulings of the Secretary of the Interior unfavorable to the Musquakies, both tribes for many years have retained attorneys in Washington to represent their claims against the Government and against each other, and, although Congress has three times attempted to redress the grievances presented by the Musquakies, important claims are still pending.

* Maj. Leander Clark, then their agent, assures the author that no notice was given the Foxes in Iowa.

The ill-success of our Government in dealing with the Musquakies is not characteristic of the tribe, but unfortunately has been common to many tribes, but the cause of the failure in this particular instance seems to be plain and unique. In the first treaty the Musquakies were bound by a treaty made in the name of a confederacy which then really existed but with whose act they had no part, and in the last treaty the Government recognized a confederacy that had *de facto* ceased to exist a decade before the treaty was made. The social union of the Sacs and Foxes had really ceased to exist as soon as the treaty of 1842 was signed. It lingered in broken form a few years longer, but had passed beyond recognition prior to 1867. The legal partnership had not been dissolved and a distribution of property made, but complete and permanent separation had taken place, and the two peoples were again two nations, as distinct in all that pertained to their Indian life as they were when arrayed against each other at Fort Detroit. It was the failure of our Government to appreciate this significant fact that has made the Musquakies the most conservative of their race and multiplied the difficulties of imposing upon them the forms of a civilization they suspicion and which they do not want.

THEODORE SUTTON PARVIN.

BY JOHN SPRINGER.



THEODORE SUTTON PARVIN was born January 15, 1817, at Cedarville, Cumberland county, New Jersey, the son of a seafaring man, who for years was captain of a vessel and much absent from home, so that his early education and training was largely given him by his mother, a lovely christian woman. In the fall of 1829 his father and family removed to Cin-

cinnati, then the metropolis of "the west." Here young Parvin received a very thorough education, graduating from Woodward College. He also taught in Cincinnati, using the manuscript of two books later known far and wide as Ray's Arithmetic and McGuffey's Readers. He was especially proficient in mathematics, but upon his graduation in 1836, he decided upon the law as his vocation and studied in the office of Hon. Timothy Walker, a famous practitioner, and in the Cincinnati Law School, from which he graduated in 1837 and began the practice of his profession.

Hon. Robert Lucas, who had been appointed the first territorial governor of Iowa, about to take his office, met and was impressed with young Parvin at the home of a mutual friend in Cincinnati, where he had come to purchase books. Although the young man was barely of age, and had not been presented as a candidate for the position, the governor was so struck by his ability and character that he tendered him, quite unsought, the place of private secretary. He accepted the offer and came with the governor to Burlington, where he arrived in the early summer of 1838. In August he was at Dubuque, where Judge Thos. S. Wilson issued to him the first certificate authorizing an attorney to practice law in Iowa. In November, at Burlington, he was the youngest of the sixteen attorneys admitted to practice in the territorial Supreme Court.

In 1839, Governor Lucas appointed him prosecuting attorney for one of the districts of the Territory, and in this capacity he attended the first session of court held in Johnson county, May 13, 1839, at Gilbert's trading house, near the "laid out" town of Napoleon, now a part of the Stevens farm in Pleasant Valley. Judge, grand and petit juries, sheriff and clerk have long since passed away; the young attorney is the last to be called. At this time Mr. Parvin's residence was Bloomington, now Muscatine, where he remained until 1859. In 1840 he was secretary of the Legislative Council, and the following year he resigned his office as prosecuting attorney and was

elected probate judge, and held that place three terms. In 1846 he was appointed clerk of the United States District Court, and filled the office until 1856, when he resigned to become Register of the State Land Office, in which capacity he served two years.

His early education had impressed him with the value of the public school system, and so he was very active in forwarding the schools of Muscatine, where his efforts were invaluable. His public official life may be said to have terminated in 1859 when he left the State Land Office. Thereafter he was to be known by the title by which all the rest of his life he was addressed—"Professor Parvin." In 1859 he was appointed one of the trustees of the then new Iowa State University and the next year became a member of its faculty.

From 1838 to 1858, the years Iowa was growing to young manhood, he held many public places. Indeed he was all the time in official life. In those twenty years no breath of evil was even whispered or thought against his acts. For six years probate (or county) judge, and one term Register of the State Land Office, with fortune to be grasped by methods the not overnice held to be at least defensible, the purity of his life and character and official services passed unchallenged in the fiercest battles of partisan politics. He became acquainted with every public man, indeed with most of the citizens of the territory, and it is no exaggeration to say he had the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

In 1844, with Enoch W. Eastman (who was a whig, while Mr. Parvin was a democrat) he "stumped" the territory in opposition to the proposed constitution by which Iowa would have been admitted as a State with its western line about on the line of Kossuth county. The constitution being a party measure was defeated by only a few votes, and Parvin's influence, though against his party, may be said to have brought about that defeat. It is evidence of the high place he then held that he lost no whit of popularity by his independence.

When in 1860 he came to Iowa City as a member of the University faculty, it was as professor of natural sciences, and that chair he filled nine years, being transferred in 1869 to the chair of history, which he occupied one year. He really taught many branches, not indicated in the above titles, and he was in fact competent to fill any position which he undertook. In February, 1858, he was elected by the trustees "curator of the cabinet of Natural History and Librarian, and his salary was fixed at \$1,000, but limited to \$250 until otherwise ordered by the board." This position he seems to have filled concurrently with his professorship. He gave to the State University ten years of the best period of his life, at a salary ridiculously inadequate, as were all salaries in the institution then, and when in 1870 he retired from its faculty his time was fully occupied with his secretarial duties. It is ordinarily said that Prof. Parvin was elected trustee in 1854, but the "Catalogue of Officers and Alumni" and the reprint of "Circulars, Catalogues, Reports, etc., reprinted from the originals in the Library of Prof. T. S. Parvin," show this to be an error.

While connected with the University, he for a number of years occupied the south portion of the first floor of South Hall (destroyed by fire in March last) and with his wife and family extended a most charming hospitality. Iowa City was frequently without good hotel accommodations in those days, and few of the many lecturers and lyceum speakers (for it was the day of the platform orator) came without letters to Prof. Parvin, and many a noted man or woman was a welcome visitor at his home, and acquaintances thus formed gave ever wider opportunities for carrying on his work.

Upon leaving the University Professor Parvin devoted himself wholly to his duties as secretary of the Grand Lodge of Iowa Masons and Grand Recorder of the Grand Encampment Knights Templar of the United States. His offices in Iowa City were open to the craft, to the curious and learned, and even here, while at his home, later in the rooms

of the Hensei building on College street, and finally in the opera house block on Clinton street, he drew many visitors to Iowa City. It can hardly be said that in that early day the Grand Lodge of Iowa Masons had a library, but be it as it may, Prof. Parvin had his rooms full of books and curios, rare and treasured things picked during forty years of studious life. There was nothing too great or difficult for him to undertake its acquisition, nothing too small to be preserved if of historical value. When finally Iowa Masons inspired by his example, undertook the erection of the grand lodge library building, he strove hard to have it located at Iowa City, and tendered as a gift the splendid half block on South Clinton street, which remains as a portion of his estate.

It was with great regret that, on the completion of the grand lodge library building at Cedar Rapids in 1885, he bade farewell to the home of twenty-five years to go, not among strangers, but to a new home. Indeed for a year or so his family remained here, he coming down each Saturday and returning on Monday. He had lived at Burlington, at Muscatine, and at Cedar Rapids, but Iowa City was in the dearest sense "home," and there beside his wife and children he has been laid to await the end of the last sleep.

One of the first duties in public life devolving upon him was to purchase the first library for the territory of Iowa, \$5,000 having been voted for the purpose. He never lost the taste that commended his selection for this important duty. Always a great reader and student of literature, to a catholic and discriminating taste in the wide field of books he united the special knowledge and exclusiveness of the collector and withal was "curious"—in that good old English sense—about his books. He liked them well printed, on good paper, nicely bound; so it was that in all that he had to do with printers and printing, (and it was much) he ever was a little in advance of the taste and practice and result of the workman. And thus it was the printed matter of the Iowa Grand Lodge was always a model work of its style. Prob-

bly no other large patron of the art in Iowa was so anxious to have good, honest, plain, enduring work in printing and binding, or could so clearly express his wishes.

When he had removed to Cedar Rapids and the Masonic Library was housed in appropriate rooms, its literary and historical treasures and its museum first became known to the world. Then it was seen what one busy man in the spare moments of half a century had done. It was almost astounding. There had very little money gone into it and yet there was a library to challenge admiration and receive the approval of the most critical historian or the most refined scholar. It is more than a masonic library—it is a collection of all the esoteric history of the world's progress, all that has been written or known. The museum is replete with every incident that marks the way along the path of civilization and progress that have led men from the prehistoric times down to the present day. No quarter of the world is unrepresented, no movement or achievement is unmarked. It is much to say that it is the only great Masonic Library in the world; it is more, that nor time nor wealth can duplicate much it contains. A pioneer in the field, he gathered from all the lands, because he was the only seeker. His success cannot be repeated. For thirty years the masonic craft has given a fair support to this grand library, and this, with donations constant and valuable, has enlarged it until the building of 1885, in which the collections were almost scattered is now filled to overflowing. All the globe of masonry centers here. With friends and correspondents in every county of Iowa, in every state of the Union, in every nation of the world, his first thought was of the library. Many and many a rare and valuable object tells from its donor that it was sent to Dr. Parvin. From the humble farmer of Iowa, to the King of England run gifts bearing the autograph inscriptions to Theo. S. Parvin. In this library he has left a grand monument, he has more than realized the prayer of the great poet of Roman life that his works might be a monument more enduring than brass or marble.

A great collector of books, he was a generous giver. One of the founders of the State Historical Society in 1857, he enriched its library with many valuable donations among the files of Iowa magazines and early newspapers, and to its museum he was a liberal donor. He gave largely to the State Library, to the University Library, to the State Historical Department, first to Iowa and then elsewhere. He would buy books—he probably never sold one. His heart went out to every student and scholar, and times and oft he denied himself rest that he might assist the research of another.

Dr. Parvin aside from being a collector and preserver of books, was a writer of elegance, accuracy and force. For a number of years, purely as a labor of love, he wrote the "correspondence report" of the grand lodge, and in the days when he had on his hands all that a busy man could do, 1864-66, he was secretary of the Historical Society, editor of the *Annals of Iowa*, gracing its pages with valuable matter of pioneer history in Iowa, and especially that of the pioneer press written from his own collection of early newspapers.

In all this work, he had the happiness, not always realized by one who adventures in a new field, to live to see his labors appreciated; to receive in modest pleasure the praises he had fairly won; to know that he had overcome the trials and burdens, the doubts, and above all, the indifference that marked its inception, and in preserving had won honor and respect for his life work.

Several attempts were early made to publish a self-supporting Masonic magazine in the west, and with some of these he was editorially connected. The *Bulletin of the Library*, recently undertaken at his suggestion, will probably be an exception in its success. His enthusiasm had conquered even indifference, and won a success in a most difficult field.

From his coming to Iowa, an earnest advocate of education, he had given a great deal of attention to that subject and served as a member of the school board of Muscatine,

even in territorial days, and of the board in Iowa City, an intelligent and most helpful service. There was nothing in education from the primary school to University that was foreign to his sympathies. He was one of the organizers of the Iowa State Teachers' Association and its president in 1867.

From what has been said, it will be seen that Dr. Parvin was not in any degree narrowed by his long and absorbing connection with Masonry. The advocates of the fraternity can point to him as one of the broadest and most liberal men, whose life and character will remain an evidence of the worth of the fraternity's teachings. His affections turned strongly to the pioneers of Iowa and to all that concerned the early history of the state, and in that field he was pre-eminent. Aside from his interest in the Historical Society he was in evidence at almost every local reunion of the Johnson County Old Settlers Association and a frequent speaker at others. Two of his most interesting speeches were at the laying of the corner stone of the Iowa Historical Department building Des Moines, May 17, 1899, and especially that at the Burlington semi-centennial celebration on October 2, 1896. This latter published under the title, "Who Made Iowa," is a superb mosaic of history and incident. The Historical Society has printed an address delivered by him in 1894, on the Early Bar of Iowa. Dr. Parvin spoke and wrote much. He did both well. He was as exact as interesting, and the statement "Parvin says so," cut off appeal. Possessing an unlimited fund of incident and anecdote, gifted with engaging presence and charming manner, he was a most delightful companion and entertainer.

Dr. Parvin was initiated into masonry in Nova Cæsarea Lodge No. 2, Cincinnati, March 14, 1838, and received the third degree on May 9th. Lame from infancy, the result of accident and illness, an exception was made in his case as to physical condition, an exception that will ever redound to the honor of masonry. In 1840, he was one of those who obtained

a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Missouri for the organization of a lodge at Burlington, now No. 1, of Iowa. The following year he aided in the formation of the lodge at Muscatine, now No. 2, in which he has ever since retained his membership. He was the second master of that lodge, and its first representative in the Grand Lodge of Missouri. In 1844 the lodges at Burlington, Muscatine, Dubuque, and Iowa City, organized the Grand Lodge of Iowa, and he was its first Grand Secretary, an office he has held continuously, save in 1852, when he was Grand Master, and even then he carried on the principal work of the secretary's office.

He received the chapter degrees in Iowa City R. A. Chapter No. 2, in January, 1854, and was president of the convention that organized the Iowa Grand Chapter in 1854, and was first Grand High Priest. He received the commandery degrees in Apollo No. 1, Chicago, 1855, and was first Grand Commander of Iowa. At death he was a member of Iowa City R. A. Chapter No. 2, and of De Molay Commander No. 1, Muscatine, and has often represented the Iowa Grand Chapter and Grand Commandery in the General Grand Chapter and Grand Encampment of the United States. In 1871 he was elected Grand Recorder of the Grand Encampment of the United States and held the position fifteen years.

In 1859, he received the A. and A. rite degrees, up to and including the 33d, at the hands of Albert Pike, and was made active 33d for Iowa.

He was grand orator at the 20th anniversary of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, in 1884 at the laying of the corner stone of the grand lodge library, and in 1894 at the Iowa Masonic semi-centennial. Dr. Parvin has been honored by every masonic grand body in America, and by nearly all in foreign countries with honorary membership, and represented them in the Iowa councils. The most touching incident, perhaps, of his long and brilliant career was his last election on June 5th, when confined to his bed by illness, as Grand Secretary. Moved by one impulse of affectionate respect, the Grand

Lodge sent a committee to his bedside, bearing tribute of love, and a message of sympathy. Few who were present will forget the scenes, or the report of that committee on its return.

In May, 1843, Dr. Parvin was united in marriage to Miss Agnes McCully, whose death a few years ago brought a burden of sorrow from which he never fully recovered. He is survived by three sons, Newton R., for many years his deputy, and now his successor in office, Theodore W., and Fred O., who are engaged in railroad and mining engineering in Mexico, and one daughter, Mrs. J. Walter Lee, of this city. A beautiful memorial window in Close Hall commemorates a daughter who died some years ago.

Dr. Parvin united with the Presbyterian church in 1850 and was for over a half century a devoted and consistent member of its communion, and for many years was superintendent of the Sunday school in Iowa City.

Living far beyond the allotted years of man, he has done more than the allotted work, and in his death at a patriarchal age he leaves a noble record, an inspiration to all who follow.

PICTURESQUE POINTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BY J. L. PICKARD.



UCH was the title of a scholarly paper to which I had the pleasure of listening recently. Its author was Dr. Hosmer, the Minneapolis City Librarian.

In the grouping of historic facts there was nothing strikingly new, but the writer dwelt more fully upon picturesque *people* than upon picturesque *points*. At least this feature of the paper held my attention most fully by reason of its novelty in some particulars.

A few historic periods were selected for the hour.

1. Period of Discovery, 1536-1539. By direction of Coronado, Fray Marcos was sent from Mexico northward into the valley of the Mississippi and penetrated as far as New Mexico. He was the first white man who set foot upon the valley. But the picturesque character of the expedition was a negro known as Little Stephen, who had been selected as a guide to Fray Marcos, but whom the latter had ordered forward many days march in advance, that he might explore the country, test the temper of the natives and report whether the missionary might safely proceed on his journey. The real discoverer was the negro Stephen, who found fruitful fields, and populous cities, reported his discoveries to Marcos, and fell at the hands of the inhabitants of one of the cities as he was endeavoring to enter its walls. The negro did the work, the white man took the credit.

2. Settlement, 1671-1750. The temporary settlement by the French, who came into the valley by way of the St. Lawrence, was passed over slightly as also was the tour of the surveyor Washington. The immigration of the Scotch-Irish who pushed westward from the Atlantic coast, pressing forward the borders of civilization and holding firmly every inch of ground gained, was treated more fully. The picturesque character of that race was James Caldwell, the grandfather of John Caldwell Calhoun, who remained east of the Alleghenies, but was instrumental in sending many of his sturdy race into Kentucky and Tennessee and Western Carolina.

3. Strife for Supremacy, 1756-1763. France surrenders to England. The most picturesque character was declared to be Wolfe at the capture of Quebec.

4. American Revolution, 1775-1783. Who but Washington would be thought entitled to a place in the gallery of Picturesque Heroes?

5. The Birth of a Nation, 1787-1789. This period was so picturesque in all its details that no individual could justly

be named as prominent. But the immortal ordinance of 1787 gave the writer occasion to say that men of the South must be credited with a prominent place in the list of those who secured freedom to so large a part of the Mississippi Valley.

6. The Rise of the Slave Power, 1793——. To the picturesque man of the early part of that period who increased the export of cotton in ten years two hundred fold, is due the crowning of cotton as King. Eli Whitney by his cotton gin made slave labor profitable. Massachusetts found a market for New England rum on the coasts of Africa and the whole nation was under the sway of the Slave Power.

7. Territorial Expansion, 1803——. While most people of the present day give Jefferson the credit for the Louisiana Purchase, Dr. Hosmer is inclined to look upon Napoleon as the more picturesque of the two, for he abandoned the cherished hope of regaining for France what she lost forty years before, and urged upon Jefferson the acceptance of an immense territory when he sought to secure only the mouth of a great river and a city upon its bank. The fact that Napoleon acted not from any disinterested motive but under the stress of complications at home did not in the writer's opinion diminish the picturesque nature of his act.

George Rogers Clark whose name belongs to the Revolutionary period was noted for his brilliant conquest of the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi—in a military campaign without a rival in all history as a successful but bloodless contest with Indian tribes.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark belong in the list of picturesque men of the period of expansion for their discoveries west of the Mississippi River.

8. The Conflict with England, 1812–1815. When England sought to establish upon our southern border a counterpart of her Canadian possessions, and sent a naval force with nearly twenty thousand of her best soldiers to take possession of the mouth of the Mississippi River and to hold New Orleans as a base of action, there came out of that belt held

by the Scotch-Irish for nearly a century a man the most picturesque in all America up to that time in form and in action, a man who has been called in finance "a bull in a China shop and among the nations a bully carrying a chip upon his shoulder," who led to New Orleans a body of American volunteers with a contingent of Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, and there showed Gen. Packenham that Gen. Jackson was of the stuff of which heroes are made.

9. Rise and Power of Anti-Slavery Sentiment, 1830-1865. This was the period of the enactment and repeal of the Missouri compromise. Following the repeal two giants moved with rapid strides across the prairies of Illinois striving ostensibly for a seat in the Senate of the United States, but in reality entering upon the first stages of "the irrepressible conflict" which was soon to become the most terrible strife in the world's history. The less picturesque of these giants was successful in gaining the Senatorial honor, but his more picturesque rival gained the Presidential chair, the command of a grand army of volunteers, and the title of the "Emancipator" of an enslaved race.

Out of the turmoil which followed the repeal of the Missouri compromise and upon the soil of Kansas, the first battle ground between the hosts of freedom and of the slave power, there came from the sons of poverty a man picturesque for his daring and for the martyrdom which he sought at Harper's Ferry—John Brown, whose soul in its onward march is cheered by the millions freed from bondage and in whose interest he gave up his life. Two others, second only to Lincoln in the galaxy of men picturesque in our history, are General Ulysses S. Grant, who up to the beginning of the Civil War had never met success in any direction, and General Robert E. Lee who in the collapse of the Southern Confederacy met his first failure.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D., 24TH IA.

(Continued from the April, 1901, number of the Record.)



NOTHING of special interest has transpired since we came here, except that some troops are arriving daily. I think it is the intention to organize a strong army. When we arrived there were about fifteen regiments of infantry, or about 6,000 men; most of them belong to the 19th Corps. Our regiment is the only one from Iowa. The 22d and 28th Iowa are not here yet. They may have gone towards Petersburg.

A part of the 8th Corps passed by our camp yesterday, but did not stop. They probably went to camp a few miles south, towards the Potomac river. They were coming from Harper's Ferry.

Our regiment is camped about one-fourth of a mile west of Monacacy river, two and one-half miles east of Frederick City, and about twenty miles from Harper's Ferry.

There does not seem to be many rebels around here now, but there was an engagement on July 9, in which our troops, under the command of General Wallace, were defeated, and fell back towards Baltimore. General Hunter, who had with him the biggest part of the army, did not rejoin General Wallace in time for the battle.

The war news are not very encouraging just now. It appears that last Saturday General Grant tried to storm the fortifications near Petersburg. The first news I read about it announced that our troops had possession of three outside lines of works, that Petersburg was all in flames and would soon be a stronghold that had been. Two days later I read that our troops had blown up one of the principal forts, and had taken not only that fort but also nearly all the works of the first and second lines, but that there they were stopped

by the rebels who were in the inside works, and our troops were forced to retire to their old positions, with great losses.

General Sherman seems to be near Atlanta, very much as Grant is near Petersburg. It appears that on July 22, the rebels abandoned some fortifications in front of General Sherman's lines, but by a flank movement they attacked our troops on the left, and even in rear; and had it not been that General Dodge discovered the situation in time, and sent some reinforcements there, a part of General Sherman's army would probably have been surrounded and captured. But let us hope that the next war news will be better.

Petersburg and Atlanta are two very important points, but the communications not being entirely cut off yet, there is no doubt it will take a long time, and it will still cost thousands of more lives, before those places will be in our possession.

But we have just received orders to march with four days' rations in the haver-sack, and so I must close for today.

LI.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR HALLTOWN, VA., August 8, 1864.

Although it is only four days since I wrote my number 50, I will write again, as I have now an opportunity to do so.

I think we are on the eve of grand movements, which may take place soon.

August 4, about 4:30 P. M., we were sent in a hurry to the railroad, and boarded the train for Harper's Ferry. We left Monacacy at 5:30 P. M. and reached Harper's Ferry about 8:30 P. M. We immediately got off the train and formed in line by companies and regiments the best we could; I say the best we could, as there was hardly room enough for six men to front between the railroad and the rocks—Maryland Hights—as also between the railroad and the Potomac river. We were several regiments on the same train. We immediately crossed the Potomac river by means of a pontoon

bridge, and went to form in line behind the parapet of fortifications west of Harper's Ferry, and about one and one-half miles from the bridge, where we had crossed the river. There was only one hill from the bridge to the fortifications. As soon as we got there, we had orders to rest with our arms by our side. I must say here that on August 4, about 1 P. M., a squad of rebel cavalry had attacked our pickets about three miles west of the fortifications, and as it was supposed they were in strong force, our men retired to the outside line of fortifications about one and one-half miles from the line we occupied. The rebels were expected to attack us in force, which caused our hurried departure from Monacacy; but the night passed off quietly as also next day. All the troops that were at Monacacy—about ten or twelve thousand men—had come to Harper's Ferry. Next day, the 6th, at day-break, we left the fortifications, marched about four miles west, where we are now. I think we have here about 15,000 men, but very little artillery. Our regiment is on the extreme left of the line. We are facing towards the west, and can easily see the North mountains, about thirty miles from here, and about ten miles west of Winchester. The nearest town from here is Halltown, which we crossed on the 6th inst., and which is nearly all deserted, on account of attacks so often renewed against Harper's Ferry. Several houses were nearly demolished by cannon balls. We are here between the Shenandoah river—which empties in the Potomac at Harper's Ferry—and the railroad running to Winchester. Nothing extraordinary transpired since we came here. We expect to leave here at any moment.

We just received orders to keep only one wagon with the regiment, which means that our campaign will be in "light marching order."

There is a report here that there is a strong force of rebels about three or four miles southwest of our position, and that they are busy thrashing the farmers' grain and taking it with them. It is a pity to see such a thing, if it is true, while I

think the North could have here an army strong enough, not only to keep the rebels from taking Harper's Ferry, or making a raid into Maryland or any other important points, but also to drive them entirely out of the Shenandoah Valley. It would not surprise me if the report mentioned above is true, nor would it surprise me if Rebel General Lee could dispose of a part of his troops near Richmond to invade the Shenandoah valley, which appears to be one of the richest parts of Virginia.

August 6, as it was expected that we might meet the enemy at any moment or that we might have to march long distances, the sick were left at Harper's Ferry.

The Blue Ridges—or South Mountains—which we crossed, seem to be a solid mass of rock, covered here and there with a few inches of soil, and a few small trees and under-brushes, but very little grass.

Our regiment belongs temporarily to the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 19th Army Corps. Our Brigade is commanded by Lieut. Colonel Wilds of our regiment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

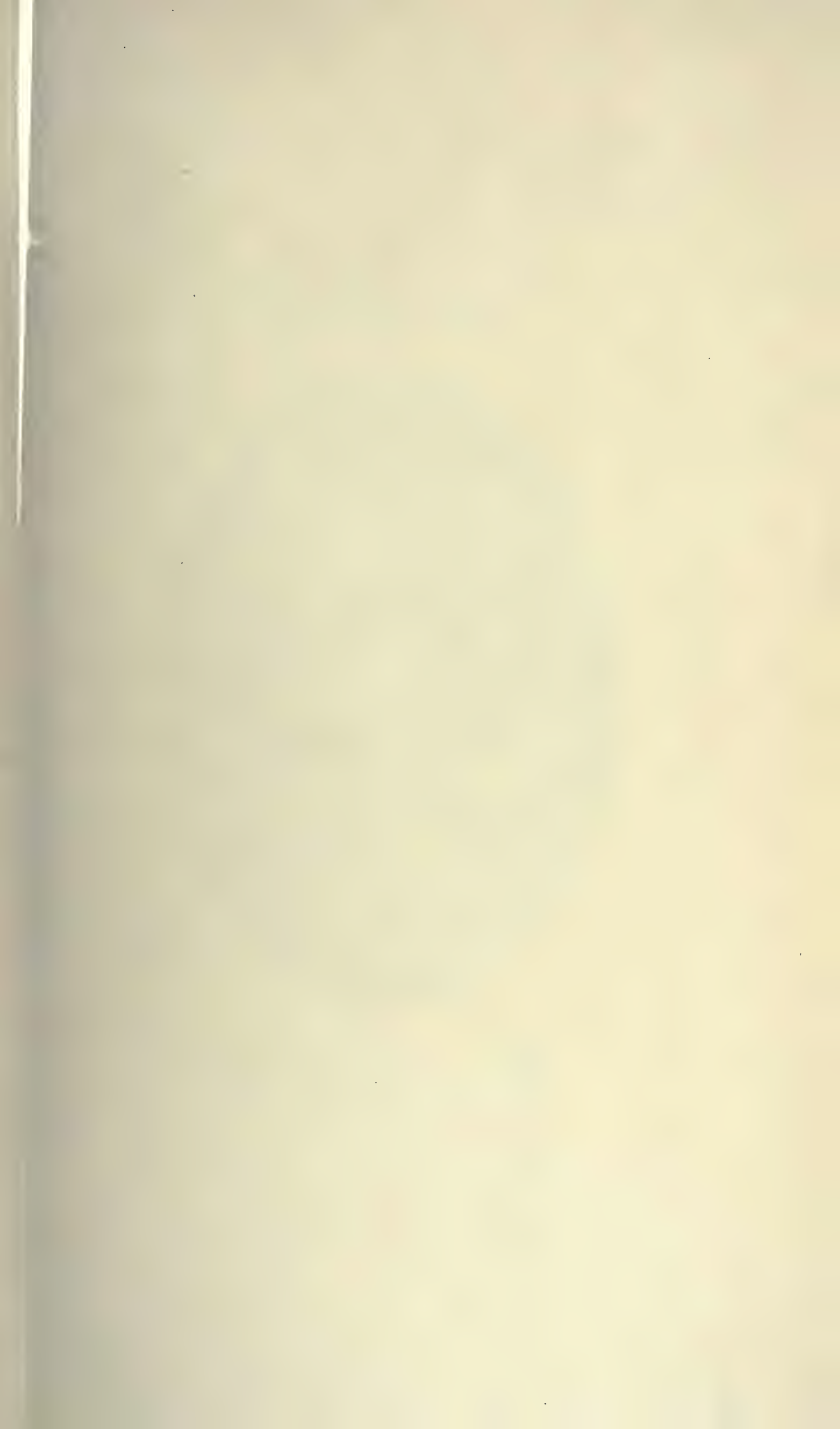
DOCUMENTARY MATERIAL RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF IOWA. Vol. III. Pages XI, 325. Edited by Benjamin F. Shambaugh, A. M., Ph. D. Published by State Historical Society of Iowa, 1901.

Like the other volumes in the Series this follows Dr. Shambaugh's plan of reproducing exact copies of legislative enactments as found in the State Libraries of Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, during the periods of territorial existence from 1834 to 1843. The wording, orthography and punctuation are faithfully preserved as found in original documents. The preceding volume treated of local political government previous to 1834.

This volume treats of local government under the following divisions:

1. Local Government in the Territory of Wisconsin from 1836-1838.
2. Local Government in the Territory of Iowa 1838-1840.
3. Same continued for 1840-1841.
4. Same continued for 1841-1842, when a revision of statutes was undertaken and which continued into the year 1843.
5. An appendix containing extracts from a Message of the Governor of Michigan Territory, the action of the Legislative Council in response to the Governor's recommendation, with appointments of officers for the counties of Dubuque and Demoine. Interesting letters, petitions, and recommendations relative to appointment of officers. The people evidently believed in the "right of petition" and, judging from appointments made, the Governor as firmly believed in the "right of appointment" regardless of the petition of the people, at least while Wisconsin ruled in Iowa affairs.

This work is a labor of love by Dr. Shambaugh, who has spared neither pains nor expense to make his work complete and accurate, and who cites at every step of progress the sources of his information so that the student of Iowa history may readily command the means of verification. The student of Government and Administration will find in this volume evidences of some crude legislation in new fields and of some legislation that has fully proved its right to endure. In compact form all that is essential in the study of Iowa's political history will be found in the series of volumes of which this is but one of many within the purpose of the author.





Robert S. Finkbine

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. XVII.

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No 4.

ROBERT S. FINKBINE AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

BY PETER A. DEY.



HAVE been asked by some of my friends to write out the remarks I made at Mr. Finkbine's funeral. As there are some facts that are probably known only to myself, it will be necessary, to give a correct view of the situation and the relations of parties to each other, for me to go further into detail than was suitable on that occasion. This is my reason for bringing in the early history of the capitol building before Mr. Finkbine's connection with it.

The General Assembly, by an act approved April 13, 1870, appointed a board of Capitol Commissioners consisting of one member from each of the congressional districts of the State, two Commissioners at large—Gen. C. M. Dodge and Hon. James F. Wilson, named in the act—and the Governor, who was *ex-officio* president of the board. If practicable, the management of the work should be under the charge of an Iowa superintendent, and preference should be given Iowa material. Under this latter clause the board made chemical and physical tests of the building stones of the State, more thorough and complete than had been made before or have been since. As the result of these they adopted for the foundation the oölitic limestone which is found on the Iowa river in Tama county,

and which seemed to have successfully withstood all the tests. Some newspaper attacked the oölitic stone, claiming that it would not resist the action of water and frost. This attack was followed by many of the newspapers of the State, and the board losing all confidence in their tests, hastened to undo their work and selected the Bear Creek stone, found in an undeveloped quarry, which had never been tested by use or otherwise. This selection satisfied everybody, and criticism ceased. The Bear Creek stone seem to have been good, but the quarry ran out and failed to furnish the requisite amount; the remaining stone put in the foundation by this board were obtained in Van Buren county from Rock Creek. The latter, while possibly good stone, were quarried late in the fall, and being full of water were badly shattered during the severe winter of 1871 and 1872. An investigating committee appointed by the Legislature took a great deal of testimony as to the condition of the masonry in the foundations. Among them Guy Wells, an eminent engineer and contractor, after examining the walls, reported that sixty-seven stone should be removed.

This unfortunate condition brought more censure upon the commission than was deserved. The Democratic papers attacked them bitterly because they were selected on purely partisan lines. The Republican papers failed to defend because the proof of a lack of either knowledge or capacity was evident.

The General Assembly of 1872 retired the old board and selected four commissioners, two from each political party. The act amended and approved April 10, 1872, read as follows: "There shall be established a board of commissioners consisting of the governor who shall be *ex-officio* president of the board, John G. Foote of Des Moines county, Maturin L. Fisher of Clayton county, and R. S. Finkbine and Peter A. Dey of Johnson county." The members of this board were required to give bonds in the sum of fifty thousand dollars, were charged with the execution of the provisions of law in

respect to the erection of the capitol. Their first important duty was to inspect the work already done and remove any part thereof, that, in their judgment, did not conform to proper standards of material and workmanship. They were limited to the expenditure of \$1,380,000, which was appropriated, and were required to direct their action with a view of the completion of the building for the sum of \$1,500,000—one hundred thousand dollars to be expended in that year, and one hundred and twenty-five thousand annually thereafter.

As I am the only one left of the men selected, I feel that I can speak freely, for there is no association of my entire life that I look back to with more satisfaction. John G. Foote was a merchant who had been reasonably successful in the management of his personal matters, and had practically retired at the time he came upon the board. Strictly honest and conscientious, he treated every matter that came up as he did his own affairs, and although liberal within the lines of strict justice, he never allowed sentiment or friendship to warp his judgment. He was early made chairman of the finance committee and held that position uninterruptedly until the commission was discharged by legislative enactment. So accurately were his accounts kept, (all payments going through his hands,) that the experts appointed by Governor Larrabee, after months of examination, found a discrepancy of about two dollars, which Mr. Foote always insisted was their error, not his. He did not claim any special knowledge of mechanical construction, nor what material it was best to use under various conditions, but had an abiding faith in Mr. Finkbine's judgment. He rarely made any mistakes. I happened to be in Burlington a day or two before his death, and saw him. He said, "I can live but a short time, it is best that I should go. During my illness I have thought a great deal about the capitol and my associates, and it has been a special source of satisfaction to me to know that an expenditure of nearly three million dollars was made and that there was no criticism from

any source on the board. I shall die happy in the thought that the building of the capitol was an honest and wise expenditure of public money and that ours was a trust faithfully carried out."

The next member mentioned in the law was Maturin L. Fisher, of Clayton county. Mr. Fisher had been president of the Senate and a prominent figure in political and educational matters in the state. To the study of architecture he had devoted much time and attention. With all the classic orders he was familiar, he had studied the Gothic and the Renaissance architecture. He knew the quarries from which the stone in all the great buildings of Europe were taken, and was familiar with the analysis of all building stone prominently in use. Strictly honest in thought and deed and with the learning of the scholar, Mr. Fisher was an encyclopedia from which the board drew information. Like Mr. Foote he had to depend to a certain degree upon others for the application of what he knew to existing circumstances. His death occurred to his own and our regret before the building was sufficiently advanced to give him the full idea of what it would be. Mr. Foreman, his successor, was a lawyer, a man of considerable ability and well fitted for the position. The difficult questions were, however, generally settled before he came on the board, so that his action did not impress itself as strongly as that of the earlier members.

Gen. Ed. Wright was early elected secretary, and afterwards, assistant superintendent. He devoted himself to the duties of his position with an energy and industry that made him invaluable. He had not the mechanical or technical knowledge of Mr. Finkbine, but the fidelity with which he discharged the trust gave him the full confidence of the board. No truer man ever held a public office.

The original board in their final report made the recommendation that, in the opinion of the board, it was the best policy for the State that the board of Capitol Commissioners should consist of not to exceed three persons, in which both

parties should be represented, who should be appointed for the time occupied in building the capitol, subject to removal by the Governor or Legislature, for cause only, and that they should be paid a salary that would justify them in giving their whole time to the discharge of their duties during the continuance of the work.

The General Assembly had learned by experience that it was not wise to continue the construction of the new capitol by a purely partisan commission, and divided the members between the two political parties, retaining the Governor as chairman of the board. Messrs. Foote and Finkbine were selected by the republican caucus; Mr. Fisher and myself, by the democratic caucus. My selection was due to the influence of the Hon. John P. Irish, a member of the House from Johnson county, who had been largely instrumental in securing the passage of the law and the appropriations. His brilliant addresses on the subject always filled the hall. Among the friends of the measure he was clearly foremost.

Shortly after the passage of the amended act the Governor called a meeting of the board. Mr. Finkbine and I went to Des Moines on the same train. For the first time we talked over the duties imposed upon us, and discussed the best methods of managing the work. We agreed that we needed a superintendent who was more than capable. Before reaching Des Moines Mr. Finkbine said, "I would like to be superintendent of the building. Will you vote for me?" My reply was, that I would rather not answer that question now, but if insisted upon would do so. I had known Mr. Finkbine about fifteen years, but only slightly, for some reason, possibly political, I was prejudiced against him, and in addition had grave doubts as to his experience or capacity to fill the place, which we all recognized as a difficult one. In fact I knew no one whom I thought quite up to it. Mr. Fisher had this feeling in a much greater degree, and expressed it to me in strong terms.

After one or two meetings it was agreed that Mr. Fink-

bine and I should examine the foundations already in and report what repairs were deemed necessary. This we did thoroughly and carefully, and at the end of the second day he asked what my conclusions were. To my answer that every stone must come out, he replied, "I had not gone as far as that, but perhaps you are right. Whether the capitol costs the state fifty thousand dollars more or less is a matter that will soon be forgotten, but any failure in the foundation will be a source of regret as long as the building stands."

As stated above, the commissioners were limited in the cost of the building to an expenditure of \$1,500,000. The plans adopted by the former board were not changed except in detail, and it is but justice to say that for the purposes designed it would even now be difficult to better them. Mr. Finkbine and I were designated a committee to determine whether the plan adopted could be built for that amount. Most of the estimates he made. We reported against any changes in the plan already adopted, but thought the building could be put under roof by using cheap material, iron columns, wooden floors, and common glass, and that, leaving off domes and ornament generally, it might be made habitable.

The next General Assembly gave the commission \$250,000 in addition to the \$1,500,000 already appropriated and instructed them to put in proper material. It soon became apparent that the people of the State wanted about as good a building as could well be constructed, and for this were willing to pay what it was worth. From that time the question of cost was largely eliminated when good work entered into competition with inferior.

It was necessary to remove and replace the defective walls and to get ready for future operations. Mr. Finkbine proposed to take charge of this work, as a member of the board, at the *per diem* fixed in the law. This was agreed to. The removal of the old walls showed such a condition of disintegration that the board had no fears of criticism as they

dumped off the grounds the refuse of what had cost the State \$52,000. In arranging and organizing his forces, and in the selection of stone and the testing cements, Mr. Finkbine showed a knowledge that belonged to an expert, and, I think, favorably impressed every member of the board. It was not long before he was elected superintendent by unanimous vote, and from that time he had no more hearty support than from the Democratic members, who gave him their fullest confidence. This was not personal friendship, but a thorough conviction that no better man could be found. Until that time it was thought that the experience in large buildings in the west had not been sufficient to produce competent men here. As time passed on, new questions arose, but I do not recall a single emergency that he had not planned to meet. He knew the value of iron work and iron framing quite as well as wood work and made his figures on contract material and labor that were always reliable. He was as familiar with the strain of thrust and tension as a bridge builder, and at the same time knew the cost of quarrying, dressing and laying stone and the relative values of all cements in use. Mr. Piquenard, the architect, died during the progress of the work. Shortly afterward I called Mr. Finkbine's attention to what I feared was a miscalculation of weight on certain columns. He said, "I will figure this. You are the engineer and I a builder. The public would justly hold us responsible for any failure." It was found that additional supports were necessary. This defect was remedied, but under conditions that detract somewhat from the symmetry of the corridors.

Mr. Finkbine never attempted to belittle the acts of others, simply because opportunity offered. He was always desirous of stating their positions fully, and if he differed, he combatted their strong points fairly stated. I wish to illustrate this trait of his character: as there was at one time some feeling on the part of members of the old commission, arising from a misunderstanding of facts that, in justice to all, should be fully and finally corrected. On the 23rd day of November,

1871, the corner stone of the new capitol was laid with due ceremony. Addresses were made by the Hon. James F. Wilson, Governor Merrill and Hon. John A. Kasson and a poem read by the Hon. J. B. Grinnell. On the corner stone the names of the commissioners and the architect were carved. When, in removing the defective stone in the foundation, it became necessary to displace this, Mr. Finkbine had it carefully boxed and put it in the back end of one of the warehouses. The reason he assigned was that if it were seen about the grounds, some one would be inclined to make this excuse for criticising the old board. It lay there for some months. During the Code session a member of the House introduced a joint resolution which directed that the names should be removed from the corner stone and that the word "Iowa" and nothing else should be carved upon it. The instructions of the legislature were carried out. This violation of good taste and the obliteration of the marks of an historic event were, by many, charged against Mr. Finkbine, as taking an advantage of the men he had succeeded. In his nature nothing of this kind could exist, and every precaution that he could adopt was taken to prevent just what was done.

He opposed the gilding of the central dome. This was largely copied from the dome of the Invalides in Paris, which was gilded. His idea was that the gilding was suggested by the bad taste and the predilection for tawdry ornament that belonged to the period of the First Empire. When, however, the gilding was determined upon, he did all in his power to have the work well done and seemed to all intents well satisfied. He never afterward criticised it.

I have said he knew accurately the value of labor and material. On one occasion an Indianapolis firm which had done some considerable work about the capitol was asked to bid upon some iron stairways amounting to a few thousand dollars. Mr. Finkbine had calculated the cost. Upon getting their bid, which was extremely high, he wrote them a note in which he stated that their figuring man was probably

not at home. Shortly after he received a telegram that their expert would be in Des Moines the next day. As I had seen Mr. Finkbine's figures, I had some curiosity to compare them and found a difference of only twenty dollars.

There was one peculiarity about Mr. Finkbine that I have rarely noticed in anyone else. He had had very good early advantages, and his attainments in scholarship were unusual among mechanics of his day. He had learned by contact the mental processes of the mechanic and day laborer, and he had the tact to draw out from them what they knew, without seeming to be a learner. He assumed the manners and followed closely the train of thought of the men with whom he mingled and rarely failed to extract something that he might in the future use. He was a student of Miami University and while there learned how to study, which after all is the great *desideratum* of institutions of learning. The popular estimate of Mr. Finkbine is that he was a rough unhewn block and that out of his inner consciousness he evolved the qualities that made him master of every situation in which he was placed. There never was a greater mistake. He owed more than any man in his line, I ever knew, to mental training and study. This was balanced by that broad common sense that prevented him from being a man with one idea. He was a builder, not an artist, and of the conceptions of the artist he knew little; but the model once made he could construct it in marble, stone, or metal so mechanically that it would be as imperishable as the material in which it was wrought. An example of this occurred in the north and south porticos of the capitol. The entablature between the central columns was of sandstone; the space so great that the stone was hardly able to bear its own weight, much less the mass above. Mr. Finkbine threw an arch from the columns and supported the stone by rods fastened to the entablature by lewises, all of which were so concealed that probably no one has ever questioned the strength of the material. A Chicago architect meeting this same difficulty in the old

Chamber of Commerce, supported his entablature by heavy iron girders below and bolted them through, disfiguring the entire front.

In this, as in all contingencies that arose, Mr. Finkbine had thought out his plans and was ready to meet the exigency. This ability to meet every emergency of life as it arises, is, in my judgment, true greatness.

Fifteen years have passed since the commission was disbanded, yet Mr. Finkbine's name is as thoroughly associated as ever in the popular mind with the building of the capitol. For the present generation it is his memorial, and may remain so longer than carved tablet would endure.

Iowa City, July 20th, 1901.

THE FLOYD MONUMENT.

BY E. W. CALDWELL, SIOUX CITY JOURNAL.



DESPITE the fact that age in a community or a commonwealth usually is regarded a condition precedent to the erection of permanent memorials in token of historic events, still on the western border of Iowa, on the foremost verge of the newest quarter of the State, stands a monument betokening recognition of a most important circumstance in the history not only of Iowa, but of the great west and the entire nation. Upon one face of that monument is a tablet declaring, among other things, that it was erected "In Commemoration of the Louisiana Purchase, and Its Successful Exploration by the Heroic Members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition."

The particular incident which led to the erection of this monument and its dedication on Memorial Day, 1901, was the burial of Sergeant Charles Floyd, a member of that expedi-

tion, August 20, 1804, on a bluff by the Missouri just south of where Sioux City more than fifty years later was founded, and now within the corporate limits. He was the first white man buried on the Louisiana Purchase beyond the confines of established settlements.

His grave had been a landmark more than half a century for voyagers on the Missouri river, when in 1857 it was discovered that encroachment of the stream threatened its obliteration. Pioneers of Sioux City rescued the remains, and reinterred them. That episode was the birth of the Floyd monument idea. It lodged in the minds of these pioneers, but it is conceded that its realization was due to the pertinacity of one man among them—John H. Charles. After more than a generation of waiting and working, he had the privilege of presiding at the dedication last Memorial Day.

An appropriation of \$5,000 by the United States, a similar sum by the State and others collected from Woodbury county, the city of Sioux City and by private subscriptions—these afforded the \$13,400 in cash expended for the monument. But it would have cost \$20,000 to build it under ordinary circumstances. In addition to the cash donations it had other aid of an important character. Col. H. M. Chittenden, in charge of the United States Engineers' office at Sioux City, was appointed engineer of the monument, and without any compensation it had the advantage of his invaluable services in every detail of the designing and the calculations connected therewith, and in general superintendence, and the skilled force in his office, including Bathurst Smith, his assistant, was used whenever necessary. Furthermore, the various railroad companies transported all the material free of charge and contributed every service requested of them.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OBELISK.

The monument is a plain obelisk of Egyptian architecture, built with a shell of pinkish quartzite from Kettle River, Minnesota, with a solid concrete core, sealed up in which are the

remains of Floyd. The height of the shaft is 100 feet 2 1/8 inches above the base course, 9.42 feet square at the bottom and 6.28 feet at the top, capped by a pyramidon. The foundation is a concrete monolith 11 feet deep and 22 feet square at the base. Driveways, walks, steps and an iron fence surround it. The whole occupies the center of a tract of 21 acres purchased for the purpose and to be improved as a park.

On the east and west faces of the monument, just above the base, are two very artistic bronze tablets, each 4 by 6 feet in size, containing the following inscriptions respectively:

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE,
MADE DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON,
THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
APRIL 30, 1803;

OF ITS SUCCESSFUL EXPLORATION BY THE HEROIC MEMBERS OF THE
LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION;
OF THE VALOR OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER, AND FORTITUDE OF THE
AMERICAN PIONEERS
TO WHOM THESE GREAT STATES WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI
OWE THEIR SECURE FOUNDATION.

FLOYD.

THIS SHAFT MARKS THE BURIAL PLACE OF SERGEANT CHARLES FLOYD,
A MEMBER OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.

HE DIED IN HIS COUNTRY'S SERVICE,
AND WAS BURIED NEAR THIS SPOT
AUGUST 20, 1804.

"GRAVES OF SUCH MEN ARE PILGRIM SHRINES,
SHRINES TO NO CLASS OR CREED CONFINED."

ERECTED A. D. 1900
BY THE FLOYD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
AIDED BY THE UNITED STATES AND THE STATE OF IOWA.

ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

The Floyd Memorial Association, which erected the monument, was provisionally organized June 6, 1895, immediately after the positive identification of the grave containing Floyd's remains, which had been removed May 28, 1857, because the first grave was being undermined by floods. The discovery

of the second grave was made on Memorial Day, 1895, after a special search by John H. Charles, George Murphy and C. R. Marks. June 6th a score of citizens, most of whom were present at the reinterment in 1857, met at the grave, certified to the facts and resolved that "We organize ourselves into the Floyd Memorial Association." That preliminary organization was composed of J. C. C. Hoskins as president and C. R. Marks as secretary, with the following additional members: John H. Charles, A. M. Holman, E. R. Kirk, S. T. Davis, J. D. Hoskins, D. A. Magee, George Murphy, L. C. Sanborn, H. D. Clark, A. Groninger, L. Bates, W. L. Joy, T. J. Stone, J. P. Allison, C. J. Holman, W. B. Tredway and J. L. Follett. The organization was somewhat changed June 24, 1895, when Mr. Hoskins resigned as president and John H. Charles was chosen to the office, which he has filled ever since.

The first task of the association was preparation for observing the ninety-first anniversary of Floyd's burial. It was determined to mark the new found location of the second grave with a stone slab, and to enlist for the addresses on the occasion such eminent men as Dr. Elliott Coues, of Washington, D. C., historian of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and Prof. James Davie Butler, of Madison, Wis., who had charge of the original manuscript of the journal kept by Sergeant Charles Floyd during ninety-five days of his connection with the expedition, which was lost until accidentally discovered at Madison, Wis. The afternoon and evening of Tuesday, August 20, 1895, were devoted to the services, which were very successfully carried out. In connection therewith, formal incorporation of the Floyd Memorial Association also was effected.

President Charles opened the exercises at the grave with a few words, and was followed by Judge George W. Wakefield, who spoke on behalf of Sioux City. The funeral oration was delivered by Prof. Butler, who carried in his hand the original manuscript of Floyd's journal. Geo. D. Perkins

in his address represented the curators of the State Historical Society. E. W. Rice, commander of Gen. Hancock Post, G. A. R., in opening the military ceremonies connected with the reinterment, delivered a brief address, following which there was an eloquent discourse to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic by Rev. Dr. H. D. Jenkins. After a brief talk by Dr. Coues, the president introduced Dr. S. P. Yeomans, of Charles City, Iowa, an early pioneer of Sioux City, who was present at the reburial in 1857, and he spoke in behalf of the old settlers.

The exhumed remains of Sergeant Floyd, after this identification, had been placed in two earthenware urns. At the conclusion of Dr. Yeomans' address these were redeposited in the same grave, over which was placed a stone slab inscribed:

SERGEANT CHARLES FLOYD,

DIED AUGUST 20, 1804.

REMAINS REMOVED FROM 600 FEET WEST AND REBURIED AT THIS PLACE
MAY 28, 1857.

THIS STONE PLACED AUGUST 20, 1895.

In the evening, at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, addresses were delivered by Dr. Coues and Prof. Butler, the former speaking on the Lewis and Clark expedition and its marvelous influence upon national history, and the latter upon the character of Floyd.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

At the first meeting of the Floyd Memorial Association under its official incorporation, held August 24, 1895, the following officers were unanimously chosen: President, John H. Charles; vice-presidents, Judge George W. Wakefield, Sioux City, Ia.; Prof. J. D. Butler, Madison, Wis.; Dr. Elliott Coues, Washington, D. C.; Horace G. Burt, Omaha, Neb.; Mitchell Vincent, Onawa, Ia.; Geo. D. Perkins, Sioux City, Ia.; Dr. S. P. Yeomans, Charles City, Ia.; Charles Aldrich, Des Moines, Ia.; Rev. T. M. Shanafelt, Huron, S. D.; W. P.

Garrison, New York City; Col. William Hancock Clark, Detroit, Mich.; George Murphy, Sioux City, Ia.; Col. Meriwether Lewis Clark, Louisville, Ky.; Maj. John O'Fallon Clark, St. Louis, Mo.; Jefferson Kearney Clark, St. Louis, Mo.; secretary, C. R. Marks, Sioux City, Ia.; treasurer, D. A. Magee, Sioux City, Ia.

The officers of the association during the year of work in construction of the monument have been as follows: President, John H. Charles, Sioux City, Ia.; first vice-president, Judge George W. Wakefield, Sioux City, Ia.; associate vice-presidents, Geo. D. Perkins, Sioux City, Ia.; Maris Peirce, Sioux City, Ia.; Joseph N. Field, Manchester, Eng.; Portus B. Weare, Chicago, Ill.; R. C. A. Flournoy, Sioux City, Ia.; Horace G. Burt, Omaha, Neb.; Marvin Hughitt, Chicago, Ill.; George F. Bidwell, Omaha, Neb.; Dr. James D. Butler, Madison, Wis.; Charles Aldrich, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. Elliott Coues, Washington, D. C.; H. D. Clark, New Haven, Conn.; Dr. S. P. Yeomans, Marshalltown, Ia.; secretary, Mrs. Francis N. Davis, Sioux City, Ia.; treasurer, D. A. Magee, Sioux City, Ia.

From the meeting of August 24, 1895, to the time the work culminated in success, the energies of the association were directed to securing the erection of a monument. Earlier there had been suggestion of an effort to secure a congressional appropriation in aid of the enterprise; but it was foregone because of fears that the request might interfere with the appropriation for a government building in Sioux City; but in March, 1899, George D. Perkins, member of congress, succeeded in the last hours of the session in securing \$5,000 for the enterprise. In the session of the State Legislature in 1900, \$5,000 more was appropriated as Iowa's share. The municipality of Sioux City contributed \$1,500, Woodbury county \$800, and private subscriptions realized \$1,100, making a total of \$13,400. The actual construction of the monument required just a year, the foundation having been laid May 29, 1900, and the dedication occurring May 30, 1901. The

cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies August 20, 1900, on the ninety-sixth anniversary of Floyd's death, and the capstone April 22, 1901.

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT.

Every arrangement for the dedication was turned over by the association to a special committee composed as follows: George D. Perkins as chairman; T. C. Tees and D. A. Magee, representing the Floyd Memorial Association; Col. Madison B. Davis, J. E. Ayres and Capt. W. S. Belden, representing the Grand Army of the Republic; L. L. Kellogg, E. C. Tompkins and Mayor A. H. Burton, representing the city of Sioux City. These and the following served respectively upon the various sub-committees: John H. Charles, Judge George W. Wakefield, George F. Bidwell, Horace G. Burt, Mitchell Vincent, John C. Kelly, F. L. Ferris, A. B. Beall and G. M. Gilbert.

All the exercises of the day were admirably carried out, and the event will be long remembered as most successful in every particular. Thousands witnessed the services, going to the monument by private conveyance or by the special train of a dozen coaches provided free by the Sioux City and Pacific Railway Company. Among the participants were scores of pioneers, several of them coming from a long distance. Some of them had been present forty-four years before when the remains of Sergeant Floyd had been rescued from the encroachment of the river, one of these being Noah Levering, of Los Angeles, Cal., who had charge of the reinterment in 1857, and another was Dr. S. P. Yeomans, from Marshalltown, who assisted in the same service. Mrs. Coues, of Washington, D. C., widow of the late Dr. Elliott Coues, historian of the Lewis and Clark expedition and of the Floyd Memorial Association, was in attendance, as was also Mrs. Stephen Field, of Northboro, Ia., daughter of William Bratton, one of the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

The gathering was called to order by George D. Perkins,

chairman of the day, and an invocation was pronounced by Rev. W. S. Vail, pastor of Unity church. Col. H. M. Chittenden, architect and supervising engineer of the monument, made his report and delivered the completed structure to President John H. Charles, who accepted it on behalf of the association, and Judge George W. Wakefield was introduced to formally respond for him. President Charles then released the large American flag veiling one of the bronze tablets on the face of the shaft, and at that moment he saw realized the great ambition of his life. L. M. Kean, a relative of President Thomas Jefferson, by whom the Louisiana Purchase was consummated, delivered a brief address. With especially appropriate ceremonies, Col. Madison B. Davis, Grand Commander of the Department of Iowa, being in charge, the monument was then formally dedicated according to the ritual of the G. A. R., details from the two local companies of the I. N. G. acting as guard of honor. After a brief address by Prof. James D. Butler, three volleys by a squad of twenty-four men were fired, the bugler blew "taps" and the dedicatory services at the superb memorial were completed.

HON. JOHN. A. KASSON'S ADDRESS.

After the Memorial Day parade at 1:30 P. M., further exercises were held at the Grand Opera House. The feature was the magnificent address by Hon. John A. Kasson, one of Iowa's most prominent citizens, which was heard and applauded by a very large audience. Chairman George D. Perkins presided. The invocation was by Rev. Dr. William Salter, of Burlington, a pioneer of the State. After a vocal selection by a ladies' quartette, Gen. Hancock Post, G. A. R., under direction of Commander W. A. Wilkins, conducted the ritual service in memory of the dead, during which the Post quintette sang "When We Pass Through the Mist." Mr. Kasson was then introduced. He took for his subject "The Expansion of the Republic," dwelling upon not merely the fascinating annals of the purchase and the expedition, but more

especially upon the profound philosophy underlying them; and this was applied to events of more recent times, which the orator declared to be "a marvelous expansion, a marvelous transformation, a miracle of the nations."

In the evening at the court house a fine audience listened to the addresses of Prof. Butler and Dr. Yeomans. Judge Noah Levering was also present. While he was unable to speak at any length, he was introduced to the audience and most cordially greeted. Chairman Perkins presided, and the invocation was delivered by Rev. Dr. J. C. McClintock, of the First Presbyterian church. During the evening several patriotic selections were sung. Prof. Butler gave in detail the story of Floyd's journal, so romantically preserved to history, and paid a glowing tribute to the explorers. Dr. Yeomans' topic was "What the Monument Tells." His review of the principles and incidents which it commemorates concluded with this sentiment: "Let it stand as a beacon light, a landmark upon the highway of human progress, of development and civilization."

And thus finished the story of the erection and dedication of a tribute to the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark expedition, and a memorial over the tomb of one who nearly a century before had dropped out of the service undertaken for the coming millions who were to make the wilderness blossom.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D., 24TH IA.

(Continued from the July, 1901, number of the Record.)

LII.

COMMENCED IN THE FIELD ABOUT FOUR MILES NORTHEAST OF STRASBURG, AND ABOUT SIXTEEN MILES SOUTH OF WINCHESTER, VA., August 15, 1864.



ON the 13th instant about 10 P. M. I received your number 40, of the 3d instant. I had not received any letter from you since I received your number 38, on July 17. I have not yet received your number 39. It probably went by way of New Orleans.

It was only when we reached Washington that I learned of President Lincoln's call for 500,000 more men for the army. It is probable that the end of the war is not very near yet. I think we will have a better idea about it in a few months, but my opinion is that it cannot last more than a year. If Generals Grant and Sherman succeed in taking Richmond and Atlanta, and defeat the armies of Lee and Johnson, the principal blow will have been given and everything will then be in our favor. The South having now under arms nearly every man able to bear arms, it would be difficult for them to reorganize other armies to resist those of the Union. It would then be an easy matter to subdue them. But if on the contrary, Grant and Sherman are not successful in accomplishing the object they have in view, in such case the end will be far off; and I fear that the North would be unable to find enough volunteers, without causing injury to the country, especially to the farming interests. I hope everything will terminate in favor of the North, but there is no doubt that thousands of men will yet be slain on both sides before we can subdue the rebels.

August 9, 1st Lieutenant J. R. Gould of our company got a 20 days' sick furlough, and so I am again the only commissioned officer with the company. Same day at 10 P. M. we received orders to be ready to march by 4 A. M., next day, with three days' rations, to last four days.

August 10 at 4:30 A. M. we left camp. We marched through Charlestown, and went to camp about one and one-half miles north of Berryville. During the march of that day, our regiment was leading the column of infantry. Company "F" was the advanced guard, and our company—"D"—acted as skirmishers on both sides of the regiment, so as to avoid being taken by surprise by the enemy. There were a few regiments of cavalry two or three miles ahead of the infantry. Nothing of special interest transpired during that day. It was very hot, but we passed by a good many springs of nice cold water coming out of the mountains, which was quite a help to us. August 11, about 4:30 A. M. we left camp, marched through Berryville, and following the main road or pike road, we marched about two miles farther, when we halted, left the road, and formed in line of battle north of the Winchester road—a nice pike road going from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, or rather a few miles north of Strasburg. Skirmishers were sent ahead. The different regiments followed them, marching in column or by the flank, and leaving room enough between each regiment to first form by company into line, and by regiment in line of battle, in a few minutes, if necessary, if we should meet the enemy. We marched thus for five or six miles, across hills and valleys, rocks and little streams, which we often had to wade, while the trains, ambulances and artillery were following the main road. About 9 A. M. cannonading was heard ahead, and about four miles southwest of Winchester. It was our advanced guard—cavalry and some artillery—who had a skirmish with the enemy, who, after disputing the ground for a few hours with our cavalry, and having probably found out that our infantry was in strong force, and only about two and one-half miles

behind, withdrew towards Strasburg. About 11 A. M. we halted at the edge of the timber, having before us a large open field. Everything seemed quiet then. Our cavalry made some reconnoissances, but the rebels had disappeared.

About 1:30 P. M. in motion again. We then resumed the pike road, marched about seven miles, and stopped for the night about five miles southeast of Winchester, after having marched in all only about fifteen miles that day. The march was very tiresome, especially as we marched mostly through timber, rocks, etc. The weather was hot, water scarce, and men suffered from thirst, although the canteens were all filled in the morning before we left camp. We passed by only one spring of water on that day, and that was about 4 P. M. When we stopped for the night, I had only sixteen men with me out of forty-three. There were only about 150 for the regiment. The balance had stopped along the road to rest, many of them being overcome by the heat and fatigue, but they rejoined the command in the evening.

August 12, about 5 A. M. we left camp. Marched about eight miles. Halt for dinner about 11 A. M. At 12 M. in motion again. Marched about six miles. Halt, and formed in line of battle. It was then about 5:30 P. M. We heard cannonading about two miles ahead. It was our cavalry and some artillery engaged with the rebels, who seemed to be in strong force. We soon heard musketry firing, and I thought then that we were going to have a general engagement, but the rebels withdrew into their fortifications, or at least to a place where it looked as if they were fortified, and had a strong position between the two chains of mountains near Strasburg. We then stacked our arms but kept ready to take them up again at any moment. The march during that day was also tiresome, on account of frequent halts, to feel the ground, and then the hurrying of the cadence that followed. The heat was also intense that day. We passed by quite a number of springs of nice cold water, which was quite a help to us. I had only seventeen men with me, when we

stacked arms, out of forty-two when we started in the morning, the balance rejoined the company in the evening. It was about the same all through the regiment, and yet, our regiment was one of those having the most men in rank when we halted to stack arms. That evening a few regiments of infantry were sent out on picket. The night passed off quietly, although we were expecting that a great battle would be fought next day.

August 13, about 4 A. M. we formed in line of battle. It was expected that the rebels would attack us, but they did not. The day passed off quietly, except now and then a little musketry firing. I think we have here now, a force of about 40,000 men, including about 12,000 cavalry. There does not seem to be much artillery in proportion. The 8th Corps, commanded by General Crook, and the 6th Corps, commanded by General Wright, are here, the whole being under the command of Major General P. H. Sheridan.

I think that if we have not a force sufficient to dislodge the rebels from their strong position, we have at least enough to keep them in check, provided our leaders do not get scared. I say scared because our armies that have been here before were mostly whipped by the rebels, but I hope it will not be so this time.

I like the way General Sheridan marches his army, and I do not think we will ever be taken by surprise while on a march.

Same day, 9 P. M. the mail and provision train arrived in camp, and rations were issued for three days to last four days.

August 14 passed off quietly. A rebel spy who was caught in our camp, was hung a few hundred yards behind our line; and today, 15th, at 4 P. M., everything is quiet, except now and then a little musketry firing on the skirmish line.

August 22, 10 A. M. Having had no opportunity to send you this letter since I commenced it, about four miles from Strasburg, I will now add a few lines, although I do not know when I can send it to you.

August 15, about 9 P. M., ordered to pack up and be ready to march by 11 at night, and at the time appointed we left camp. Destination unknown. We followed the road going towards Winchester. We went through Middletown and Newtown, and marched till we were about one mile west of Winchester, where we arrived on the 16th, about 11 A. M., and where we stopped for the night.

August 17, 2 A. M., ordered to be ready to march by 4 A. M., and at the time appointed we left camp. We marched through Winchester. Marched about fifteen miles and halted about one and one-half miles east of Berryville, and near the place where we had camped on the 11th instant. We stopped there for the night. There we found some nice fields of corn just in roasting ears, and in less than two hours there were at least twenty acres of that corn cleaned out. We were short of rations, and we took what we could get.

August 18, about 3 A. M., in line ready to march. A few minutes later, the provision trains arrived and three days' rations were issued. Immediately after that we were in motion again; marched about eight miles and halted at the edge of the timber about six miles east of Berryville. It was then about 10 A. M. There we saw a part of our army corps—the 19th—under the command of General Grover. The 22d and 28th Iowa were there. They had just arrived, and had come from Washington, in five days' march. And so we now have three Iowa regiments here, and we are in the same division, or at least temporarily so. The 22d Iowa is in the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 19th Army Corps, and the 24th and 28th Iowa are in the 4th Brigade, of the same division, and so I had the pleasure of seeing Captain Cree, Geo. Hunter, I. Struble, H. Harrison, Wm. Bowen, and a few other neighbors who are in the 22d Iowa. They all seem to enjoy good health. A few moments after our arrival there, we learned that our rear guard was engaged with the enemy, and was retreating towards our main column; and we were immediately formed in line of battle. About 4 P. M. we were in

motion again. Marched about three miles, halted and stopped for the night, about three miles from Charlestown, between Clifton and Charlestown. It is there that the report concerning General Sheridan's army, which you will find in the paper I am sending you, was written. I must say here that when writing to you I say "we," it applies sometimes to our regiment or brigade, division, army corps or the whole army; while the letter published in the paper concerns General Sheridan's army in general.

August 19, passed off quietly, except that the troops were formed in line of battle, and fortifications were built at a few points. Our corps is now commanded by General Emory, and was on the left, our division on the front line. The 8th Corps was partly in front and on the right; and the 6th Corps was partly in the center and also in the rear as a reserve.

Word was just received that rebel General Early, whose rear guard had been driven into their fortifications near Strasburg, had been re-enforced by General Longstreet, and was now driving our rear guard. It was expected that we would have to fight them next day. But next day, the 20th, passed off quietly, except a few skirmishes.

August 21, about 10 P. M., we left our position, marched through Charlestown and Halltown, and took position—our regiment—on a hill one-fourth of a mile northeast of Halltown and north of the railroad, where we are now.

As I am writing, we hear musketry and artillery firing in front. We expect an attack from the enemy. But as the mail is not going out today, I close for the present.

August 23, 5 P. M. It is after having spent the day helping to build a line of fortifications in front of our regiment, and also to fix our camp as if we were to remain here a few weeks, that, having now a few moments of leisure, I will add a few words to this letter.

Although yesterday opened with a brisk firing of musketry and artillery, the day passed off without anything very serious. It was only our skirmishers and some artillery engaged with

the skirmishers of the enemy, about three miles in front of our position; and that firing lasted only a few minutes. During the afternoon we had a hard rain—thunder shower—that lasted about two hours, which put an end to the musketry firing, and we began to build our line of fortifications.

The night passed off quietly, and today we hear now and then some musketry firing, but very little cannonading. The rebels are expected to attack us, but I do not think they will be foolish enough to do it, unless they have a very strong force, as we are now occupying a very strong position behind our fortification. I rather think that they are in front of us with a small force to draw our attention, so that they may go and attack some other points, either between Harper's Ferry and Monocacy, or other important points.

From what I can see we have three lines of fortifications here. Our army Corps—that is the two divisions of it, 1st and 2nd—is occupying the outside line. We have also a few regiments of cavalry in front of us, who are making reconnoissances. Our line is formed on some elevated hills. There is before us a space of about three miles of open field. The second line is about three-fourths of a mile behind ours, and on some hills a little more elevated than ours; and our third, or inward line, is at the top of what is called Bolivar Heights, about one mile behind the second line, and about two miles from Harper's Ferry. So you can see that the inward lines have the command on the outside one, which is very important towards defending a place.

LIII.

IN THE FIELD NEAR HALLTOWN, VA., August 27, 1864.

Since I wrote my number 52 on the 23d instant, I have had very little leisure time. And as we are occupying the outside line, we have to keep on the alert, especially the officers, and I am nearly the whole time either on duty or expecting to be.

Since last evening we have expected to leave here at any moment. The regimental postmaster has just arrived from

Harper's Ferry, and informs us that the mail will leave today at 4 P. M., provided we stay here till then. I take advantage of it to write you a few lines in a hurry, and as usual in the field; the sod is my chair, and my knee, upon which I have a book about one-half inch thick and 10 inches square, is my writing desk.

Since August 23, there was skirmishing every day, and in different directions.

August 24, about noon, a brigade of infantry was sent on a reconnoissance in front, so as to have an idea of the position and strength of the enemy. The brigade went out about two and one-half miles from our line, met the enemy's skirmishers and drove them about one-half mile, when they met the enemy in strong force, and were forced to retire. It was ascertained that the enemy had not yet abandoned their position in our front. About 3 P. M. that brigade returned to camp. Our losses were from fifteen to twenty, killed and wounded.

August 25, I was on picket duty about one and one-fourth miles in front of our fortifications. Everything passed off quietly. About 11 A. M. we heard the firing of artillery and musketry in the direction of Martinsburg, and about seven or eight miles from our line of fortifications. It was our cavalry that met the enemy's cavalry, defeated them, and drove them about two miles beyond that, when they met the enemy's infantry in strong force, and were driven back with considerable loss, in proportion to the number engaged. The firing only ceased at dark, that is, when the enemy quit following our troops. The killed and several wounded were left on the battle field.

August 26, at day-break we heard cannonading in the same direction—northwest of Harper's Ferry—but a little farther than the day before, probably near the Potomac river, where the rebels may intend to cross, and then move a part of their forces on our right and rear, so as to try to cut off our communications between Harper's Ferry and Washing-

ton. But I hope that General Sheridan can see far enough ahead to keep them from playing such a farce on us.

I have not heard the result of that cannonading or skirmish, which lasted only a few hours. It might have been our artillery shelling the woods to feel for the enemy.

Same day, about 7 P. M., ordered to keep ready to move at any moment. But that order may not have been given with the intention to move away from here, but rather so that in case the enemy should attack us with a force superior to ours, and we should be forced to retire on our second line of fortifications, in a hurry, we would not have to abandon our baggage. I do not look for such a thing to happen. But, from what little I have seen of General Sheridan, I think he is very cautious, and looks far ahead of what he is doing.

Same day, about sun-down, a little cannonading was heard from both sides, but nothing serious. And today, August 27, everything is quiet. It looks now as if the enemy may have left their position in our front. About 1 P. M., a few regiments of infantry were sent on a reconnoissance, but they have not yet returned. We are now having nice weather, but the nights are cool.

We have not yet received our pay for the months of May and June. There is now nearly four months pay due us; and I do not see any prospect of getting any pay for some time. I am now nearly out of money, and I wish you would send me ten dollars in two letters with about a week's interval. If I had not lent 1st Lieutenant J. R. Gould thirty dollars, when he left here for Iowa, on a sick furlough, I would yet have enough to do me for a month or more, but as he had done as much for me before I drew my first pay as 2d Lieutenant, in July, 1863, I thought I would not be ungrateful to him when he was in need, and I could help him. Subsistence for officers cost now more than double what they did six months ago. It cost me from six to seven dollars every ten days, for subsistence alone.

I received yesterday, August 26, my commission as 1st

Lieutenant, dated July 28, to take rank from July 6, 1864. But I am still reported as 2d Lieutenant, because 1st Lieutenant J. R. Gould being absent on sick furlough, cannot be mustered out as 1st Lieutenant and mustered in as Captain; and as there cannot be two 1st Lieutenants in the same company, I must wait until his return before I can be mustered in as 1st Lieutenant. 1st Sergeant D. W. Ott is to take my place as 2d Lieutenant.

LIV.

IN THE FIELD NEAR CHARLESTOWN, VA., August 30, 1864.

We have just received a mail, and the regimental postmaster informs us that the mail will leave here tomorrow at 5 A. M., provided we stay here till then, and I thought I would write you a few lines. I did not receive any letter from you, but I received one from 1st Lieutenant J. R. Gould, dated the 15th instant. He was then in Davenport, Iowa, where his wife is living, and where he arrived on the 12th, instant. He says that he is much better than he was when he left us on the 9th, instant, and that he hopes to be able to rejoin us at the expiration of his furlough, on September 3d. I hope he will, although I doubt if he will be able to do so, as he was quite weak when he left us. I just wrote to him to inform him of what is going on here, and also to inform him that his commission as Captain is here awaiting him, and that it is for his own interest as well as for mine, that he rejoins the company as soon as he can.

August 27, during the afternoon, a part of the 6th Army Corps was sent on a reconnoissance in front of our line. They met the enemy about four miles from our line, and compelled them to retire into their fortifications. General Crook, who had the command of the reconnoissance, maintained his position during the night.

Next day, August 28, at daybreak, the rebels had left their advanced line of fortifications, and were withdrawing towards Charlestown. Same day, about 7 A. M., nearly all the troops

that were near Harper's Ferry, were in motion, to follow the enemy. The troops marched in three different routes, or rather in three different columns. Our regiment formed the advanced guard of the infantry of our army corps. But there was some cavalry a few miles ahead of our column, to feel the ground. We marched only about eight miles and halted. Skirmishers were sent in front and on both flanks of the column, to serve as picket line until all the troops should arrive here and were formed in line of battle to stop for the night. When the whole army arrived here those pickets were relieved by the regular picket line. We did not meet the enemy, but our cavalry met them in small force near Berryville, and forced them to retire. It was probably only the rear guard of the enemy.

It is now supposed that the main body of the rebel army is moving, either towards Richmond or Petersburg. Our cavalry maintained their position during the night.

August 29, the enemy was re-enforced by infantry, and attacked our cavalry, which was soon forced to retire with considerable losses, leaving most of the wounded on the battle field. A few regiments of infantry were sent to re-enforce the cavalry, but the rebels being probably aware of such a thing, followed our cavalry only until about three miles from our camp. And today, August 30, everything is quiet. The rebels have withdrawn, and are supposed to be going towards Richmond. It is probable that a part of our army will also be sent in that direction. We expect to leave here at any moment. Destination unknown.

We have no wagon at all with the command now, to transport our baggage. The wagons were left loaded at Harper's Ferry. I have now with me, only a rubber blanket, a shirt for a change, and the necessary things for writing.

We have nice weather, but the nights are getting cold, and we feel that the most, as we are in very light marching order and have no extra clothes with us.

LV.

IN THE FIELD NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., September 8, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my number 54, near Charlestown, on August 31.

Same day we were mustered in for pay, but as we did not have in our possession the necessary blanks to establish the muster and pay rolls, each company commander made out a list of men present with the command and handed it to the Colonel. The total present in our company is 50. The total present and absent is 86.

September 1, nothing extraordinary transpired.

September 2, during the forenoon, the teams, with our baggage, arrived in camp. The blanks for muster and pay rolls were distributed. I immediately established those for our company in quadruple expedition, and for four months—May, June, July and August.

Same day, about 9:30 P. M., we received orders to be ready to move next day at 4 A. M.

September 3, at 5 A. M., we left camp. The teams, with our baggage, were sent to Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. We marched about eight miles towards Berryville. About 11 A. M., we halted about two miles northeast of Berryville, and stacked arms. Until then we had not met any enemy.

Our army was divided in three columns, and each column marched by a different route, so as to be ready to form in line of battle in a short time if necessary. Our army corps was in the center, the 6th Corps was on our right, and the 8th Corps on our left.

Same day, about 5 P. M., we were in motion again; our direction being northwest of Berryville. We had hardly marched one-half mile, when the 8th Corps met the enemy, and a little skirmishing ensued. The rebels first charged on our troops but were vigorously repulsed, leaving about 100 prisoners in our hands. Our corps and the 6th were immedi-

ately formed in line of battle. There was heavy firing of musketry and artillery on our left, for about an hour, that is, till nightfall. It was expected that a great battle would be fought next day.

During the night we built a line of fortifications over four miles long, so that we were ready to receive the enemy in case of an attack by a superior force. We had a strong position formed of two lines. Our brigade was on the second line. Next day, September 4, the rebels sent a few shells in our camp, but did no damage. We could see them manœuvring about three miles from our line, but they did not come near us. It seemed as though they knew we had a strong position, and were ready to give them a warm reception if they should come.

September 8, 5 P. M. This morning about 9 o'clock, and as I was writing this letter, a French-Canadian who could not speak English, came to see me and asked me to be his interpreter to the Adjutant General of our army Corps, and so I went with him and did what I could for him. He was very thankful for it. On my return I was informed that the mail was going out immediately, and so I am sending you this letter without being entirely finished. I intend to write again at the first opportunity. We still occupy the same position we were occupying on the 4th, instant.

LVI.

IN THE FIELD NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., Sept. 13-14, 1864.

Nothing very serious has transpired here since I wrote you my number 55, on the 8th, instant; but as I did not have time to give you the details of what had transpired during a few days previous to that, I will now add a few more words, so that if I ever return to Iowa, and as may happen I may lose my daily annotation book, and as I hope you will keep my letters, I may then refer to them, when I wish to recall some important events that are taking place during my stay in the army.

September 6, 1st Lieutenant J. R. Gould returned to the company. He is not quite well yet, and could have staid at home in Iowa, and have his sick furlough extended if he had so desired, but he was anxious to return as soon as possible, so that 1st Sergeant D. W. Ott could be discharged as 1st Sergeant, and mustered in as 2d Lieutenant, while the effective of the company still allows us to do so, because when the office of 2d Lieutenant is vacant, it is required that the effective of the company be of eighty-three present and absent, to have that office filled. The effective of our company is now eighty-six, so that it may not be long until it may be reduced below the required number.

1st Lieutenant J. R. Gould will be mustered in as Captain, I as 1st Lieutenant, and D. W. Ott as 2d Lieutenant, to take rank from September 5, 1864.

2d Sergeant J. B. Swafford is promoted 1st Sergeant; Corporal J. E. Jayne, Sergeant, and Private W. L. Hunnicutt, Corporal, to date from September 10.

I will now give you a continuation of our campaign: On September 7, the 1st, 2d and 3d brigades, and our regiment of the 4th brigade, of our division, and under the command of Brigadier-General Grover, were sent on a reconnoissance about eight miles west of Berryville, and in the direction of Winchester, so as to ascertain the new position of the enemy who had abandoned its fortifications in front of our line. We marched cautiously in feeling the ground, and marching as we generally do since we are in the Shenandoah Valley, that is, by the flank, and by regiment, and on each side of the road, leaving space enough between regiments to form in line of battle in a hurry in case of need; the artillery and ambulances following the road, until we arrived in view of the enemy's advanced posts, about three miles east of Winchester. The few rebel cavalrymen in those posts soon ran before us, and so it was easy for us to ascertain that they had abandoned their fortifications about four miles in front of our line; and that they were not in force any more, east of Winchester.

Rebel General Early has probably retired with his army towards Bunker Hill, where he must be fortified.

But there are still some guerillas here who are said to be under the command of Colonel Mosby, and who are doing, now and then, considerable damage between our army and Charlestown. I hear that on the 5th instant they captured about forty ambulances which were coming from Harper's Ferry. Those ambulances had left here the day before, loaded with sick and wounded going to Harper's Ferry, where they arrived without trouble. They were under the command of an officer who seemed to have acted rather blindly, by not reporting himself to the general's headquarters as soon as he arrived there so as to have a guard to escort the ambulance trains until his return to our camp. It was very easy for the guerillas to capture those ambulances; but as it would have been rather risky for them to keep them, as they could hardly have taken them away without being perceived by some of our troops who might have been on a reconnoissance, they burned the ambulances, took the horses and mules, and paroled the drivers, who returned to Harper's Ferry.

September 9, I was detailed to guard a foraging train. We had about fifteen wagons for our division and went about four miles northwest from our camp, where we found not only good hay but also some provisions for the boys, consisting of pork, mutton, etc. We did not meet any rebels. But we had occasion to see some charming young ladies, who, although rebels to the soul, appeared to have received a high education, and are what I call genuine southern ladies. They are not afraid to express their opinion, and belong to that class who have so much influence over the young confederate soldiers. They are resigned to sacrifice all they have, to obtain their independence and their separation from the north. These people are to be pitied, and I fear very much for their independence, because, although our armies have not been as successful as was expected

during the last year yet they have made some progress. I hope we will soon subdue the rebels, but it will still cost a good deal in men and money; and it is necessary that every one, without any distinction of party affiliation, should help to do it.

Same day, September 9, about sundown, and just on my return from foraging, the teams, with our baggage, arrived here from Sandy Hook, Maryland, where they were sent on the 3d instant. Next day, the 10th, was for me a very busy day. I finished the muster and pay rolls in quadruple expedition, compared them, and handed them to the colonel. I also made out my monthly returns of clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and sent them off, everything being written from my own hand, as I have no company clerk and do not want any although I have a right to one. I dispensed with the company clerk after taking the command of the company; and all the papers I have to sign, are written from my own hand.

Sunday, September 11, was observed as Thanksgiving Day, and everything being quiet around camp, we had meetings for each brigade, in the forenoon and afternoon. They were interesting. Rev. Mr. Carroll, chaplain of our regiment, had just returned from Iowa, where he had been on sick furlough, and was present at those meetings. His health, which was very poor when he left us, is very good now; I think the climate of Virginia agrees with him, better than that of New Orleans.

Beginning from yesterday, the 12th, we are doing duty as we generally do in camp. We are having drill twice a day, and judging from the movements of our troops in the Shenandoah Valley, I think the intention of General Sheridan—or rather the order he may have received—is not to harass the enemy very much, but rather to keep him as long as possible northeast of Front Royal, and act on the defensive, and give him battle in open field only when he is obliged to do so, although it might be otherwise as the movements of an army may change from one day to another.

As I am writing to you, September 13, at 4 P. M., we hear cannonading on our right, and about seven or eight miles in the direction of Martinsburg or Bunker Hill. It may be a part of our cavalry and artillery, that met the enemy while on a reconnoissance.

From September 1st till today, the weather was rather changeable. We had rain at intervals, generally accompanied with thunder. During the night of the 10th to 11th, we had a hard rain accompanied with thunder, which lasted nearly the whole night, and was very disagreeable, especially since most of our shelter tents are worn out, so that the rain leaked through them as it would through a sieve. But the bugle is now calling for dress parade, and I must close for today. I do not know when the mail will go out, but I will finish this at the first opportunity.

September 14, 10 A. M. This forenoon is rainy and everything is quiet around, and having now a little leisure time, I will add a few words to this. But as I have nothing very interesting to communicate to you, and as we are now on the eve of a great and critical event, which will probably decide of the future of our adopted country, I will now consume a few moments in discussing politics.

I will first say that although I have already suffered a good deal during the two years I have been in the army, and although I expect to suffer a good deal more and would consequently like to see the end of the war provided we could obtain a durable peace, which would be an advantage to the Union, I am nevertheless in favor of the present administration; in other words, I am for A. Lincoln and the platform upon which he stands.

Looking back and taking into consideration how the affairs of the country were two years ago, and the shape they are in now, I say that the shortest and best way to re-establish the Union as it was four years ago, (except that the slaves would be free) is by force of arms.

When we look at all the sacrifices that the North has

already made to try to subdue the rebels, how would the reputation of the United States be abroad if our troops were withdrawn from the South and an armistice established during which the North would, by kindness, try to have the southern states come back into the Union? I think the South would accept nothing less than their independence, and so I say again that the best and only way to have a durable peace, will be by force of arms; but it is necessary that the northern states remain united together and sustain each other; that everyone does what he can to help the soldiers in the field; and that those who cannot go into the army do what they can to help and encourage those who are in it. The prospect looks fair for the North now. Our largest armies have been pretty successful of late and there is hope for success in the future. The North has yet great resources. Our armies can still be easily re-enforced, while the rebels have in the ranks nearly everyone who is able to carry arms; and it is consequently difficult for them to re-enforce their armies; and besides that many of their men are deserting. And so I say that the people of the North should show good will and be united together; and if reunions of secret societies are held with the intention of weakening the North, either by discouraging enlistment or trying to oppose the draft when the army needs re-enforcements the loyal people should try to discover those societies and inform the state authorities, so that steps may be taken to give the people who belong to those societies the choice either of going into the Union army or of leaving the northern states as being unworthy of being any longer protected by the United States government, and also unworthy of enjoying any longer the liberty which is accorded to them. I think that would soon put a stop to those reunions. The same should be done to those rebel sympathizers who rejoice when our enemy gain some successes, and who, by so doing, discourage the men in the field. That is the way the Union men are treated in the South, and I think it would be nothing more

than right, to do the same with the rebel sympathizers of the North.

The convention which met at Chicago on August 31, and nominated General Geo. B. McClellan for president and Pendleton for vice-president of the United States, presents to the suffrage of the American people a platform which looks abominable to me. They want, for the benefit of the enemy, to sacrifice the cause and the honor for which the Union has already sacrificed so much during the last four years. That platform, which I read in a paper in circulation in camp, has fallen upon the country not at a time when everything looks dark and discouraging for the Union, as if our armies had been routed everywhere and pursued by Generals Lee, Hood, Early, etc., when we would be compelled to surrender or withdraw our troops from the southern territory; but on the contrary, it has come at one of the most brilliant epochs of the war, and at a time when the Union armies in general, are the most determined to finish what they have commenced.

And while great successes were gained by Sherman at Atlanta, by Farragut at Fort Morgan, and by Grant on the Weldon railroad, a band of conspirators met at Chicago determined—in one sense of the word—to take steps toward forcing the North to lay down their arms, agree to an armistice, and withdraw our troops from the southern territory, thus giving the enemy an opportunity to strengthen their fortifications and reorganize their armies, and thus secure advantage over the Union armies when hostilities should be resumed. Those great moguls, among whom we may with good reason mention Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, etc., who have so much influence over a part of the American people, would rejoice to see the Union destroyed and their southern friends obtain their independence. They are trying to make people—and especially the peace Democrats—believe that they would take advantage of an armistice to name a commission, and have a conference—or rather a convention—of all the states to calmly reason and discuss the different questions.

Those gentlemen—or rather perturbators of the public peace—would let the states in rebellion come back into the Union, no doubt, on terms to suit the South. They are willing to re-establish slavery, to indemnify the southern people for the slaves that could not be returned, and also for all other losses, confiscations, etc., and besides that, to give them their “independence.”

But there is one thing that makes me rejoice, and that is the hope that we will succeed in re-electing President Lincoln, because General McClellan in his letter of acceptance, written to the Chicago convention, does not seem to be in accord with their platform.

The platform and the candidate cannot exist one without the other. We may compare the platform to the soul, and the candidate to the body; the latter may change and even be returned to ashes until judgment day, but the soul remains the same and is eternal. The two are therefore inseparable in their relative position; because, if the candidate does not accept the principles of a platform, he ceases to be a candidate for the party that has named him on that platform. Such nomination may, therefore, in one sense of the word, be considered null. We may compare General McClellan and the platform to a husband who accepts his wife's property without accepting her person. General McClellan having rejected the proposition concerning a cessation of hostilities and a convention of the states, is consequently not a candidate of the Chicago convention, and may be considered as a candidate who nominates himself and on his own platform.

I wish the Union men at home would use their influence over those who are opposed to them, and try to make them understand good reason and good sentiments.

But I have hope for the success of Lincoln, as I think that a good many democrats will vote for him.

LVII.

COMMENCED IN THE FIELD NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., September 18, 1864; FINISHED NEAR WOODSTOCK, (ABOUT THIRTEEN MILES FROM STRASBURG, VA.,) September 23, 1864.

Nothing of special interest has transpired since I wrote my number 56 on the 15th instant. We are having nice weather. Nights are rather cool, very much the same as during the fall season in Iowa.

On September 16, I was mustered out as 2d Lieutenant to date back to September 4, and mustered in as 1st Lieutenant to date back to September 5, 1864. And so there is now due me four months and four days pay as 2d Lieutenant, which I may receive as soon as we meet a pay-master who has some funds on hand. From September 5, I will receive pay as 1st Lieutenant.

September 18, about 3 P. M. We received orders to pack up everything and be ready to march immediately. We rolled up our tents, loaded wagons, etc. Same day, about 5 P. M., ordered to remain in camp until further orders. We may remain here for the night. Our destination is unknown. I would not be surprised if some of us would be sent towards Petersburg; and it would not surprise me if the 6th and 8th Corps would remain here, and our Corps be sent in another direction. I think the teams, with our baggage, went towards Harper's Ferry.

September 23, 10 A. M., near Woodstock—about thirteen miles from Strasburg. I just received your number 43 and the five dollars enclosed; and I will now add a few words to this, and will send it at the first opportunity.

You have, probably before this reaches you, read in the papers that our troops under the command of General Sheridan, on the 19th instant, won a complete victory near Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. But I have no time to give you the details of it now, and will only give you the names of killed and wounded in our company.

Killed—Captain J. R. Gould, mortally wounded through body. Died at 2 o'clock next morning.

Wounded—Corporal C. F. Bumgardner, left leg, severe. Corporal Wm. E. Berry, left hand, lightly. Privates A. Y. Worthington, right elbow, severe. T. R. Chandler, right leg, severe. Sam. Godlove, right thigh and left foot, severe. Isaac Miller, both legs, severe. Sooter Spielman, left leg, breast, side and shoulder, severe; left leg amputated above the knee. I. M. Ritter, right arm amputated. C. M. Westfall, right elbow amputated.

I was spared this time yet, although I was on the battle field from 1 P. M. till 6:30 P. M.

I cannot say much now. I am in a hurry. This letter will probably reach you through the kindness of a teamster of our company who is starting immediately for Winchester. I will give you more details as soon as I can. My health is excellent.

Since September 19, we were engaged more or less every day, but our regiment was often on the second and third lines.

On the 20th and 21st only the skirmishers were engaged, but yesterday, the 22d, our troops made a general charge on the rebel fortifications at Fisher's Hill, behind Strasburg, and took a good many prisoners. The rebels were driven out of their strong position. They were demoralized, and retreated confusedly as fast as they could. We pursued them during the whole night. It was 6:30 P. M. when our troops succeeded in routing them entirely. We expect to leave here at any moment.

LVIII.

IN THE FIELD NEAR HARRISONBURG, VA., Sept. 27, 1864.

I am just informed that the mail is going out immediately. The provision train is going to Winchester, and I take advantage of it to write you a few lines in a hurry so as to give you at least a sign of life.

I gave you in my number 57, a list of casualties in our company, at the battle of Winchester, September 19, but it was not complete.

As much as I am informed, the losses of our regiment—24th Iowa—in that battle were: Killed, eleven, (two officers); wounded, fifty-seven, (three officers); missing, six; total, seventy-four.

The losses of our company at 2 o'clock next morning were: Our captain killed, two corporals and seven privates wounded, one corporal and two privates missing; total, thirteen.

The missing are supposed to be in the hospital, either sick or taking care of the wounded, as I do not think any of our men were taken prisoners.

My health is excellent. I will give you more details later on. The regimental postmaster is waiting for letters.

Since the battle of the 19th instant, we have had hard times pursuing the retreating enemy. There were small engagements nearly every day, but not very serious.

I hope you received my number 57. Please send me five dollars, in a letter, every week until we receive our pay.

LIX.

IN THE FIELD NEAR HARRISONBURG, VA., October 2, 1864.

Although nothing extraordinary has transpired since I wrote my number 58, of September 27, but as the mail is going out in a few minutes, I take advantage of the opportunity to write you a few lines.

Your letters, numbers 43 and 44, each containing five dollars have just been received. Your letters are reaching me very regularly, and I hope it is the same with mine. The package containing our departed and dear mother's handkerchief has also just reached me in good shape. I will keep it as a remembrance, and will cherish it as a valuable treasure.

Since the successes of Sherman at Atlanta, Farragut at Mobile, and Grant at Petersburg, the war horizon seems clear; and the last successes of General Sheridan with our army on September 19th and 22d, makes it still clearer; and we may hope that the end of the war is not very far distant.

Our neighbors that are here are all right; and so are those

who are in Company "F," 22d Iowa, except Emory Westcott, who was wounded in the knee. Henry Harrison who was for some time in the hospital, is now with the regiment and is quite well. I have'nt had the pleasure of seeing Isaac Struble for some time. He was sent some time ago with a detail to Washington to bring some baggage that was left there, but he has not returned yet.

We have not yet received our pay. I will as soon as possible write you a long letter in which I will give you the details of what has transpired here during the last few weeks.

LX.

IN THE FIELD NEAR HARRISONBURG, VA., October 3, 1864.

Yesterday, I wrote you my number 59, in a hurry, and had no time to give you the details of what has transpired here during the last few weeks, but everything being now quiet in camp and around, I will seize this opportunity, to give you as full account as I can, of our campaign since September 18.

That same day about noon, we received orders to pack up everything, load the wagons with officers' baggage, etc., and be ready to move at a moment's notice. About 5 P. M. the order was countermanded, and we prepared to stop for the night.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Next day, 19th, about 1:30 A. M., reveille. About 3 A. M., we left camp. I thought first that it was the intention to send a part of our troops towards Petersburg or other important points, and leave the main body of our army to maintain our position near Berryville, where we were very strongly fortified. But I was soon convinced of the contrary, when I saw that the different detachments of the 6th, 8th and 19th Army Corps, were marching towards Winchester, and marching in several columns. The 6th and 19th Corps followed the pike road going to Winchester, and marched in two columns, the 6th Corps on the left of the pike, and the 19th Corps on the right, leaving the ammunition trains and ambu-

lances to follow the pike. The 8th Corps was on our right, and seemed to be acting independent of us.

About 9 A. M., the head of our column arrived in view of the enemy's skirmishers, and musketry firing began. This was only about one and one-half miles east of Winchester, near Opequan creek.

We were just then at a place where it was very hilly, and the timber was very thick, and it was consequently very difficult to move in several columns on each side of the road. The 6th Corps was immediately formed in line of battle on the left of the pike, and the 19th—our Corps—on the right. A new line of skirmishers was sent in front, so as to reconnoiter the position of the enemy.

About 11 A. M., musketry firing increased. Our skirmishers had met the enemy in force, and the engagement soon became general. Our regiment was in the second line. The first line was formed of about equal parts from troops of the 6th and 19th Corps, and was about four miles long. The 22d Iowa was in the first line. About 12:30 P. M. the first line marched forward and soon met the main line of the enemy. They succeeded in repulsing the enemy and driving them about one-half mile, when all at once they found themselves between cross-fires coming from an enemy's battery on our right, and also a few regiments of rebel infantry, which until then, had not been discovered.

Those cross-fires from the battery firing grape and canister, etc., were what I call a "trap;" and although the rebels seemed to be retreating before our lines, they were in reality drawing us into that trap. And of course those fires from the rebel battery and infantry on our right, added to a terrible fire from the front, caused our line to retreat. Our line was then immediately ordered forward in double quick; the bullets, grape and canister, soon entered our ranks, but we did not really see the enemy until we arrived at an open field, where our first line had been forced to retreat. When we arrived there, most of our men were out of breath. We had

to march about one mile in double quick, sometimes by the flank, obliquely, or by the front, across steep hills covered with timber, underbrush, rocks, etc. The open field in front of us, and which we were to cross, was about 700 yards in depth in front of our regiment, and was formed of one big hill, the top of which was only about 100 yards from the rebels who were then at the edge of the timber, on the other side of the open field, and mostly behind a stone fence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LETTER RELATIVE TO THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF SERGEANT FLOYD.

BY N. LEVERING.

SHERMAN, CAL., May 1, 1901.

Editor of Iowa Historical Record:



ENCLOSED find statement relative to the disinterment of Sergeant Floyd, etc. There have been many errors published relative to the matter, which I wish to correct as far as I am able. I presume that this cannot be published before the dedication which I am informed will take place the 30th of this month or the 25th of June, next. I, perhaps, had more to do with the disinterment and reburial of Sergeant Floyd's remains than any man now living. My object is to see the facts connected with it published. I hope to be at the dedication of the monument.

Truly yours,

N. LEVERING.

DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF SERGEANT CHARLES FLOYD.

My attention has recently been called to statements published by the late Prof. Elliott Coues for the benefit of the Floyd Monument Association. It must be expected that after the lapse of many years errors, like tares among wheat, will make their appearance. As far as practicable they should be weeded out. The dates that I have at hand, with those that

cluster in my memory-box, warrant me in speaking advisedly of much that I shall say relative to the disinterment of Sergeant Floyd's remains, which occurred in the latter part of March, 1857, (the day not now remembered) and not in April or May as has been stated, and which I know to be incorrect. As to who first discovered the imminent danger to which the grave was in, I only know that Dr. Sloan, who on his way from Sergeant's Bluff to Sioux City, noticed its condition on Saturday afternoon, and reported the matter to me. I at once called on Dr. S. P. Yeomans, Register of the United States Land Office, Gen. Andrew Leach, Receiver, and others. After a hasty consultation as to the facts related by Dr. Sloan, it was thought best to call a meeting of the citizens that evening at the United States Land Office to take some action to save if possible all that remained earthly of the heroic Floyd. I at once set out to notify all I met with of the meeting, with the result of a spontaneous patriotic outburst of enthusiasm and a house well filled. A committee was appointed to repair to the grave at an early hour next morning, (as has been stated in a former account.) When the committee arrived there the wind was blowing a terrific gale, so much so that one's pedestrial organs were hardly sufficient to preserve an equilibrium with the more elevated portion of the physical frame. I laid down and crawled up to the brink of the precipice where I could look over. I discovered that a portion of the grave had slid down the bank, with the cedar post that had marked it, and that a leg bone was protruding from the bank, and not the end of the coffin as has been stated by some. A young man (not Dr. Sloan) whose name I do not now remember, but who told me he was a native of Indiana, requested the committee to allow him to open the grave. His request was granted. A long rope was tied around his waist when, with a spade, he went to work, while the committee and others who held on to the rope lay down upon the ground in order to prevent the young man from going over the precipice. He was not let down to fasten

the rope around the end of the coffin, as has been stated. When the bones were uncovered it was found that Floyd had been buried with his feet to the river, and that the cedar post that had slid into the river had stood at the foot of the grave. The skull and lower jaw with some smaller bones were at the other end of the grave. I stood there and received them and passed them to others that stood near me.

Now taking the history that Prof. Coues gives, we can readily see how these errors, with others, may have occurred. When Lewis and Clark on their return homeward visited the grave, they found that it had been disturbed by wild men or animals, evidently having been opened, as they say they filled it up, and state that they carved upon the cedar post, Sergeant C. Floyd, with the date of death.

Catlin, who visited the grave some years later, says that the cedar post only bore the initials of his name. In 1839 Jean N. Niccollet, a noted traveler, visited Floyd's grave and says "his men replaced the signal that was blown down that marked the grave." Now taking these scraps of history as quoted by Prof. Coues, with a liberal and reasonable construction, we note that the grave had been disturbed, that the post, or whatever designated the grave, had been blown down or otherwise removed, and when replaced perhaps by a new one, (as no inscription was upon the one last there in 1857) those replacing it not knowing which was the head or foot of the grave would be as likely to place it at the foot as at the head. The grave having been opened, it is reasonable to suppose that if done by wild animals they would naturally come in contact with his hands folded across his breast first, and would wrench his arms off and carry them away, which would account for no arm and perhaps other smaller bones not being found. In former sketches that I have written relative to the cedar post standing at the head of the grave, I should have said at the foot, as I now speak advisedly upon that point. This will make matters more clear as to the expression "sliding into the river." After gathering up all bones, with

some pieces of the coffin, I wrapped them up in a blanket and carried them to my home. My wife not being as favorably impressed with their ghastly appearance, nor their rattle, as she would have been with a church organ, I removed them to the law office of M. F. Moore, where they remained until they were reburied on the 28th of May, following. In handling the skull a back tooth dropped out, which I picked up and placed in my pocket, where I carried it for some months, when I sent it to the State Historical Society, where it now is.

A few days prior to the reinterment of Floyd's bones, I raised by contribution among the liberal citizens of Sioux City funds sufficient to defray expenses of coffin, digging grave, and other necessary expenses. I placed the bones in the coffin, and from the opening of the grave in the latter part of March, 1857, to the closing of the grave on May 28, following, I had more to do with the matter than any other man now living. Many of the facts here stated are fully corroborated by my wife, who is yet living. As to names I may not have been as specific as I should have been. Capt. J. B. S. Todd, (cousin of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln) was an intimate friend through whom I became acquainted with D. W. Scott, as an old army officer. Whether he was then in the service or not I do not now remember. He spoke to me of his having at one time resided in the State of Indiana. I presume that he is the same man referred to by Prof. Coues. As to a portion of the cedar post now being in possession of Mr. Holman, this must be an error. His article must be a relic of the coffin, which evidently consisted of short oak puncheon or oak slabs, set on end around the corpse and covered with the same material, a portion of which, doubtless, is in the rooms of the State Historical Society at this time. The grave and texture of the wood is evidently that of oak.

I have particularized the statement in order that clouds of doubt will not obscure the facts and leave the mind to wander in doubt and uncertainty. Time in its flight with the aid of

lively imagination leads to much perversion and subversion of facts. Truth like fruit should be harvested at maturity before retrogression becomes the spoiler, and thus preserve its crown of glory.

WILLIAM HENRY RICH, the eldest of six children born to David and Maria Rich, was born in the town of Marcellus, Onondaga county, New York, May 17, 1831, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ella M. Rundles, near Janesville, Iowa, Wednesday, June 19, 1901, aged 70 years, 1 month and 2 days.

In the fall of 1845 the family moved west via the Erie canal and the lakes to Chicago and located on a farm in Kane county, Ill. In the winter of 1854-5 William returned to New York and married with Miss Mary Gibbs at Jordan, N. Y., March 21, 1855. A few weeks later the wedding tour terminated at the then frontier town of Janesville, Iowa. The "tour" was made from Galena, Ill., to Dubuque, Iowa, by water, thence by freighting wagon to destination.

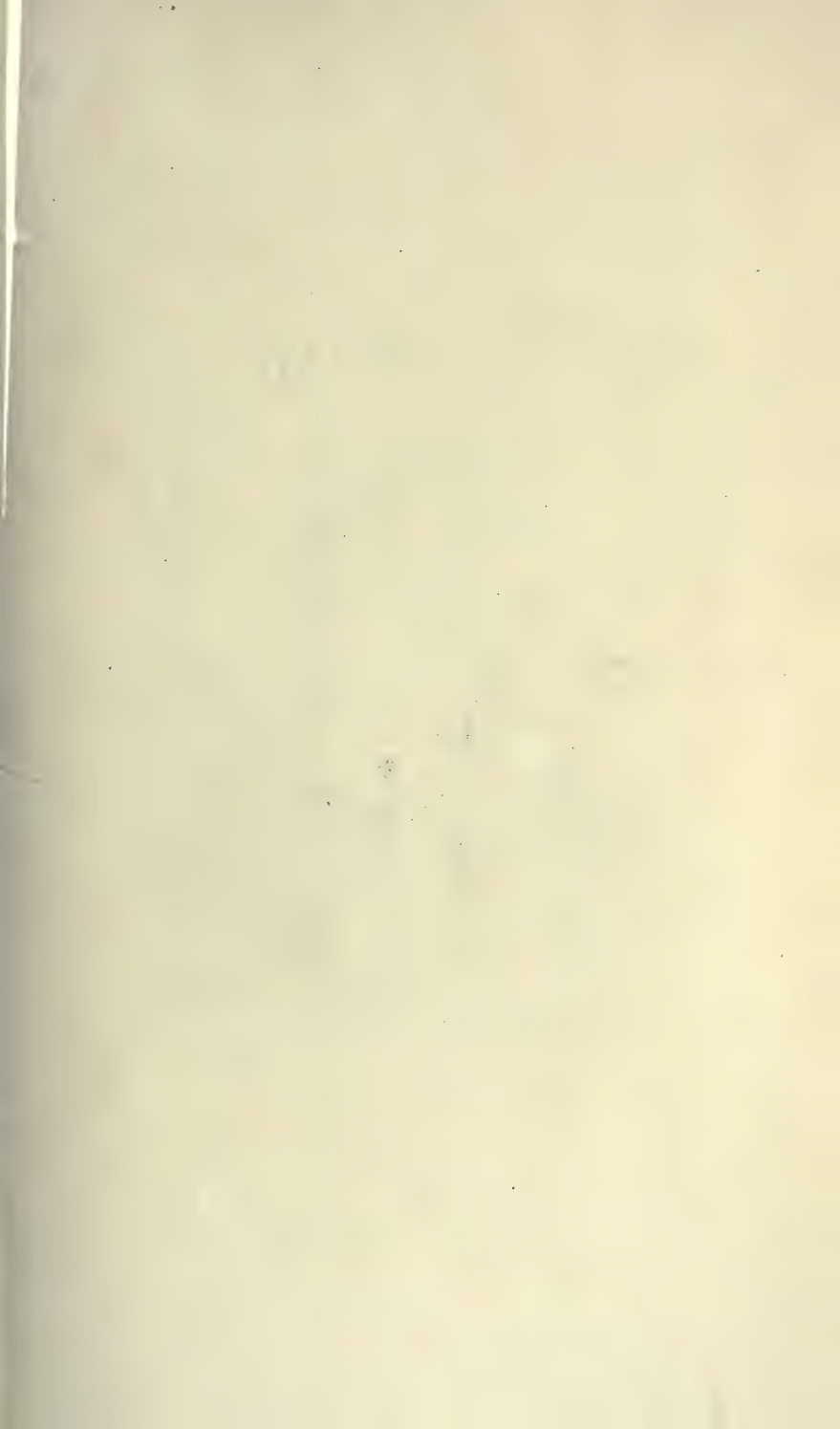
Mr. Rich at once took up his self-learned trade of carpenter and joiner, opening a shop. His first considerable job, in the summer of 1855, was to do the wood work and to seat the first permanent school house built in the town. The walls of the house were of stone and the finishing and furnishing was of native lumber, even to hand-made shingles. The building is still standing though not used for school purposes.

A few years later Mr. Rich was the architect and builder of what was then a large flouring mill, erected by the owner of the water power. This structure above the foundation was all of native lumber. Most of the framing was done by Mr. Rich himself, as was all of the mill-wright work. After completion of the mill demands upon Mr. Rich's time were such that he found it necessary to abandon all other work except in the architectural line and devote his whole time to work at the mill untill 1868 when failing health compelled a change.

From 1868 to 1878 Mr. Rich engaged in merchandizing, at the same time filling the office of postmaster. He was for years a notary public and though he had never read law, his advice was often sought by those needing advice in business affairs.

Three children were born to William and Mary Rich—Arthur W., who holds a professorship in the Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls; Edward H., a prosperous farmer near Janesville, and Ella M., wife of J. E. Rundles, also a prosperous farmer near Janesville. Mary Rich, the wife and mother died February 28, 1886. Of his own family there survive, a brother, J. W. Rich of Iowa City, and a sister, Mrs. M. J. Grow, who resides in Nebraska.

Mr. Rich was an active member of the Methodist church from early manhood, firm in the faith, content in life, a good citizen, honored by all who knew him.—*Waverly Republican*, July 4, 1901.





NATHAN HOIT BRAINERD

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NATHAN HOIT BRAINERD.

FRANCES LOUISE ROGERS.



HE late Dr. Parvin in a sketch of the life of Thos. H. Benton, Jr., says "Iowa was very fortunate in the character and enterprise of her *pioneers* (those coming to the Territory prior to its admission into the union in 1846) and her *old settlers*, those of a later date to the year 1857, when her present constitution was adopted, and under which with slight amendments she has continued to grow and prosper in an unprecedented manner."

One of these *old settlers* whose voice and whose pen helped to shape the destiny of the state is the subject of this brief memorial.

Nathan Hoit Brainerd was born Jan. 11th, 1818, in Bridgewater, N. H. His father, Enoch Brainerd, was descended from Daniel Brainerd an original settler of Haddam, Conn., about 1662, and was a farmer and blacksmith. The home was situated on the border of Newfound Lake, one of the many picturesque bodies of water lying within sight of the White Mts. Near by ran the Boston and Albany turnpike bringing many customers to the smithy and keeping the inhabitants of the isolated region in touch with the outside world.

His mother was Theodate Hoit, the daughter of Nathan Hoit, a Revolutionary soldier. Although Nathan Hoit received his discharge from the army at sixteen years, his old age was full of reminiscences which furnished much entertainment to the grandson, to whom had been given his name.

The formal education of Nathan Hoit Brainerd was slight, consisting, after the age of eight, in about ten week's schooling during the winter. Here were laid the foundations of a love for reading and study, a tendency which overcame the deficiencies in opportunity. To other influences also were due his strong traits, self-reliance, determination and steadfastness. The strength of the hills was stamped upon his nature. His character was fostered by his surroundings, and limitations in educational opportunity could not curb its development.

At the age of nineteen he went to Plymouth, N. H., where he attended Holmes Academy for one term. The new life opened to him was interrupted by the illness of his father, which necessitated the help of the son in the shop. Soon after, however, he was relieved of home duties and went to Worcester, Mass., where he spent a few months in farm work and teaching school.

Then came the first great change. Having heard of the Collins Axe Factory located at Collinsville, Conn., he decided to go there and apply for work. He obtained it and became an employe in 1839. His more than ordinary ability to work in iron and steel was soon manifest and he was raised to be overseer of the forging department and finally to the oversight of all forging in which steel was used.

July first, 1840, Mr. Brainerd married Miss Eliza Abigail Hatch, of Blandford, Mass., who was a most devoted wife to him for sixty-one years. Their early married life was spent in Collinsville, and both took an active interest in public affairs and added their share to the progressive measures of the village.

Mr. Brainerd's influence is best seen in the part which he

took in a school controversy. An effort was started to consolidate two districts and establish free graded schools. Mr. Brainerd was prominent in the movement and finally assisted in procuring a victory for the schools. He has written since "No work of my life has given me more satisfaction than that. It has been the means of giving intelligence and character to a great number and is to continue this work indefinitely."

In 1856, Mr. Brainerd went to Iowa City and engaged in mercantile business, but the financial crash of 1857 brought a change. Various occupations filled his time for a few years until the breaking out of the Civil War. Previous to this Mr. Brainerd's ability as a public speaker had brought him into prominence. He made campaign speeches in behalf of the republican candidate for governor and became marked as a man of strong opinions and willing to stand by his convictions. Such traits appealed to the new governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood, who in 1861 invited Mr. Brainerd to be his Military Secretary.

Concerning this period in the lives of these two men, Prof. L. F. Parker, of Grinnell, spoke the following in his memorial address: "The 'Old War Governor' Samuel J. Kirkwood opened his first campaign speech for the governorship in my town in 1859, with these words:

"Some old fashioned folks think they should do by others as they would be done by."

"That was the keynote of his canvass when the North and the South had carried on a war of words during nine years and when they were on the verge of a war of swords through four years. Kirkwood was elected. It was to the honor of Iowa City that it could give the State and the Nation so wise a leader through the dread early hours of the Civil War. But he needed a Military Secretary thoroughly in sympathy with himself, strong-minded as to the needs of the hour, and resolute in the utterance of unpleasant truths whenever occasion should demand. He needed one on whose judgment he

could lean heavily, in whose fidelity to himself and to the Nation he could trust implicitly, and one who could be trusted to represent himself on occasion. He found such a man in Nathan Hoit Brainerd, a man who resembled himself and our American idol, Abraham Lincoln, in more than one respect for all these were large in person, in mind and in character and possessed unusual ability to utter thought in plain, vigorous speech.

"The State holds highest honor to her soldiers at Wilson's Creek, at Donelson, at Vicksburg and elsewhere, and little if any less to many in civil life during those years of wrestle, and among the latter we would place Kirkwood's Military Secretary."

Again Prof. Parker spoke words which will linger in the memory of those who heard him: "The State needed a man like Kirkwood, and Kirkwood needed a man like Brainerd."

Mr. Brainerd's appreciation of Governor Kirkwood was shown in his words—"a clear-headed, honest-hearted man"—words equally applicable to the Governor's Secretary and descriptive of two men in whose hands the State could most safely trust its most sacred interests at a critical period.

The close of the Governor's term, Jan., 1864, severed their official connection and Mr. Brainerd entered upon a new work as proprietor and editor of the *Iowa City Republican*, which he had purchased one month before. The work was new to him but his knowledge of politics and party events, and his interest in public affairs gave him a special adaptability. He was surprised at the results. The paper at once took a stand above any which it had previously held. It became a power not only among the people of the community, but also in the press of the State. Opponents might disagree with the editor but they always recognized in him an honest conviction and a determination to stand only for the right. The policy of the paper was to support the right in all questions at issue and to attack the wrong wherever it existed.

In 1873 he sold the paper after some ten years of editorship, successful both in public standing and financially.

During these years of public activity Mr. Brainerd was trustee of two important institutions. The Soldier's Orphan's Home was organized in Dec., 1863, and Mr. Brainerd was one of the thirty-one incorporators and for many years a trustee. Of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, formerly located in Iowa City, he was trustee, holding the office from about 1865 to 1872.

He was elected one of curators of the State Historical Society in 1865, which office he held for several years.

June 10th, 1872, Mr. Brainerd became postmaster of Iowa City by appointment of President Grant, and held the office until Aug. 12th, 1876.

In 1880 he became a member of the City Council and continued so for six years. This office was the last which he held in public service.

Mr. Brainerd and his wife being of sturdy New England stock had a preference in religious denominations for the Congregational, and in 1866 they joined in the organization of the Congregational church in Iowa City. For over thirty-five years he was an active member of the church unusually liberal in his gifts for its support and holding it ever in affectionate regard. His voice was heard in the prayer meeting, uttering words expressive of his belief in the good and the true and of his unfailing faith in a Heavenly Father. In later years, when his interest in outside affairs had waned, his love for his church was still strong, indicative of the deep hold which it had ever maintained upon his life.

In 1865 he purchased a residence on Market Street, Iowa City, which continued to be his home until the day of his death. Here were married his two daughters, and hence went the two sons to form homes of their own. The house grown too lonely was enlarged into a double house. This gave an opportunity which brought Mr. Brainerd and Prof. Parker, then professor of History in the State University, into close intimacy as dear as that of brothers. Prof. Parker's highest tribute was expressed in the following words: "You

might know Mr. Brainerd in his public duties, you might know him in the church and hear his voice in the prayer meeting, but you could not know him as a man until you had lived within these four walls day by day and had learned the sweetness of his nature, the gentleness of his disposition, his keen sense of humor, his sincerity, his simple faith, his noble qualities. Then only could you appreciate the true beauty of the man who has passed from our midst."

It is such a eulogy as this which makes a man's life worth living. Although he had passed beyond the allotment of three score and ten and had given into younger hands and brains the task of carrying on the world's work, yet his character, stamped upon his rugged features and symbolized in his crown of white hair, became an inspiration to the growing generation who watched his faltering footsteps as he took his daily walk. A grand old man he was in truth.

He passed away in the early morning of July 24th, 1901. At half past six in the afternoon of the 26th, the friends assembled on the lawn of the home, there in the sunset light which he had loved so much, to share in the last tender services to the dead. Beautiful flowers surrounded the casket in the house. Outside the evening shades spoke of peace and rest.

Dr. S. N. Fellows and Prof. L. F. Parker, both old and honored friends of the family shared in the services. It was an unusually beautiful service, closing most appropriately with the sympathetic rendering of Abide With Me. Thus at the close of the day was laid away all that was visible to mortal eyes of a man whose influence is not measured by years and whose life on earth is but the promise of a yet nobler one in mansions not made by hands.

EARLY SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIMENTS
IN IOWA.

BY DWIGHT G. MCCARTY.

PREFATORY NOTE.



AN attempt to give a broad general view of the early social and religious experiments in Iowa is of necessity hampered by the deplorable lack of available original sources. The genesis of any period is usually shrouded in mystery, and although the historian sometimes finds letters, diaries, or documents of pertinent importance, yet he must, in the main, depend upon autobiographies, reminiscences; and contemporary newspapers. Realizing fully the inadequacy and uncertainty of this kind of material, we are, nevertheless, compelled to admit that it gives us practically the only authentic information that we have. This crude product, uncertain as it is, if subjected to a searching critical inspection, will yet yield much that will be of direct value. Bearing this in mind I have rejected all secondary histories and culled my material only from the most available original sources. The *Annals of Iowa* and the HISTORICAL RECORD, the publications of the State Historical Society, are both so replete with sketches from the pens of old settlers, that they have been very largely relied upon; but extended use has also been made of autobiographies, documentary material and monographs on special subjects. It has been my purpose to give as fully as the limits of this brief essay would allow, some of the more important historical movements which have distinguished the first thirty years of the settlement of Iowa.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

The continuous westward march of civilization, which has been so manifest throughout the ages of the past, received its most striking exemplification in the New World. America quietly received its priceless heritage from Europe, and then proceeded in its own way to work out a distinctive American development, which completely harmonized the new environment and the growing American individuality.

This development was not, however, the result of static or fixed conditions, but, as a system, was largely influenced by the rapid expansion of the country. From a little cluster of settlements along the shores of the Atlantic, it spread first over into the Northwest Territory and then across the Mississippi into the broad plains of the great West. In each of the successive stages of this growth the changed conditions were met by a transplanted, rather than by a direct germinative social life.

The hardy western pioneer was imbued with the inborn spirit of freedom and justice, while, at the same time, he was unhampered by the conventional restraints of civilization. He was thus enabled to develop a system adapted to his peculiar surroundings, yet containing those broad principles which, by this very process of expansion and evolution, have become fundamental to our institutions. In the words of Professor Turner: "American social development has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character. The true point of view in the history of this nation is not the Atlantic coast, it is the great West.... Thus the advance of the frontier has meant a steady movement away from the influences of Europe, a steady growth of independence on American lines. And to study this advance, the men who grew up under these conditions, and the political,

economic, and social results of it, is to study the really American part of our history.”*

Upon the very threshold of this great West stood the beautiful land of Iowa—a land whose beauty and potential wealth rivaled the glories of any El Dorado and outshone the fabled riches of India and the far East. It was here that the on-going column started on its great mission; and it was here that the sturdy pioneer founded a home for himself, and began the work which shaped the destiny of a great people. Within thirty years from the time the first permanent white settler built his cabin upon the western shore of the great Father of Waters, the broad expanse from the Mississippi to the Missouri had become a populous, prospering state, well advanced in the most refined type of civilization.

The development during this brief but comprehensive period presents a picture of unusual attractiveness. Yet including, as it does, a field as broad and diverse as human life itself; any attempt to reproduce this picture by detached snapshots would only lead to obscurity and confusion as inexplicable as that which envelops the traveler lost in the labyrinthine mazes of a Moorish palace. Any adequate treatment of the subject, therefore must deal with it broadly, regarding the specific events only as parts of the unified whole and simply as amplifications of the central dominating idea. As an eminent historian has said,—“the supreme value of history depends upon the truthfulness with which it traces the great currents of human life, rather than upon its ability to explain why some particular eddy or ripple disturbed the surface of the stream at a given point.”†

The whole course of development during these early periods of frontier life was, of course, mainly tentative and experimental. The principle that the family is very intimately con-

*“The Significance of the Frontier in American History,” by Professor Frederick J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin. *Annual Report of the American Historical Association*, 1893, pp. 200-201.

† William Roscoe Thayer, *Dawn of Italian Independence*, Vol. I, p. 348.

nected with the origin of all government, is so well recognized that it need cause no surprise when we apply it to frontier settlements. The family, being inherently a natural organization, formed the basis for a further growth along institutional lines. It shaped the social life and spirit of the day, and from it emanated the religious faith and practices of the people. Thus it is the social and religious activities, combined in one conception of organic social evolution, that forms the foundation for a better understanding of more advanced institutions. It is our purpose, therefore, to treat of the settlement and growth of Iowa from 1830 to 1860, with special reference to their essential relation to the main historical movements that have exerted such a potent influence in moulding the distinctive character of this great commonwealth.

II.

In many respects the first settlement in any region is usually of great importance as indicating the most probable line of development. It is the source from which other settlements are formed, and from it radiates the influences that are to mould the character of the surrounding country. Strange as it may seem, this was only in a very limited sense true in Iowa. The Mississippi River was a broad highway that furnished comparatively easy access to all points upon the border, and by thus segregating interests prevented the formation of a *single* distributing point. Add to this the fact that the first settlement was distinctively a mining community, and its peculiar situation is even more apparent. A detailed consideration of the first attempts at settlement will illustrate this point.

The first settlement in what is now Iowa was made by Julien Dubuque. On the twenty-second of September, 1788, he purchased from the Sac and Fox Indians a tract of land on the west side of the Mississippi River, and soon after settling there, he opened up and began to work the

valuable deposits of lead upon his land.* Dubuque had spent most of his life among the Indians, knew their language and their customs, and was almost one of their number.

The second settlement was that of Lewis Honari at Montrose on the Mississippi, about ten miles above the mouth of the Des Moines River. The country then belonged to Spain, and on the thirtieth of March, 1799, he secured an official grant from Zenon Trudeau, the acting governor of Upper Louisiana, which, besides bestowing other privileges, read as follows:

"It is permitted to Mr. Louis (Fresson) Honari to establish himself at the head of the rapids of the river Des Moines, and his establishment once formed, notice of it shall be given to the Governor General, in order to obtain from him the commission of a space sufficient to give value to said establishment, and at the same time to render it useful to the commerce of the peltries of this country; to watch the Indians and to keep them in the fidelity which they owe to his Majesty."†

This, however, did not prove permanent, as Honari held possession only until 1805, when it passed into other hands and was subsequently entirely abandoned; although long after some persons who claimed an interest, attempted to revive the title, the result being the famous Half Breed Tract Cases, which caused such extended litigation for many years.

In 1808, a third attempt at settlement was made by the erection of Fort Madison. The Indians regarded this as a violation of the existing treaty as well as a continual menace to their safety and freedom of action; and, by persistent and harassing attacks, soon made the fort untenable, so that it was abandoned and burned.‡

The project of Julien Dubuque was more fortunate and continued to prosper until his death in 1810. After that unfortunate event, the Indians, although they could not work the mines to any extent, continued vigilantly to guard them from

* See "The First White Man in Iowa," by Hon. M. M. Ham, *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1896, pp. 330 ff.

† Quoted in *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1869, p. 229.

‡ *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1869, pp. 146 ff. and continued in *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1869, pp. 227 ff.

encroachment by the whites.* The Indians had built a village on Catfish Creek, a short distance below the mines; but, in the spring of 1830, as a result of long continued hostilities, a band of their chiefs was killed by a party of Sioux. This intelligence so alarmed the Sacs and Foxes that they precipitately abandoned their village and sought a safer habitation in the interior. The watchful white settlers upon the eastern bank soon became aware of this fact and with natural and pardonable curiosity ventured to cross the river and inspect the forbidden land. Among these were miners from Galena, who soon discovered the valuable deposits of ore and began to make preparations to mine and market the product.

But the Indians had not yet sold their lands, and the United States, desiring to keep faith until that much desired event could be fully accomplished, undertook to keep all the settlers off that territory. Captain Zachary Taylor, who was then in command of the United States troops at the fort at Prairie du Chien, by a vigorous coup d'état (so characteristic of the old warrior and statesman) compelled the miners to abandon the district and to recross to the other side of the river.

In 1832, when it became known that the Government had bought the land, they again began the active operation of the mines. "They built houses, erected furnaces for smelting, cut hay, and made every preparation for a winter's work, and before the first of January there were over two hundred persons collected about the mines and many valuable lodes had

* IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD, October, 1899, pp. 542 ff.

Another good account of the early settlement of Dubuque is that given by Charles Negus in his "Early History of Iowa." This history ran serially in the *Annals of Iowa*, and that part especially which refers to Dubuque, (*Annals of Iowa*, April, 1869, pp. 133-140), seems to have been obtained from the early settlers, although no direct proof of the authenticity of the whole history, to the best of my knowledge, is extant. In the absence of any more definite or authentic material, I have several times during the course of this essay ventured to use this history. This note is inserted as an explanation to the more exacting scientific student who may question my using this material as an original source.

been discovered, and a large amount of lead manufactured.”* Yet even this movement proved to be premature, for the treaty itself stipulated that the Indians should remain in sole possession until the first of June, 1833. It seemed considerable of a hardship to deprive the miners of the fruit of their labors, but Uncle Sam, feeling in duty bound to abide by his agreement, politely informed the settlers that they must vacate the land immediately.

When at last the long desired haven was opened to settlers, the miners were chagrined to find that the government had assumed control of the mineral lands and had sent an agent to issue permits to work the mines and to see that the various other requirements were observed. The opposition to this policy was so pronounced that the government was compelled to abandon it, and some thirteen years later the lands were brought into the market and sold.†

During the summer of 1833 the tide of immigration flowed rapidly into the mining district, and, in the following winter, a town was laid out. By a vote of the people assembled in a public meeting, the town was named Dubuque after the hardy old pioneer, who, so many years before, had discovered and first operated the rich mineral deposits.‡ The development from the nucleus thus formed was rapid and spontaneous, and it was not long before Dubuque became a thriving populous town.

It has seemed best to dwell thus at some length upon the vicissitudes of the first settlement at Dubuque for several reasons. In the first place, it formed practically the first permanent settlement upon Iowa soil, for though there were several other towns about contemporary in time, the legacy received from the far-seeing Julien Dubuque gives it a priority which cannot be overlooked. It also very vividly

* *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1869, p. 138.

† *Idem*, April, 1869, p. 140.

‡ *Idem*, p. 140. HISTORICAL RECORD, October, 1899, p. 547.

represents the difficulty which the early settler experienced in gaining access to the territory, and is fairly typical of many of the settlements along the river.* But most important of all, Dubuque is unique in that it was formed and developed as a mining center. Settlers were attracted to Dubuque by its mineral wealth while the rest of Iowa, being essentially agricultural, became peopled with those who desired to make homes for themselves upon its beautiful prairies. As a mining camp it was more or less under the influence of the proverbial lawless element and in this regard, as we shall see later, Dubuque did exercise considerable influence over the early Iowa communities. It is perhaps fortunate that it did not hold as prominent a place in the formation of the public character as its position as the first settlement would seem to warrant. At any rate, we must consider Dubuque as the exception that gives vivacity to the rule and treat it merely as a very important side-light upon the main movement.

III.

What we have characterized as the main movement in the settlement of Iowa was the tendency of settlers to find homes for themselves upon the public domain. As the eastern States became more thickly settled, the desire for larger opportunities prompted many deserving and ambitious people to seek an opening in the unknown West. The large majority of these were farmers, who brought with them not only the most important implements of their vocation, but also the spirit of a tiller of the soil. The predominating impulse of the settler was thus agricultural in its nature, and the broad prairies gave an added incentive for a full realization of this purpose.

Very early in the century, and long before the regular settlement began, a few isolated trading-posts had been established at various points west of the Mississippi in what was known as the Black Hawk territory. The several Fur Com-

* Another good example of Government interference with settlers occurred at Burlington. *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1869, p. 144.

panies continued to maintain agencies well into the interior in order to secure the first chance at the furs and pelts of the Indians and trappers. But though these were probably the first harbingers of civilization, they were too uncertain and transitory to exert any permanent influence or take rank as important institutions.

Besides these traders there was another class of early arrivals which were generally known as "squatters." It seems to be one of the inborn elements of human nature to possess a fascinating desire for forbidden fruit. It takes a very strong and unaccommodating conscience to withstand such allurements, and often the uncertainty furnishes a too welcome spice for the monotony of life. The government, in undertaking to keep the settlers out of Iowa until a certain date, furnished just such an opportunity for adventurous spirits, and although unusual vigilance was exercised, it is an undoubted fact that a few pioneers evaded the careful circum-spection of the dragoons and secured early homes on the frontier. It is no more than just to say, however, that these were comparatively few, and that the great mass of the settlers were meritorious and law abiding citizens, who made their claims upon Iowa soil only after it was regularly opened for settlement.

With the exception, then, of the trader and the "squatter," there were no white settlers in the territory until June first, 1833, when the land was nominally, though not legally, thrown open to all comers. On that date the Indian title was extinguished and the active military restraints of the government ceased. Claims were immediately taken at the most advantageous points along the river. Many of these new comers hailed from Illinois, having come directly across the river. Most of them, however, came from the East, generally by a long and tedious journey down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. It is no wonder, therefore, that they stopped at the first convenient landing-place, and, in this way, unintentionally built up the towns on the lower Mississippi much more rapidly than those farther up the river.

Burlington was the first town to be regularly laid out, the original plat being surveyed in November and December, 1833.* Its early prominence was due in part to its having previously been an Indian trading-post "with numerous old trading houses, boat houses, and a number of Indian graves along the bank of the river;"† and in part to its accessibility as a landing place. About the same time claims were made near Fort Madison, although the town was not platted until 1835.‡ In 1836, as a result of a meeting of settlers at the home of Colonel George Davenport at Rock Island, a town was surveyed and named Davenport in honor of the colonel, who, besides being one of the early settlers in the region, was also one of the prime movers in the new enterprise.§ In 1837 the embryo town of Keokuk was formally laid out in what had been the potato patch of one of the early settlers.||

The difficulties of travel made immigration seem comparatively slow for the first few years. The first comers usually settled near the river and, as the population increased, the less desirable lands were taken up or the settler moved a little farther from the river before selecting the site for his cabin. The best locations were thus rapidly acquired, and it is evident from the dates at which the towns were laid out that the formation of a town plat was considered one of the first requirements of a growing community. The towns which were thus favorably located grew rapidly.

There were a great many other towns laid out in the hope that they might become county seats, or great emporiums

* *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1869, pp. 144 f.

† *Idem*, p. 143.

‡ *Idem*, July, 1869, p. 228.

§ *Idem*, January, 1863, p. 44. "History of Scott County," by Willard Barrows. The author of this history was an old settler who wrote from personal experience and from inquiries made among his old friends who were then living.

|| *Idem*, July, 1867, p. 894. "Recollections of Lee County," by I. R. Campbell. Mr. Campbell states that he himself sold his potato patch to the agent of the New York Land Company who laid out the town.

which would receive the trade of the whole country; but too often these fond hopes were realized only in the dreams of the deluded speculator. The city of Rockingham is a case in point, and is fairly typical of many another bursted bubble. It was settled in the fall of 1835 and the location chosen (a short distance below the present site of Davenport) near the center of the county, in order to be sure of the county seat, and at a place "possessing many advantages." Beautiful lithographs were sent out to eastern cities to attract prospective citizens, and the immigrant, who viewed for the first time the beautiful slope upon which the city was located, thought it was a paradise indeed. But the unexpected annual overflow of the Mississippi cut off the "embryo city" from the bluffs by vast sloughs and mud holes, and this, in connection with the loss of the county seat alienated its population to such an extent that it soon sank into an insignificant village.* Its rival, Davenport, continued to grow and prosper and soon began to contend with Dubuque for the supremacy of the river.

The publication of the *Dubuque Visitor*, the first newspaper in Iowa, in 1836,† and the appearance in 1838 of the *Iowa Sun* at Davenport‡ indicated the substantial nature of the development. The latter paper in its salutatory professes that it is the disinterested purpose of the *Sun* to "cast its rays

* *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1863, pp. 21 ff.

† *Idem*, October, 1865, p. 542. "Dubuque in Early Times," by Eliphalet Price. Compare also *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1869, pp. 50-53. This latter article, though copied from the *Dubuque Herald* and by an unknown author, is so often corroborated that it has the appearance of authenticity. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to the disposition of the old historic press, which is said to have printed the first newspaper in western Wisconsin, the first in Iowa, the first in Minnesota, and the first in Dakota Territory. See in addition to the above, *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1869, pp. 235-236; and *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1869, pp. 186-187. The latter appears to be conclusive on this point.

‡ File of *Iowa Sun and Davenport and Rock Island News* in Iowa Historical Library, Des Moines. Also *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1863, p. 65.

over the moral and political landscape, regardless of the petty interests and local considerations which might contract its beams." However, the editor takes particular pains to specify that Davenport is "the center of the system around which all our territorial interests harmoniously revolve."* Both these papers afforded a much needed means of communication and were of great benefit in crystalizing the common interests of the people. They also did great service in bringing Iowa to the attention of the people of the east.

The introduction of ferries and of more commodious river boats, as well as the running of public roads throughout the country very materially improved the facilities for transportation. This fact tended greatly to augment the number of immigrants who were constantly seeking homes in the new country. The river counties filled up very fast and the new settlers were compelled to go still farther westward.

A space was cleared on the Iowa River in 1839 and in June of that year, the town of Iowa City was surveyed and the capital located there, pursuant to an act of Congress which donated a section of land and \$20,000 for the purpose of erecting buildings. The first sale of lots occurred August 18th of the same year and as the capital of the young territory, the town made rapid strides in the first few years of its growth† As Professor Shambaugh very aptly says "the ordinary town has a natural unplanned origin, and grows by reason of the superior advantages of its location," but with Iowa City the case was different, for "before the sod of the surrounding county had been turned Iowa City was, with the exception of

*Quoted in *Davenport Past and Present* by F. B. Wilkie; Luse, Lane & Co. Davenport, 1858, p. 59. The file of the *Iowa Sun* in the Iowa Historical Library to which I have had access is incomplete, as the first four numbers are lacking.

† There is a very valuable monograph on "Iowa City, a Contribution to the Early History of Iowa," by Prof. Benjamin F. Shambaugh of the State University, published by the State Historical Society, (1893). See also in this connection *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1868, "History of Johnson County," by Capt. F. M. Irish, p. 28 f.

Dubuque and Burlington, the most prominent town in Iowa. In short, Iowa City was a special artificial creation, deliberately planned and created by the Territory of Iowa to afford a permanent location for the seat of Government of the Territory.”*

When Iowa City was first located it was undoubtedly on the outer fringe of civilization, but it did not long remain so. The rush of immigration continued unabated, until by 1841 almost the whole of the territory acquired from the Indians by the Black Hawk purchase, comprising a strip of country about fifty miles wide along the Mississippi River, was taken up by settlers' claims.

This fact made it imperatively necessary that the government should still farther extend the public domain and this it finally succeeded in doing by acquiring title to other Indian lands. But before considering the further westward trend of settlement (which presents many peculiar phases) and even before we consider more in detail the religious and social life of the early pioneers, it is necessary to briefly notice an institution upon which depended not only the possession of the settlers' land and home, but which at this early time was practically the only force which regulated the actions of the community.

IV.

It is very generally conceded that the absence of any authorized government in frontier settlements was more beneficial than otherwise. It is true that the wild pioneer life was very conducive to unrestrained acts of lawlessness, but in most cases the better class of citizens seem to have “taken the law into their own hands” and maintained a fair degree of public order.

But more important than this consideration is the fact that the settlers were left to work out their own institutions in harmony with the needs of the time. As Professor Macy has

* “Iowa City” by Benjamin F. Shambaugh, p. 17.

plainly shown, the settlers were in a better position to shape their own forms of local government than was Congress, or even their own Territorial legislature. "The real local institutions of the early settlers of Iowa are not recorded in any statute-books and many of the institutions recorded in the statute-books never had any existence."* The early settler was so far away from the seat of Government, and the laws and legislative provisions filtered so slowly and vaguely through the wilderness, that he was practically independent of such remote supervision. When important acts of the Government which vitally affected the character of his daily life did reach him, he generally managed to secure its compliance in harmony with frontier custom; and in many cases custom, which was in reality the common law of the settler, was recognized later by the Government as rendering the statute inoperative, for "the broad and beaten path of custom leading directly across it (the statute) had obliterated every apparent vestige of its existence."†

The Claim Association is a very instructive example which illustrates the working of this principle.‡ When the Indian

* "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State" by Prof. Jesse Macy of Iowa College, Grinnell. *Johns Hopkins University Studies*, July, 1884, pp. 25, ff. The discrepancy between local institutions and the statutes is here very pointedly brought out, as is also the inadequacy of the latter to account for the conditions as they really existed. The same point is also referred to in another connection, in an article by Prof. Macy on the "Relation of History to Politics," *Annual Report of the American Historical Association* for 1893, pp. 185-6.

† From a decision of Judge Mason in the Supreme Court of Iowa (Hill vs. Smith, *Morris Reports*, p. 70) quoted in Prof. Macy's "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State," p. 19.

‡ See Prof. Macy's article on "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State" cited above. Also a valuable monograph prepared by Prof. Shambaugh and published by the State Historical Society giving the Constitution and complete records of the Johnson County Claim Association. This Association, he says, "was, in its organization and administration, one of the most perfect, not only in Iowa but in the West." Since the preparation of the part of this essay referring to Claim Laws, my attention has been called to a recent paper by Prof. Shambaugh on "Frontier Land Clubs or Claim

title to the Iowa land was extinguished the settlers who immediately settled thereon believed they had a perfect right to occupy the land, and that in time they could secure a valid title from the Government. Prof. Macy has very clearly shown* that "the statute passed in 1807 forbidding settlements on lands ceded to the United States until authorized by law" was still unrepealed and that "according to the letter of the law the settlers in Iowa were subject to removal, fine and imprisonment. But they were undoubtedly unconscious law-breakers, very few even so much as knowing the statute existed and to these few the fact that it had remained inoperative for over twenty-five years rendered it practically void. The unoffending and innocent pioneer believed he was doing a noble and patriotic service in reclaiming the wilderness and making it "blossom as the rose."

The energetic settler, although he was entirely oblivious to the governmental punishment which might at any moment have descended upon his head, was well aware of the fact that he had a very insecure hold upon his property. He realized that he had no legal title, and that when the Government put the land on sale there was a possibility that someone else might bid in his claim and thus deprive him of his land with its valuable improvements. Upon this principle the Claim Associations were instituted. Each community formed an Association or Club, with strict "By-Laws" and agreements, and with the definite object of protecting *bona fide* set-

Associations," (*Annual Report of the American Historical Association* for 1900, Vol. I. pp. 67-84) in which he says that he has been able to secure complete and satisfactory manuscript records of but two organizations, viz : the Johnson County Association referred to above, and the Claim Club of Fort Dodge, which latter will be published in the near future. I have found reference to two brief constitutions of such Associations, which may perhaps be of value. In *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1870, pp. 116-118, William Donnell gives a verbatim copy of "By-Laws" of an Association in Marion County; Capt. Hosea B. Horn in his history of Davis County, *Annals of Iowa*, Oct. 1864, p. 342, gives an abstract of the "club-laws" of one of the neighborhoods in that county from a copy which he has in his possession.

* "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State," p. 15.

tlers in the possession of their homes. The main features of the agreements of these organizations have been summarized by Prof. Macy* as follows:

“(First) There was a provision as to the amount of land in a ‘claim.’ In some cases this was 480 acres, in others it was 160 acres. There was sometimes a provision as to what part should be prairie and what part timber. (Second) There was a provision as to the amount of improvement required to hold the claim in cases where the claim was not occupied. (Third) There was a provision as to occupancy, desertion for a specified time or a failure to make the required improvement worked forfeiture. (Fourth) Claims could be sold to any person approved by the organization, and the buyer had all the privileges and obligations of the original claimant. A deed was given and recorded. (Fifth) Provisions were made for settling disputes between claimants. . . . The members of the organization bound themselves to abide by the decisions of courts established by the association; or difficulties were settled in mass meetings; or special arbiters were chosen to settle special cases; or a neighboring association was invited to assist in settling a difficulty. In one or other of these ways nearly all cases were adjusted in an orderly way. (Sixth) There were provisions for securing the enforcement of all decisions and for protecting their claims against outside parties.”

In general these provisions seem to have been rigidly adhered to, but in many cases the requirements were very liberally interpreted. This was especially true of speculators who took the claim originally and then sold it to someone else. One writer in describing the scenes among the early settlers in regard to land claims says, that in reality “a legal squatter’s claim consisted in putting up a shanty or enclosing a few acres of land with a fence, or breaking prairie, or blazing on trees if in the grove. This held the claim six months, then actual residence. Sometimes actual residence consisted in the squatter taking a blanket and a lunch out to the claim, and board-

* “Institutional Beginnings in a Western State,” pp. 11-12.

ing and lodging there an hour or two, and washing out his dirty stockings. This made a substantial claim for six months more."* This was the exception, however, most of the settlers being hard-working, frugal, and indefatigable in the endeavor to improve their farms.

It was generally several years after the settler had secured his claim before the Government survey was made, and as these surveys divided the land accurately into townships and sections they played havoc with the irregular claims of the settler. The settler found that his farm was situated on two or perhaps four quarters, and the difficulties that grew out of these conditions were innumerable. Honest neighbors easily settled these differences by deeding to each other the portions of their claims in other sections, thus equalizing matters by a fair settlement.† Others, not so kindly disposed, were embroiled in the most bitter controversies. It was here that the arbitration committee of the association did its best work. This committee was, in most cases, the court of final instance, and obedience to its decisions was obligatory. This board and its work is one of the most important institutions of the period.

It was a part of its duty to see that claims were properly entered and all requirements fulfilled. This phase of the work of the committee of adjudication is admirably shown by the following notice to claimants which appeared in the *Iowa Sun* of March 27, 1839.‡

"Land Claimants:—

To claimants in Township No. 78, North, Range 3 East of the 5th Meridian. The undersigned who have the honor to have been selected by the unanimous vote of a numerous and highly respectable meeting of the citizens of said township, a standing committee to adjudicate all differences which may arise in relation to claims, beg leave to respectfully suggest to claim holders, the propriety of making such improvements as are required by the by-laws of the self-protecting confederacy, as soon as practicable.

* *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1872, p. 99.

† *Idem*, p. 98.

‡ File of the *Iowa Sun*, Iowa Historical Library, Des Moines.

For we assure you it will be truly unpleasant for your committee to give judgment against any of the old friends of this association.

(Signed)

RODOLPHUS BENNETT,
JAMES HALL,
THOMAS DILLON,
J. LITCH,
JOSEPH NOLL.

March 16, 1839."

During the first few years previous to the organization of a more definite Territorial Government these committees acted as the practical judiciary of the country. They formed the tribunal before which were brought many of the difficulties which arose in the social life of the community. Moreover it formed a working police organization. The committees were boards which were more or less directly responsible for the public peace. Each member of the association could be called upon to render assistance in keeping order as well as in protecting the rightful owners of claims, and in this manner, all sorts of crimes and offenses were dealt with.

The activities of these Claim Associations were focused when the time for the land sales drew near.* The Government advertised the sale of public lands on a specified day, and each of the associations had a bidder present who, as soon as each settler's section was called, bid off the land for him at the uniform price of \$1.25 per acre. Of course there was a sufficient body of men present from each locality to add moral force to their claims upon the land, and woe to the unwary speculator or land shark who attempted to bid against the recognized claimant. He was promptly knocked down and hauled out of the way of temptation, and the settler's bid was thus recognized without opposition.

With the termination of the land sales the settler had a full legal title to his land, and there being no further need for the Claim Associations, they died a natural death.

There is one important aspect of this question which should

* *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1865, pp. 405-406. Also "Squatters and Speculators at the First Land Sales," by Hawkins Taylor, *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1870, pp. 269-274.

not be overlooked. In 1839 the Legislature of the Territory of Iowa passed a law recognizing the neighborhood customs in regard to claims as legal in actions at law.* By this act the principles involved in the Claim Associations were given complete legal recognition; and emphasis laid upon the fact that wise customs founded upon experience will, in the end, prove to be sound law.

The selection and retention of claims and the general subject of land possession gave rise to a large proportion of the difficulties of pioneer life. "Claim jumping" was frequently attempted, and the settlers in a body would wait upon the offender and speedily show him the error of his way. Whipping, tar and feathers, and other modes of punishment were frequently resorted to. Then the difficulties of the claimants themselves often led to broils and fights and sometimes almost to bloodshed and loss of life.† It is this aspect of the case that has led some to characterize it as the rule of "mob law."‡ But a careful consideration of the conditions convinces us that the difficulties in regard to claims and the Claim Associations, were grounded in the fundamental social needs of pioneer life. The whole family life of the settler was bound up in his claim and if his right was questioned, all the considerations of self-protection justified him in striking "for his altars and his fires."

Aside from this we must recognize the fact that the frontier

* This law will be found in the *Revised Statutes of the Territory of Iowa*, 1843, Chapter 109, p. 457. See *Laws of Wisconsin*, 1836, p. 35.

† In addition to the general references already given, the following among many may be suggested as typical of the procedure in case of claim jumping or differences between claimants. *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1863, p. 61; *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1865, p. 413; *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1868, pp. 124 f.; Notice especially the "Dahlonga War," *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1868, pp. 38-44; and "Major's War," which resulted in the tarring and feathering of one who was implicated, *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1870, pp. 121-128.

‡ See speech of Mr. Calhoun in the Senate, January, 27, 1838, *Works*, III., p. 135. Also a rather singular position taken by a local historian of Wapello County, *Annals of Iowa*, October, 1867, pp. 940-941.

community is subject to the depredations of disreputable and lawless characters, who are encouraged by the knowledge that there is no regular instituted court of justice or territorial organization of any efficiency. The only way to deal with such characters is by a just and summary visitation of punishment for crime. The settler must be his own law-maker and his own executive, and the self-constituted tribunal is the main-stay of public order in a pioneer community.

V.

The pioneers are the van-guard of the great army of progress. Leaving their former homes and friends, they penetrate the boundless West and there begin the great struggle of life in the attempt to found a new home in a new country.

From our earliest childhood we have all been accustomed to listen to our fathers, grandfathers, and other old settlers, describe the vivid picture of the hardships and sufferings of the early pioneer. We have heard of how they crossed the trackless prairie; forded streams; braved the perils of the severest weather; and faced the prowling beast of prey, as well as endured the troublesome smaller animals. We have heard of their many encounters with their uncertain friends, the Indians, and their thrilling adventures with the savage red man when he dons his paint and starts upon the war path. We have heard of the hardships endured when, many miles away from the nearest trading center, they were deprived of many of the bare necessities of life; how they had to make long trips to have their corn and wheat milled; how the scarcity of money and the difficulty of getting needed articles made the most penurious economy necessary.

All these and many other trials of pioneer life have become a household story to us all, and it would not only be the height of presumption to treat them at length here, but it would indeed be a work of supererogation.* We must keep them

* The *Annals of Iowa*, especially from 1863 to 1874, contain many valuable reminiscences of old settlers. One of the best of these in regard to the

well in mind while considering the importance of the social life of the pioneer settlement, and yet at the same time, we must also remember that the early settler, looking back upon these events, is apt to see them through the rosy-hued spectacles of the present, rather than in their normal relations. The subjective element is so strong that the tendency is to unconsciously add color to the transparent events of long ago. The fact is that most of the occurrences which to us seem so vivid and interesting were really rather prosaic and uneventful. Frontier life, in spite of its perils and hardships, grew painfully monotonous.

Nevertheless, this strenuous mode of life tended to produce rugged characters. The daily toil, rendered more difficult by the necessity of overcoming natural obstacles as well as by the paucity of working materials, gave the individual a rough and hardy physique. The usual dreary isolation and monotony, varied only by occasional flashes of excitement, tended to tinge this sturdy temperament with touches of fearless abandon, which often found expression in some form of excitement.

We have already seen that the settlers were very often engaged in the most bitter controversies over land claims. Lawlessness and crime, of course, were more or less prevalent in every community, and it seems to have been assisted in its work by the presence of liquor shops, which, if we may judge from the numerous testimonies of old settlers were considered among the necessities of frontier life.

The author of "Davenport Past and Present," in attempting to extenuate this apparent immorality, says that the old

point under consideration is "The Pioneers of Marion County," by William M. Donnell, which runs serially. A good resume of the trials given by this author will be found in the January number, 1870, pp. 34 ff. To mention but a few from many the following may be consulted:—*Annals of Iowa*, April, 1868, pp. 105 ff. (Johnson County.) *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1872, pp. 85 f. (Early Life at Burlington from a Private Diary) *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1868, pp. 47 f. (Louisa County.) *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1864, pp. 299 f. (Davis County) etc.

settlers "but complied with the character of the times, while absent from social refinements, and the elegance of older towns, almost all strangers to each other, and craving for that excitement, which now is indulged in the intercourse of hosts of friends, and friendly relations of long standing, they could not well do otherwise than they did. Mostly men from large cities, they were ennuied by the comparative quiet of frontier life, and to vary their listless lives resorted to stimulants, or whatever else would afford excitement."*

As a demoralizing influence the crude whiskey of the pioneer undoubtedly occupied an important position, but that it was more than a contributory cause of many of the distinctive evils of frontier life would hardly be a warrantable assumption, especially when we consider the prominence of the saloon at the present day.

This desire for excitement often found vent in other ways. An old settler in describing "Dubuque in Early Times,"† tells of the first public horse-whipping, having occurred in 1833, the first tar and feathering, in 1834, the first execution by self constituted tribunal in 1834, and the first elopement in 1835. All these occurred for the first time in Iowa at Dubuque during the first few years of settlement. The same author in another article on "Lynch Law at the Dubuque Mines"‡ gives a vivid picture of the wrongs often committed by this sort of justice. But if we remember that Dubuque was a mining town, we are prepared to accept these accounts of lawlessness as one of the necessary adjuncts of that class of settlements. That it spread, and such scenes were of frequent occurrence throughout Eastern Iowa, must be candidly admitted; but to contend that unrestrained acts of violence were so prevalent as to endanger life and property to any great extent, would

* *Davenport Past and Present*, p. 81.

† *Annals of Iowa*, October, 1865, pp. 538 ff. The full account of the trial and execution of Patrick O'Connor is given by the same author (Eliphalet Price) in *Annals of Iowa*, October, 1865, pp. 566 ff.

‡ *Idem*, April, 1871, p. 485.

be to distort this element out of all proportion to its true position. It was only the occasional discord which sometimes occurs to mar the complete beauty of the symphony.

To counterbalance this we have the widespread influence of the Claim Associations in adjusting differences and preserving public order; and also the fact that after 1840, when the territorial courts were organized, there was scarcely any work for them to do and often the session lasted but a few days.* Lawlessness very rapidly decreased and, as the rim of emigration pushed rapidly westward, much of this undesirable element went with it.

Social pleasure also occupied a very important place in frontier life. A few specific instances will best serve to illustrate its general nature. As an example of social life upon the extreme border and among the outlying trading-posts, the following account is interesting. "In our pioneer days there was not the reserve or restraint in society that there is today; when our red friends presented us with a pointed stick, we asked for no explanation, but followed them to their wigwams and fared sumptuously on dog meat. In winter, whites and half-breeds mingled in the dance, their favorite dancing tune being original, was called "Guilmah" or "Stumptail Dog." Those who did not dance could be found in an adjoining room engaged at cards; our favorite game was "Bragg," played with three cards; and one who was so stupid as not to understand or appreciate its beauties was considered ineligible to our best society. Horse racing was another great source of amusement to us; in this sport our red friends were ever ready to participate, and at times, lost on the result, every article they possessed on earth."†

In the more advanced settlements this class of activities was somewhat more varied. The author of "Davenport Past and Present" seems to sum up the testimony of the old settlers

* *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1864, p. 304. *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1863, p. 100. *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1863, p. 81.

† *Idem*, July, 1867, p. 891.

(especially in the river counties) when he says rather characteristically,* "For other amusements, our settlers had at this period, *besides preachers*, steamboat arrivals, which everybody went down to see; horse racing at the upper end of the present site of the city, which all, from the carpenter on the roof to the merchant behind the counter, left to witness; sleigh rides to the neighboring places, followed by a dance, to which all went; balls at home, and wolf hunts." And the author says further that "social *cast* was not then recognized, and all went in simply for enjoyment."

Davenport must have gained some renown as a town for "social enjoyment," for in the *Iowa Sun* of August 25, 1838, we find the following advertisement which, but for its moderation, would almost make us believe we were reading one of the flaming posters of a modern circus:

"AMERICAN ARENA COMPANY.

Under the management of Messrs. Miller, Yale and Howes.

Hoot! Away despair,
Never think of sorrow;
The darkest day may wear,
The brightest face tomorrow.

This travelling world wonder will perform at Davenport on the 31st of August. The Arena is managed in the most beautiful style, having a splendid tier of seats sufficient to accommodate 1000 spectators, in the most comfortable manner. The proprietors in saying that their establishment is not excelled by any in the world do not exaggerate, and in order to convince the skeptical they respectfully invite gentlemen to visit the Arena while fitting up. Their stud of horses comprises some of the most beautiful of the country, and for agility, muscle and sagacity, are not surpassed by those of any other company in the Union. They have engaged the best and most distinguished riders and performers of the age, and last, though not least, Jock Ming and humorous and facetious clown. Military band of music. &c., &c.

Admission 50 cents. Children half price."†

Good old fashioned "Bees" and "House Raisings" seem to have been a favorite amusement. Literary societies,

* "Davenport Past and Present," p. 37.

† File *Iowa Sun*, Iowa Historical Library, Des Moines.

sociables, parties, etc., were very common, especially among the young people. In these the little church or school house was the center around which the social life of the community revolved. Church going was an important item in the settler's life. If there was no church building, the services were held in the private cabins whenever a minister happened that way. These itinerant preachers were gladly welcomed by the community and many are the settlers who have testified to the good their visits have done.*

The following, from the pen of a hardy old pioneer, illustrates the attitude toward these preachers on the very outermost edge of the frontier, the trading-post:—"We had no church edifice or church members, and when the missionary visited us, I welcomed him on behalf of the citizens, tendered him the use of a part of my house for church services, and, in the capacity of warden, I announced in my bar-room to the loafers who were to comprise the audience when the time of services began."†

These early churches were often very plain affairs and very rudely furnished. The following description of one of the first brick chapels in Davenport gives a good picture of those primitive structures: "This church was seated at first with slabs and split saplings, flat side up; and lighted with a 'chandelier' composed of a block of wood suspended by a rope from the ceiling, in which were inserted some half dozen tallow candles; and warmed by a stove that looked as though it might have done good service before the flood."‡ Many, and indeed most, of the churches in the more remote settlements

* I have not taken the time to collate individual statements of the different settlers on these points of social and religious life. The various localities differ so that it would entail an amount of collection and arrangement which time at present forbids. These comments must, therefore, be general and rest upon the results of general reading.

† "Recollections of Lee County," by I. R. Campbell. *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1867, p. 891.

‡ *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1864, p. 220.

were not so elaborate even as this one, being simply rough log houses with the plainest kind of necessary furnishings.

In connection with the work of these pioneer ministers mention should be made of the "Iowa Band," a devoted company of twelve theological students from Andover Seminary, who came out to Iowa and gave their life to the work of God's Kingdom. The results of their efforts are to be seen in scores of prospering churches, and in Iowa College, the first college of the state, which was planned and maintained through their untiring zeal and devotion.*

The limits of this paper have compelled an all too fragmentary and cursory view of early social conditions, but it shall have served its purpose if it has revealed the general nature of pioneer life. Crude this life undoubtedly was, but this very fact insured its ultimate triumph. In this early formative period, crudity was an essential element of a strong and healthy growth. The people may have been rough and hardy, but they were possessed of an inherent strength of character and a firm fidelity to purpose.

On the whole, if we take a fair and comprehensive view of early Iowa society, we must conclude that it was of the better type. Iowa was settled by people who came mostly from New England or from territory which had been originally settled by New Englanders. It would be natural, then, that the ideas instilled into the Puritan should be transplanted to this far western soil. No wonder that the church and school grew up side by side. No wonder that the inborn religious zeal manifested itself in the social life of the new West. Religion has plainly shown itself as the inevitable concomitant of the social life of the people, and these two forces have in turn been the great factors in giving our western life the purity and stability which has made the great State of Iowa what it is.

* "The Iowa Band," by Rev. Ephraim Adams (one of the members of the band.) Cong. Publishing Society, 1870.

VI.

With a force as irresistible as a mountain torrent, the stream of immigration flowed farther and farther westward. Its advance beyond the point to which we have already traced it, was, in the main, very similar to its former course. The experiences of the eastern part of Iowa were repeated in the western section of the State. The same troubles were experienced in gaining titles from the Indians and keeping the settlers off until the old title was fully extinguished. The same difficulties of settlement were undergone by the settlers who flocked into the new country. The same social and religious life accomplished about the same results in the West as in the East. It was the recurrence of pioneer life in a new stage under nearly analogous conditions. Yet this further progress was greatly accelerated by several new factors, and the new conditions also contain a few peculiar features.

The continual encroachments of the whites were beginning to arouse the Indians, and their incessant restlessness breaking out in savage ferocity at the most unexpected times made increased military activity necessary. This had an important influence upon the development of the western part of the State, because it was unsafe for a settler to be very far away from a military post, and thus the frontier fort became the nucleus in the formation of settlements. It is indeed a significant fact that nearly all of the most important towns in western Iowa were built up in this way.

As early as 1839 the government, having removed the Potawatamie Indians from Missouri to southwestern Iowa, thought it best to watch them rather closely, and so, for that purpose, erected a fort at what is now Council Bluffs, and garrisoned it with two companies of United States troops.* At the same time two Catholic missionaries established a mission there, building rude log huts for themselves and using the

* *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1871, p. 526.

block house of the fort for their meetings.* This was, however, an exceptional case of a fort established well into the interior for a special purpose, and it was sometime before regular settlements were made at that place.

In 1843 Fort Des Moines was built at the junction of the Des Moines and Racoon Rivers and provided with a garrison of United States dragoons.† Even this was in fact an extreme frontier outpost, as the territory lying north and northwest of the fort “was comparatively an unexplored region of country, the habitation of the wild Sioux Indians, and ranges for buffalo and elk.”‡ The settlement of the surrounding country had not yet really begun, and so, with the exception of occasional immigrants, very few people succeeded in penetrating so far inland.

This dull sort of existence was protracted for a decade, and yet, even at the end of that time, according to the testimony of one pioneer, “independent of the troops at the fort the population of Polk County was only about one hundred and fifty souls.”§ Ordinarily this would not be considered a very desirable journalistic field, but on July 26, 1849, the first issue of the *Iowa Star* made its appearance at Fort Des Moines. A month later the second number was published, and in this the editor, after explaining that the delay was caused by the wagoner who was to bring the paper from Keokuk, having been taken sick, and after having expressed high hopes for the future, says, “Some have thought this a premature movement—establishing a weekly newspaper this far out—and particularly so, to start out with the largest paper in the state. . . . [They should] remember that this point is the center of a state nearly as large as all New England, the whole of which is richer than Holland, and more productive than the

* *Annals of Iowa*.

† *Idem*, July, 1859, p. 241; *Idem*, July, 1869, pp. 282 ff.

‡ *Idem*, July, 1893, p. 132.

§ *Idem*, p. 134.

famed alluvions of the ancient Nile.”* It is a source of gratification to know that the *Star* realized the buoyant expectations of its founder and regularly appeared thereafter until it became a thriving publication in a growing metropolis.

The increasing number of scattered settlers and the hostility of the Indians rendered a more northern fort necessary, and in 1849 Fort Dodge was founded and garrisoned. This was originally called Fort Clark, but the name was changed in 1851, because the existence of another fort by the same name made differentiation difficult.† In 1853 the troops were moved north to Fort Ridgely, but the vacated site of the old fort was purchased and in the first part of the year 1854 a town plot laid out and called Fort Dodge.

During the winter of 1853 the town of Sioux City was located by some government surveyors, who were attracted by the beauty of the region around the upper Missouri.

The fort which we have seen was established at the present site of Council Bluffs did not long remain in commission and was later abandoned. The old site was reoccupied in rather a peculiar way. The Mormons, after having been driven out of Illinois, started to emigrate west, but found it necessary to go into winter quarters in 1846, after reaching the Missouri. Many of the adherents of the faith did not move on in the spring but formed a colony in Pottawattamie County. They founded the town of Kaneshville, which became a Mecca for all of their faith who travelled westward to the land of promise at Salt Lake City. It exerted a prominent influence in the affairs of that part of the state and the Mormons were in entire control. About 1849 the tide of gold seekers, which flowed so incessantly through the city, attracted gamblers, thugs and all the worst class of people. This new element was a menace to the peaceful Mormons and it was not long

* File of the *Iowa Star*, Vol. I, No. 2, August 24, 1849; Iowa Historical Library, Des Moines.

† *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1869, pp. 285 ff.

before they again began their journey westward to join the colony which had preceded them. In 1853 the name of Kanessville was changed to Council Bluffs and the influence of the Mormons practically ceased in western Iowa.*

From 1850 on, the influx of immigrants and settlers reached enormous proportions. The railroad was an important element in securing this result. The Rock Island road was completed as far as the Mississippi, early in 1854,† and extended as far as Iowa City by 1856.‡ At the same time the active construction of a road east from Sioux City was commenced and pushed rapidly forward. The fact that the settler instead of having to pursue a slow and tedious journey over the trackless prairie was now brought right to the land by the railroad was a momentous one in the western development.

It surfeited the country with claim seekers, and thus gave rise to a class of speculators and town boomers. The continual rush of gold seekers on their way to California tended to augment this condition. Everything was hurry and excitement and the spirit of speculation ran rife. As one pioneer says, "During the years of 1856 and 1857 the town mania ran to an alarming extent among the settlers of the northwest, while corn and wheat fields were sadly neglected. Very many good quarter sections were spoiled by being driven full of stakes and gorgeously displayed on paper, while the only perceptible improvements were the aforementioned stakes and the only citizens gophers, who held the lots by right of possession, and who seriously objected to having their range intercepted by cottonwood stakes. Few out of the many of those paper towns proved a success."§

But these manifestations were only temporary, and after

* *Annals of Iowa*, Oct. 1871, pp. 670 ff. *Idem*, Apr. 1871, pp. 527 ff. *Idem*, Apr. 1872, pp. 138 ff.

† *Idem*, July, 1863, pp. 118 ff. "Davenport, Past and Present," pp. 109-114.

‡ *Idem*, Oct. 1868, pp. 314-317. *Idem*, Apr. 1893, pp. 6 ff.

§ *Idem*, April, 1871, p. 515.

the Indians had been finally pacified and after the demoralizing effect of inflated speculation had been worked off, the country settled down again to its normal condition of gradual development.

After having considered very briefly these activities which seem to have had special significance in western development, it is still plain that they have little value aside from the movement as a whole. It is one continuous expansion, a pushing over from one section into another, and it is this essential unity which makes so potent the organic development of the state. By 1860 this real formative period was practically completed and Iowa stood a strong, well equipped state, willing and able to hold her own in the battles that were to come.

VII.

We have thus brought our sketch of early Iowa social conditions down to the point where maturity begins. The structural formation is now complete and the normal state enters upon a period of purely strengthening and perfecting growth. Although these early stages have been purely experimental we must conclude that, on the whole, as experiments they have been eminently successful. They may have swung from one extreme to the other and at times trembled on the verge of failure, but, taken collectively and with reference to their essential contribution to history, it is evident that they have formed a basis sufficiently firm and enduring to stand the weight of succeeding institutions.

Our aim has been to show the true nature of these early experimental stages and to trace the main historical movements that run like threads of gold throughout the complicated web of social life. The attempt has not aimed to be exhaustive but merely suggestive, and it will, perhaps, call attention to the vast storehouse of historical material which lies ready for the hand of the future historian.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D., 24TH IA.

(Continued from the October, 1901, number of the Record.)



THE order having been given for our line to march forward and try to dislodge the rebels, it was no time for us to stop at the edge of the open field, and we kept on at double quick until we reached the top of the hill. We met our first line retreating, when we were about one-third of the way across that open field. The right of our regiment was only about seventy-five yards from the rebels, and we met the same fate as our first line. We were ordered to retreat. It was a terrible moment. When we arrived, seeing that we could not dislodge the rebels, who were behind the stone fence in front of us, on account of cross fires of bullets, grapes and cannisters coming from different directions, the order was given to lie down and fire, which was obeyed immediately. In this way, although we could not dislodge the rebels from their position, we could at least maintain our position until some fresh troops could come and reinforce us on our right flank.

And so you can judge of the impression it made on some of us, especially on those who do not like to turn their backs on the enemy, when we received orders to retreat. And yet we had to obey. I would have preferred to have gone forward, even if we had had to use the bayonet. It was then that we lost most of our men. We retreated according to orders, and re-formed at the edge of the woods. During the retreat there was great confusion in the different regiments, or rather in the squads of different regiments. Although the rebels saw our line retreat, they were not foolish enough to come across the open field and follow us, but remained behind the stone fence. It was then about 1:30 P. M. We re-formed at the edge of the timber, and maintained our position until reinforcements came.

About 3:30 P. M., the 8th Corps, which until then had been acting independently on our right, in the direction of Bunker Hill, arrived on our right flank and formed in line of battle, about at right angles with our line.

About 4 P. M., the rebels, who were in front and on our right, were forced to retire with great losses. Then came the decisive moment. Our line—or rather what was left of it—which had been occupying the same position for over two hours, was ordered forward across the open field where we had retreated a few hours before, but this time it was with wild yells; and in less than ten minutes we had possession of the ground occupied by the rebels, or rather by their first line. As soon as we got there, we had great advantages over the rebels, as they were soon almost entirely in open field, although well fortified. It was therefore easy for us to make use of all our resources. Several of our batteries, which until then could not have been used, were now brought forward and used to good advantage. There was soon a regular roar of artillery and musketry all along the line; and the rebels, being then flanked on all sides, as the 8th Corps was on our right and a part of our corps and also a part of the 6th Corps had operated a flank movement on the left, were soon routed and in full retreat. The only resources left them were a few forts about three-fourths of a mile northwest of Winchester, but they had no occasion to take advantage of them, as our army followed so closely that they were soon forced to abandon them. There was then great confusion in their ranks, as our troops were pressing them very closely, and did not give them any opportunity to re-form their line. They kept running confusedly like a flock of sheep, leaving in our hands a goodly number of prisoners and also most of their killed and wounded.

It was then about 6 P. M. At this time our cavalry was of great use and added very much to the victory. They made effective charges on the demoralized rebels and took a good many prisoners, (about 3,000,) and several pieces of artillery.

A few minutes after that we were, in one sense of the word, like men in a new atmosphere, everything was so calm, and had it not been that we felt tired and could see that our ranks were thinned out, we might have imagined that the battle—which for a few hours was terrible—was only a dream.

Our cavalry kept pursuing the enemy, and dispositions were taken for the infantry to camp for the night. We—our division—stopped on a meadow about 500 yards southeast of Winchester.

As near as I could ascertain our losses were about 3,000, killed, wounded and captured. The losses of the enemy are said to be about 7,000 in all, including the prisoners. The losses of our regiment were about 74—11 killed, 57 wounded and 6 missing. The losses of our company were: 1 killed, 9 wounded and 3 missing, as follows: Captain J. R. Gould, mortally wounded. Died about 2 A. M. next day. He was reported as killed. Wounded: Corporal C. F. Bumgardner, left leg, severe; Corporal Wm. E. Berry, left hand, slightly; Private A. Y. Worthington, left hand, severe; Private T. R. Chandler, right leg, severe; Private Samuel Godlove, right thigh and left foot, severe; Private C. M. Westfall, right elbow, amputated; Private Isaac Miller, both legs, severe; Private S. S. Spielman, right leg, breast, side, shoulder, and left thigh, severe, left thigh amputated; Private I. M. Ritter, right arm, amputated; Corporal J. M. Graham, missing, rejoined the company October 2; Private J. U. Miller, missing, rejoined company October 2; Private Samuel Jones, missing, not heard from yet.

The following were left in hospital to take care of the wounded, and have not yet rejoined the company: P. German, W. A. J. Hill, S. Hopkins, W. L. Pierce and T. Pendergert. The latter was first reported as among the wounded but it was a mistake by the surgeon. Charles Romp was also one of those left behind, but he rejoined the company on September 20. He is again missing since September 24.

September 20, 5 A. M., in motion. We marched as usual

in several columns. Marched about twenty miles and stopped for the night about one mile east of Strasburg, near Fisher's Hill. That day, like the 19th, was nice, but the march was tiresome. There was no engagement with the enemy, except near Strasburg, where our skirmishers were sent ahead to feel the ground. There were also a few pieces of artillery planted in position, but very little firing was done. It was not the intention to assault the rebel works immediately, but rather to reconnoiter the position of the enemy and take some dispositions accordingly for the night.

September 21, nothing of special interest transpired. Nice weather. We received the news that orders had been given to all the important military posts of the Union to fire the salute 100 times in honor of the great victory that our army had won at Winchester on September 19th.

Same day in the afternoon, our lines were advanced a little nearer the enemy's works at Fisher's Hill. Nothing serious transpired except a little firing from the skirmishers during nearly the whole day; and now and then a little artillery firing. The night passed off quietly.

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

Next day, September 22, at 6 A. M., the lines of infantry were advanced until beyond Strasburg. During that time there was brisk firing of artillery and infantry. Our line extended from North Mountains to King Mountains. We had to march about two miles across hills and valleys, timber, underbrushes, rocks, etc., arriving at last nearly at the foot of the enemy's fortifications. Then the enemy replied vigorously to our artillery, and we could hear the whistle of bullets, shots, shells, etc., through the woods near us. Our division was then in second line. Our army corps was on the left of the line, the 6th Corps in the center, and the 8th Corps on the right and acting partly independent to flank the enemy.

We immediately built temporary fortifications with trees, stones, etc. Our regiment was then about one and a half

miles northwest of Strasburg. About 4:30 P. M. our regiment was sent to support a battery which was on the extreme left of our line. To go there we had to cross an open field where the enemy's batteries had a good command, and where we consequently made use of double quick so as not to remain exposed very long to the enemy's fire. Our battery was planted on the top of a hill, where we had a good view and also a good command of the enemy's works that were still in their possession. About 5:30 P. M., that is, when General Sheridan had everything well prepared on our side, a general charge was made on the enemy's works all along the line, and we succeeded, not only in dislodging the rebels, but also in taking a good many prisoners and nearly all their artillery.

On that occasion, the movements of our army were extremely well executed, and in such a short time that the rebels were taken somewhat by surprise. They had a very strong position, and I have no doubt that General Early felt safe, and that he probably intended to let his army rest there. And so you can judge of their astonishment when they saw that they were nearly surrounded by our troops, and at a time when they were least expecting it. It was easy for us to judge of their great confusion by the baggage, wagons, etc., that were burned or abandoned along the roads we followed in pursuing them; and also by the number of their men who, being tired of following their demoralized army, were waiting for us along the road. I think we took about 2,000 prisoners that day, and most of the enemy's artillery.

The rebels defended themselves pretty well before they abandoned their fortifications, but they could soon see there were for them but two chances: either for all of them to remain in our hands, or abandon their works and run confusedly towards the mountains, where they could find refuge.

It was about 6 P. M. when our troops were entirely in possession of the rebel works, which at first were thought to be almost impregnable. Our losses were very light.

The greater portion of our troops were immediately ordered

forward to pursue the enemy. We had no cavalry with us just then, it being partly in rear and on the flanks. I think if we had had a few regiments of cavalry right there it would have been easy for us to capture nearly all of their infantry. We—our regiment—rejoined our brigade immediately to pursue the enemy. In pursuing the enemy we marched in as many columns as the nature of the ground would permit. After marching a few miles, the troops that were the most exposed during the assault halted and marched behind the column. Our division—or rather the part of our division that had not taken part at the assault—marched at the head of the column. We marched during the whole night and halted after having crossed Woodstock, about thirteen miles southwest of Strasburg, where we arrived at daybreak. While marching during the night, which was very dark, and when we were about eight miles southwest of Strasburg, we were fired upon by a few squads of rebels, who had taken position on each side of the road, on the opposite side of the hill from us. They had also one piece of artillery and made good use of it. About twenty of those rebels were taken prisoners. The firing, being quite unexpected, produced a little confusion in the ranks, but we were soon formed in line of battle on each side of the road, and marched thus for about two miles. We were not molested anymore during that night.

September 23, about 10 A. M., we received mail. I received your number 43, with five dollars enclosed. Word was given that the mail would go out in a few minutes; and as I had with me my number 57, which I had commenced on September 18, I added a few words to it and mailed it. Same day at noon there was a general movement for the whole army. We left Woodstock, marched as usual in several columns on each side of the road by the right of regiment, or rather brigade, to the front. The weather was nice. We marched about eight miles, and halted after marching through Edenburg. We stopped for the night, about one mile from the

latter place. Nothing of importance transpired during that day. There were now and then a few shots fired from our artillery just to feel the ground. We always had skirmishers in front during the march, but we met no enemy. The rebels seem to keep out of our way as much as possible. We could see along the road some wagons that had been burned, also some good ones that had been abandoned, which showed that the rebels were in a hurry when they passed there.

September 24, 6 A. M., we left camp. We had a little rain. We marched through Mount Jackson, about seven miles southwest of Edenburg. We marched nearly to New Market, about seven miles from Mount Jackson. There the enemy tried to oppose our march. They were well fortified, and seemed to have rallied a part of their forces. We had to maneuver pretty well for a few hours, but as soon as their position was discovered, dispositions were soon taken, not only to dislodge them, but also to take a good part of them prisoners. However, they were careful not to wait for us, but marched as fast as they could toward Harrisonburg. A good part of them went towards the mountains, and some came into our lines and surrendered willingly. They were discouraged, and tired of the war. Some of them had been in the army nearly four years.

After having passed New Market we kept on pursuing the rebels. Then, as we had to cross some hills and valleys and were in open field, it was easy for us to see the movements of the enemy, especially every time we reached the top of a hill. There were only our skirmishers and some artillery who were really engaged. Our forces of infantry were following immediately and were marching as usual in column or by the flank, on each side of the road, leaving between each column the space necessary to form in line of battle, in case of need.

Our skirmishers and those of the enemy were sometimes only seventy-five or a hundred yards apart. The latter, while retreating, were taking advantage of anything that

would protect them, such as rail fences, stone fences, etc., so as to resist as long as possible the head of our column, thus allowing their main army to get out of our way. The rebels used very little artillery during that day, for the reason, I believe, that they had very little left, as most of it was taken from them on September 19th and 22nd. The march of that day was somewhat tiresome. The weather, which in the morning was rainy, cleared up about 10 A. M., the sun came out, and it was quite warm the balance of the day. We marched, in all, about twenty miles that day. About sundown we halted about five miles southwest of New Market for the night. Our brigade was camped about one mile on the right of the main body of our army so as to do picket duty on the right flank, during the night. The night passed off quietly but was cold with white frost and northwest wind. We were in open field and on the northwest side of a hill.

September 25, at 6 A. M., we left camp, marched about fifteen miles and halted near Harrisonburg, about 5 P. M. The march that day was not tiresome. The rebels were not in our way. They seemed to have disappeared entirely. They were careful to take advantage of the night, as we had no cavalry with us just then, to get out of our way the best they could. It was rather difficult for anyone to form an idea as to what had become of rebel General Early's army, which was said to be about 30,000 men on September 19.

Same day, September 25, about 8 P. M., our regiment was ordered to guard the ammunition train of about fifty wagons, which was about a mile from where we were, and near the picket line in rear of our corps, and about a half mile east of Harrisonburg. From what the citizens of that place said, the rebels who marched through there were in squads without any organization. Every man seemed to go by himself. They had very few wagons left, most of them were in our hands or were burned along the road.

September 26, cold night with white frost; continuation of

nice weather. Everything quiet in and around camp. Col. Wilds spoke to me about filling vacancies among the officers of our company occasioned by the death of Capt. J. R. Gould at the battle of Winchester. But as the effective of our company is now reduced below the minimum, and as we are not allowed to promote anyone to second lieutenant, I suggested to him to recommend first sergeant J. B. Swafford for first lieutenant to fill my place should I be promoted captain, and leave second lieutenant D. W. Ott in his present position.

September 27, all quiet; nice weather. Sergeant C. F. Channell and Private D. W. Parrott, of our company, who were left at Colonel Stack's—brigade commander—head-quarters at New Orleans, La., returned to the company. They enjoy good health.

September 28, all quiet in and around camp. September 29, 6 A. M., we—the detachments of the 6th and 19th Corps—left Harrisonburg. We marched as usual in several columns. The detachment of the 8th Corps remained camped about a half mile west of Harrisonburg. We marched about ten miles, and at 11 A. M. we halted about a mile north of Mount Crawford, near the north river. We did not see any enemy. Same day at noon we had a hard rain that lasted nearly an hour.

September 30, nice weather. About 1 P. M. we left camp, and returned to Harrisonburg, where we arrived about 5 P. M. Nothing of special interest transpired during the day. The 8th Corps was at the same place where we had left it.

There is a rumor that a part of our cavalry, which has just rejoined us, has made a reconnoissance a little beyond Staunton, about fifteen miles from Mount Crawford, where the enemy seems to have been reinforced; and it is said that rebel General Early is superceded by General Hill.

October 1, cold, rainy night. Nothing of special interest transpired. We had a drizzling rain and fog during nearly the whole day.

October 2, about 11:30 A. M., we got mail. About 3:30 P.

M., we heard cannonading and also musketry firing in the direction of Mount Crawford, which lasted nearly an hour. It was a part of our cavalry engaged with a reconnoissance from the enemy. The enemy was repulsed. Our cavalry took about 200 prisoners. During that time we, the infantry, were formed in line of battle with orders to be ready to march forward at any moment. But everything was soon quiet again, and we resumed our position. In the evening we had meeting in camp, and today, the 3rd, everything is quiet, but we just received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. We do not know the direction, but I do not think it will be towards Mount Crawford, because our cavalry is now in that direction and said to be occupied in burning everything that can be of any use to an army, such as grain-stacks, hay, corn, etc., (except residences.) There are consequently some nice barns nearly filled with grain and hay, and which are now in flames. They say that is done by orders. The owners will probably receive indemnity for all that, provided they can prove their loyalty to the United States Government.

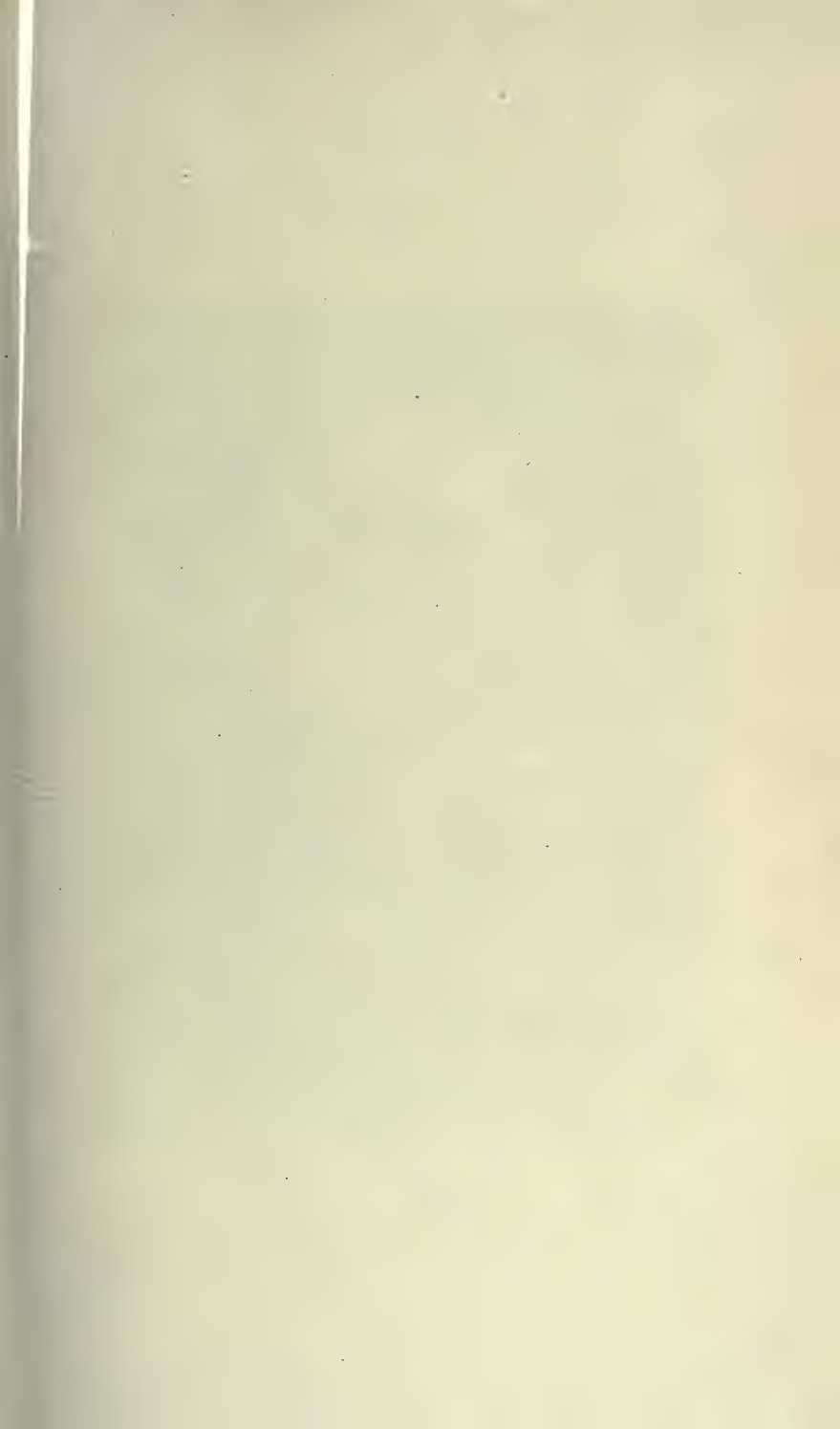
There is something I forgot to write about, and that is the wealth of the Shenandoah valley. From Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, the country does not seem to be very rich, but from there to where we are now, it looks better and better; and I am not surprised that the rebels always kept an army here strong enough to defeat ours, as they could always get an abundance of provisions for their army. The country is nevertheless pretty well broken, hilly, and covered with little rocks; and where the land is not under cultivation, it is generally covered with timber, underbrush, etc. We see now and then some fine, large farms, where it is evident they raised nice crops of winter wheat, oats, potatoes, clover, beans, and peas. There are some nice vineyards and orchards. The corn crop is not very heavy. The soil, being in many places covered with rocks, is not deep enough for corn. We see on many farms nice fields of winter wheat, but the fences sur-

rounding them are mostly taken away. The nights being cold, we must have some fire to warm us and also some for cooking; and where the timber is too far from camp the rail fences have to suffer. As an average, I think about one-half the soil under cultivation is covered with little stones, many of which are too large to allow the use of a reaper to cut the grain, and so the scythe or cradle has to be used. But I hear that a good deal of the farm work, such as harvesting, thrashing, haying, etc., is done here by rebel soldiers. The plowing is done mostly with iron instead of steel plows.

October 5, at noon. Nothing of special interest has transpired here since I commenced this letter on October 3, except that we can see here and there, and at a distance, some barns or stacks burning. There is no prospect of the mail going out yet. My health is excellent, and so is that of our old neighbors, J. E. Jayne, D. W. Parrott, S. Cozine, and others. The same is true of Company "F," 22d Iowa. We see each other now nearly every day. We are generally camped only about three-fourths of a mile from each other. The 22d Iowa belongs to the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, and we belong to the 4th Brigade of the same division, so that there is only one brigade between us.

October 10, 11 A. M., about one mile west of Strasburg. I just learned that the mail is going out today, and so I will add a few words to this and send it to you.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





SYLVANUS JOHNSON

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SYLVANUS JOHNSON.

BY JOHN SPRINGER.



SYLVANUS JOHNSON might well have said with Israel's psalmist and great warrior king, whose songs of praise were so often upon his lips, "I have been young and now am old." Born at New Haven, Connecticut, November 12th, 1813, he died at his home adjoining Iowa City, on January 8th, 1902, being almost two months past eighty-eight years. And yet in his youth he was the victim of an accident—a severe dislocation of the hip joint—that is ordinarily counted as shortening life, and from the effect of which he never fully recovered.

He was the descendant of a family that for generations had suffered for conscience sake. His ancestors, who were of a family of consideration, for they traced a long ancestry and were entitled to "bear arms," came from England, where they were non-conformists in the stormy times that presaged the downfall of the first Charles. They landed at Boston in 1638, but the lines on which the colony of Massachusetts Bay was laid down did not appeal to the first American Johnson, and in 1641 he traversed the wilderness to the infant colony on the banks of the Connecticut River, locating his home at New Haven two years after the founding of that city.

Though he lived according to the stern rule of conscience, he knew how to use the sword and the "musketoons" of that troubled time, and filled a good place in the ranks of those who defended their homes against the savage Indians. As he was a gentleman, and an educated man he must have taken more than a passing interest in the struggles over the charter, and it is easily to be conjectured that he knew of the regicides Goff, Dixwell, and Whalley, when they were at New Haven, and from the fact of his having left England to escape the tyranny of opinion, may have joined in secreting them from the officers of Charles II.

That staunch and sturdy, clear cut old New England spirit animated the generations that followed their first immigrant. His lineal descendant, grandfather of Sylvanus Johnson, was a soldier of the Connecticut line throughout the war of the Revolution, and his son captain Hezekiah Johnson, father of Sylvanus, was conspicuous in the war of 1812. It is not to be wondered that this son, born in that time of "storm and stress," having behind him a lineage of fighting men, should be moved by the martial sounds of drum and bugle. His first coming to Iowa was marked by his volunteering in the service of the new territory, and it was a poignant regret that when he offered his services to his country in mature age, as a soldier in the "gray beard regiment," his physical infirmities prevented acceptance. A brother served in the Mexican wars.

Yet withal, he was a man of peace. His battle was for the right, for the principles for which a long line of ancestry had fought, and not for the sake of contest.

As a boy Mr. Johnson received a common school education, and the home training of the day; the fifth of ten children, a college education could not be accorded to him. He was a great reader, and kept himself well informed on current events. As a youth he sought a knowledge of public affairs, of men and movements, that he might form an independent judgment. It was a course of education that grew upon him;

and in after years he was looked upon as one whose opinions were worthy respect, because he had studied that he might gain information and knew whereof he spoke.

As a lad he worked on the farm and in his father's brick-yard acquired the trade of brick making, his after avocation. When a young man he made a trip to the south by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, spending a winter in New Orleans, returned to the north, and after a short stay in Illinois, crossed over into Iowa, locating in Jones county with the intent of making it his home. While here, in the summer of 1839, he was commissioned by Governor Robert Lucas to raise a company to take part in the "Line War" then threatening conflict between Iowa and Missouri. In pursuance of this commission he undertook to raise a company of men and with such as could be enlisted in Jones county, he started by ox team for the newly platted capital—Iowa City—trusting to fill up his ranks on the way, and present a full company by the time he reached Burlington, the seat of official government. When a few miles north of Iowa City, he found himself hungry and penniless. Applying at the home of a miller, he stated his case, and was furnished his dinner by the miller's wife, on his promise that when he got money he would send her a set of plates; it was his pride to tell that with his first earnings he redeemed the promise; the act was characteristic of the man. Following the trail through the forest, he halted on the brow of the hill that forms the northern rampart of the city and at an isolated cabin inquired the way to Iowa City. The settler answered, "why, this is Iowa City; you can see the stakes all around here!"

He learned the "war" was over. The volunteers called by Governor Lucas were no longer needed, and the young captain and his men found themselves in the new capital without service, and he without money in his pocket and in debt for his dinner. But he had energy and persistence, and he had his trade, and there was not a brick house in the coming metropolis. The brick maker had a cordial welcome; he could not have arrived more opportunely.

Early the next year he began work. The location of his brick yard is perpetuated on the map to this day, for outlot 24 is entitled "Johnson's outlot." Where Mrs. Fanny Morrison's beautiful home now stands, then outside the new city, he built his log cabin and opened the first brick yard, moulding with his own hands on April 15th, 1840, the first brick made in Iowa City. The first brick business house of the city was erected that year on Iowa Avenue; and the first dwelling the next year by himself at his yards. Thence came the material for the walls of the Mechanics' Institute, (of which he was one of the founders and first trustees) and for the inner walls of the Territorial capitol, now the "Central Building" of the State University. Though his was the only brick yard in the new capital, and the demand for material was constant, his product was good, the prices reasonable, and it was a long time before he had active competition. The dwelling erected by him in 1841 is in part preserved, and presents the oldest brick wall in Iowa City. Few walls in the state are older than this. The Mechanics' Academy was demolished a few years ago, to make room for the new hospital of the State University.

His business prospered under the intelligent, energetic supervision he gave and his fairness and integrity brought him wide reputation among the pioneers. The condition of his affairs warranted his taking a most important step forward in life. In the spring of 1845, he returned to New Haven, and on April 10th, he married Miss Emily Bradley of that city. Their families were neighbors, and the young people had grown up in association. They had known and loved each other from childhood and never was there more happy and loving companionship through fifty-four years of wedded life. They returned at once to the western home arriving here early in May. They made the long trip by boat from Pittsburg to Burlington, and the carriage they brought to the capital was the admiration and envy of the community. In 1895 their golden wedding was celebrated, very quietly because of Mrs. Johnson's failing health.

To obtain fuel for his brick kilns he had early purchased a tract of timber adjoining the capital city on the north, where the "lay of the land" much resembled that of the Connecticut home. In 1856 he enlarged his holdings by further purchase, making in all about 600 acres of splendid farming land, and that same year he opened a small brick yard, where he burned the brick for the home he erected the ensuing year, when he gave over his avocation, and took up the life of a farmer. This home he built on the plan of the old home in Conecticut, a two story, great square brick house with an "L," of high ceiled large rooms, a double fire place, wide hall, and finely wrought staircase. It is one of the best examples of the "colonial" type in the west. To Mr. Johnson and his wife it was the old Connecticut homestead, situate on such a hill and commanding a view like that upon which they had looked in childhood. The pines that stand at the door, now great trees, were brought by him as mere slips from the old home, and planted by his own hands where they now tower upward.

The after current of his life ran smoothly. In this home he lived an active, useful, contented happy christian for almost half a century. From his first coming he took a large interest in public affairs, though he neither sought nor accepted preferment. His only public office was member of the city council in the last year of his residence in the city. An earnest advocate of education, he served on the school board, and was a trustee of the Mechanics' Institute, the only one perhaps who attended the first and last meetings of the board. He was a liberal donor to the projected Iowa City Female Collegiate Institute, and suffered large loss in its collapse. An enthusiastic advocate of railways, he contributed liberally to the construction of the proposed Davenport & Iowa City Railway (now a part of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific) and was one of its first trustees.

In politics, he was a lifelong and staunch democrat. He had no feeling toward his republican neighbor, and voted for

him as a matter of personal feeling or neighborly pride, but in all things political he was unswervingly democratic. In 1836, when in Illinois, where the entire community was positively whig, he bribed the whig mail carrier to bring him a democratic paper, looked upon as an offense at that time and place, that he might obtain the names of the Illinois candidates for electors and cast his vote for Martin Van Buren. When the old *Iowa Capitol Reporter* went over to the republican party in the campaign of 1860, he was one of those who contributed to the founding of the *Iowa State Press*, which four years later absorbed the *Reporter* plant. He is believed to be the last survivor of the original stockholders of the *Press*. In 1872 he refused to support Greeley for the presidency, and being in Chicago on his way to visit his brother in New Orleans he deviated to Louisville, where he was named as a delegate to the convention (and Iowa vice president) which nominated Charles O'Connor.

His father's family was of the Baptist communion, and upon the organization of the church in this city he became one of its members, and through his active life remained prominent in its official work and helpful and liberal in its support. There was a broad liberality in his religious opinions, and it is said of him that he contributed generously to the erection of every church built in Iowa City, even after he had removed to his farm. In the widest application of the word he was charitable, retaining to the last that cheery liberality so characteristic of the pioneers. He never forgot that he came to his adopted home penniless and in debt, and no case of need or suffering ever appealed to him in vain, nor did he wait for appeal, it was enough for him to know that one needed aid he could give.

Possessed of an excellent voice, with more than a passing knowledge of vocal and instrumental music as then popularly rendered, and a meritorious performer on the "bass viol" he was everywhere welcome and his services were in constant demand. He was a member of the "orchestra" at the laying

of the corner stone of the Territorial capitol on July 4th, 1840, and again at its "opening," as well as at the various public functions which marked the lighter and cheerier gatherings of the capital city's early days. The instrument he then used, and the commission issued him by Governor Lucas have been promised by his family for the cabinet of the State Historical Society.

Largely by reason of his lameness, which was aggravated by a diseased condition of the affected joint, Mr. Johnson had little disposition to travel. It had been his long desire to visit the Pacific Coast, but when he had abundant means and leisure, he said his years for wandering were past. In 1874, he and his wife returned to Connecticut and spent the greater part of the year at New Haven, in the associations of their childhood and youth. In 1890, he visited New Orleans, on the occasion of the death of his brother, and this was his last going from home. He was indeed, as has often been said of our pioneers, "a great hand to stay at home." No other place possessed the attractions of the fireside and home circle—no other company was so congenial as that of wife and children. He craved no higher enjoyment than the companionship of those he loved, and who in turn loved him. The infirmity that had so long been his affliction but taught him patience and gentleness.

His first, indeed it was his only, great sorrow came in the death of his wife in May, 1898. They had been life long lovers. There is no more beautiful testimonial of affection than shown in her last illness, when, though himself feeble, and barely able to leave the house, it was his wont on each spring morning to go to the garden where bloomed the flowers they both loved, and bring to her bedside fresh blossoms. Neither early privation and toil nor after ease and rest had made our noble pioneers insensible to the most tender emotions of the human heart.

His own last illness, extending over two years, during most of the time confined to his bed, brought from him no expres-

sion of impatience or worry. Much of his time was spent in repeating the songs of the Church, with which he had been so familiar through many years, and his last audible words were from his favorite—

“Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with Saints.”

So peacefully passed to his final rest and home one whose long life had in early manhood been so closely associated with the making of Iowa.

Mr. Johnson is survived by six children, four sons and two daughters. His funeral was attended by the few who remain of his earlier associates, and by a large concourse of friends.

AN IOWA INDIAN SCENE.

“SAVAGE” ETHICS AND “SAVAGE” DOMESTICITY.

BY J. W. RICH.



As a rule, Indian stories depend largely for interest upon tragedy in more or less bloody form. The story here to be related is of another kind. Though barbarous in display the event was peaceful in performance, and in addition to the main event, but in no manner influenced thereby, there is a domestic side-light quite unexpected in such a quarter, but all the brighter because of dark surroundings.

As far as the writer knows, the scene remains unrecorded to the present day, either by pen or picture, for the professional “correspondent” was then unknown, at least west of Chicago, and the “camera fiend” had not then been born. But the memory-picture, painted in fast colors, is unfading, and scores of times since, the “savage” scene in picturesque setting, has called itself up with all the vividness of reality, though nearly a half-century of time has elapsed.

It was midsummer, 1858, the writer was one of a party of four near a road leading southwest from the ford crossing the Cedar river, at the little town of Janesville, Bremer county, to the home of "Uncle Jim" Newell, at the junction of the Cedar and the Shellrock, just over the line in Black Hawk county. From our elevated position the ford on the Cedar and the intervening road were in plain view.

About the middle of the forenoon, a cavalcade of Indians was seen coming up out of the ford onto the prairie, where the horsemen—a dozen to twenty men—in disordered open-order, spread out a quite imposing front. Indians were frequent visitors in those days, especially at "Uncle Jim's," and they were quite faithful in keeping up a calling acquaintance wherever they found "the giving hand," but such a "bunch" of them as now appeared was unusual, and they were evidently out for display. Each man carried a small pennon and the cavalcade moved leisurely in our direction, the order of march being varied occasionally by a young buck dashing out of line and "cavorting" over the prairie, whooping and yelling as only an Indian can whoop and yell, then returning to the line again. In this fashion they advanced until the road led into the brush near our position where they were compelled to trail out and assume the more normal and less imposing Indian file. A few minutes later the usual contingent of pack-ponies, squaws, papooses, and dogs brought up the rear. None of the Indians were armed.

Without knowing precisely what the diversion was to be at "Uncle Jim's" in the afternoon, we were sure it would be something interesting, so our party decided to "knock off" work and take it in. After a hasty dinner, we struck out for the camp, and on arrival soon learned that the pow-wow was for the settlement of a trifling misunderstanding, between a Winnebago from the northwest and members of some other tribe from the southwest, as to the ownership of certain ponies which were known to have found their way to the home of a Winnebago—a little matter of horse-stealing—now to be the adjusted in a peaceful manner.

In order that the reader may call to the mind's eye the scene as it actually appeared, it is needful to note the surroundings, which were in the highest degree appropriate and picturesque. Imagine the two most beautiful rivers in Iowa—the Cedar and the Shellrock—running clear as crystal over rock and gravel beds and between wooded banks to a common destination. Their general course was to the southeast, but the easternmost and the larger, the Cedar, ran nearly due south for some distance, then curved to the west as if inviting the union, and at the same time it gracefully rounded out the enclosed area of land. At some distance above the junction, the timber lines stretched out and met across the intervening prairie, but they soon broke away again leaving but a fringe of wood along the inner curves of the converging banks, thus forming a perfect park of clean, smooth prairie, rolling in graceful undulations northward to the timber line, a half mile away. Nature here had done her perfect work which no art could improve and which no art had marred. At the southern extremity of this natural prairie-park on the banks of the two rivers, and a few rods in front of Newell's house, the Indians pitched their camp. A few rods away from the main camp was the tepee of the lone Winnebago and his squaw—and it looked lonesome, for there was little sign of life about it. At the main camp there was activity, as if there might have been something of a feast—more than likely draft had been made upon the neighboring pig-pen or poultry-yard. There was also abundant evidence of special effort in the line of fantastic toilets, on the part of the bucks at least—the squaws seemed indifferent on the subject, both as to personal adornments and the decorations of their lords. Lack of interest in the toilets of the Indian gentlemen may be accounted for, perhaps, from the fact that there were no collar-buttons to be put in, no neck-ties to be adjusted, and no place to stick pins. They were dressed *negligee* and had no need of feminine assistance, unless it was to smear paint on remote portions of the body.

When our party arrived all toilets were completed, except

that of the old chief who was still squatted on a buffalo-robe in his tepee, with pigments and a small hand-mirror, putting on the finishing touches with apparent indifference to the passage of time. The toilet of the men, counting from the ground upward, consisted of moccasins, breech-clout and a small scalp-lock standing straight up on top of a closely sheared head. The grand divisions of copper-colored cuticle between these natural boundaries were streaked, spotted, and splashed in colors, after the most fantastic fashion.

Finally the old chief finished his toilet, then, crowning himself with an elegant eagle-feather headdress, he stepped out of his tepee with a long staff in his hand. A few strokes of the staff on the ground, accompanied by certain ejaculations, brought his band around him—himself a commanding figure in a group of superb Indian athletes. Even the squaws pricked up their ears at this movement and quickly formed a border decoration to the living picture. A brief speech from the chief followed, then the group moved over toward the tepee of the Winnebago, halting a few yards in front and squatting in a line on the ground, the chief at the right and the squaws in the rear. In a few moments the Winnebago came out of his tepee, better dressed than his visitors, for in addition to moccasins and a clout, he wore leggings, a bright blanket and a full head of hair. Stepping bravely down within a few paces of the group of squatting savages, he halted and made a brief speech, to which no reply was made. Then returning to the tepee, a moment later himself and squaw came out with their arms well loaded with presents, consisting largely of glass beads and other personal ornaments, although there were in the collection stone pipes and other useful articles, all of which were laid at the feet of the squatting group. A short presentation speech by the Winnebago was followed by a brief response by the old chief—*presto!* in an instant every Indian was on his feet and all rushed madly for their ponies, picketed just outside the camp. In less time than it takes to tell the tale, the whooping and yelling savages

were flying over the prairie like tumble-weeds before a gale, and in two or three minutes disappeared in the woods, to be seen no more. The squaws leisurely gathered up the gifts, packed their ponies with papooses and other camp paraphernalia and followed their care-free lords. Meantime the Winnebago settled down to quiet possession of the camp and prolonged enjoyment of "Uncle Jim's" hospitality.

In connection with this event was a side-scene illustrating a phase of domestic life among so-called savages that puts to shame the acts of many so-called civilized people. Accompanying this band of Indians from the southwest was an old, old man—shrunk, shriveled and in dotage. He must have seen the snows of more than a hundred winters, or his looks belied him. A little to one side of the main camp and out of the bustle but under the care of a watchful eye, a luxurious buffalo-robe was spread on the ground, and over it, stretched upon poles at the four corners, a blanket served as an awning to keep off the burning rays of the sun. This was the old Indian's tepee, where he amused himself with a collection of playthings, as any other papoose would do. Occasionally a young squaw looked in upon him, evidently solicitous for his comfort. When the time came for breaking camp, the young squaw packed his belongings upon a pony, assisted him to mount and away they went. Truly the old Indian's life had "fallen in the sear, the yellow leaf," but he still possessed "honor, love," and "troops of friends," savage though he was.

AN HISTORICAL JOURNAL.

The following is a copy of a manuscript which has recently come to light, having been preserved among the archives in the basement vault of the Auditor's office at Des Moines.

B. F. S.

JOURNAL

Of the proceedings of the Commissioners to locate the Seat of Government.

May 1st, 1839. Chauncey Swan, one of the commissioners appointed under the act of the Legislative Assembly of Iowa entitled "An Act to locate the Seat of Government and for other purposes," met at the town of Napoleon in the county of Johnson this day at 9 oclock A. M. A quorum not being present, other Commissioners were sent for.

11 oclock P. M. John Ronalds, another one of the Commissioners appeared and was qualified after which the board adjourned until tomorrow morning 10 oclock.

May 2nd. The board met pursuant to adjournment, appointed John Frierson clerk to the board and adjourned to meet at the house of Wheaton Chase at 12 oclock. Met pursuant to adjournment and went to examine the Country on the Iowa river above Napoleon. Adjourned at 6 oclock to meet to-morrow morning at 10 oclock.

May 3rd. Met pursuant to adjournment. Went to examine Quarry supposed to contain marble and survey the lines to ascertain the section on which it is found. Selected the spot, ascertained to be on Section 10 Township 79 North, Range 6 West of the 5 principal meridian. Adjourned to meet at the house of Saml. H. McCrory to-morrow morning at 10 oclock.

May 4. The board met pursuant to adjournment and consumed the day in drawing plans for the Capital and placing a stake in the center of the proposed site, and then adjourned at 6 oclock to meet at the house of Wheaton Chase on Monday at 10 oclock.

May 6. The board met pursuant to adjournment this day at 10 oclock. Robert Ralston, Commissioner from the 1st. Judicial District, appeared, took the oath prescribed by law, and entered on the discharge of his

official duties, at the board. The proceedings of the majority of the commissioners were exhibited and fully explained to Mr. Ralston all of which he approved.

May 7. Chauncey Swan commissioner from the third Judicial district was appointed Acting Commissioner and received his certificate agreeably to law. The board adjourned to meet at Iowa City at such time as they may be called together by the Acting Commissioner.

JOHN RONALDS

C. SWAN*

ROBERT RALSTON.

June 27. Two of the Commissioners, viz. C. Swan and John Ronalds met at the house of John Ronalds and ordered that Thomas Cox and John Frierson be employed to survey the town and L. Judson to draw the necessary plats.†

C. SWAN

JOHN RONALDS

Aug. 22. Ordered that from this date to the time of the next sale the acting Commissioner shall employ hands and open the marble quarry and perform any other necessary work about the location which he may deem expedient.

JOHN RONALDS

C. SWAN.

Nov. 15th. Ordered that Thomas Cox receive two hundred Dollars in addition to what he has received for surveying Iowa City.

C. SWAN

ROBERT RALSTON

} Commissioners.

* The name of C. Swan is marked out in the original.

† This minute of June 27 is crossed out in the original.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D., 24TH IA.

(Continued from January, 1902, number of the Record.)



CTOBER 6, about 6 A. M., we left Harrisonburg. It was a general movement of our army. Our company marched as skirmishers on the flanks of our division. We marched as usual in several columns. Our army corps was in the rear, the 6th and 8th Corps in front. We marched about twenty-two miles that day and halted about four miles north of New Market, where we arrived at 5 P. M., and stopped for the night at the same place where the rebels had built fortifications after their defeat at Strasburg, or Fisher's Hill. Nothing extraordinary happened during the march. We met no enemy. We had cloudy weather, now and then a shower—quite warm. The march was long and tiresome. We could see buildings, stacks, etc., burning in every direction. A good many citizens are leaving the Shenandoah Valley and are going north.

October 7, 6 A. M., we left camp. Our army corps acted as rear guard. About 3 P. M. we passed through Edenburg. About 7:30 P. M., we marched through Woodstock, and at 9 P. M. we stopped for the night about three miles from this place. We marched about twenty miles that day. Nothing of special interest transpired during our march. It was a day of showers and quite warm.

October 8, 6 A. M., we left camp. Our army corps was in front. We marched about six miles, halted and formed in line of battle. The 6th and 8th corps took position behind us, near Fisher's Hill. A part of these corps acted as rear guard. About 10 A. M., we heard cannonading a few miles behind us, but it turned out to be nothing serious.

About 3 P. M., our corps was in motion. We arrived near Strasburg about 8 P. M., halted and stopped for the night.

On the same day about 9 P. M. I was ordered on picket duty with forty-five men of our regiment. The night passed off quietly.

October 9, about 7 A. M., we heard cannonading and also musketry firing about four miles southwest of Strasburg, this firing lasted for a few hours, and seemed to be quite serious. It was by the rebels, who, having learned that we were marching toward Strasburg, undertook to follow our rear guard; but they soon found themselves in a trap. Our troops took from them about forty wagons, seven pieces of artillery, and about 200 prisoners.

To-day, October 10, everything is quiet. Excuse this poor writing. I am in a hurry, and, as usual in the field, the sod is my chair, and my knee, upon which I have a book about one inch thick and ten inches square, is my writing desk. We expect to leave here at any moment. We have not received any pay yet, and so please keep on sending me money in letters as usual.

LXI.

IN THE FIELD NEAR CEDAR CREEK, VA., ABOUT FIVE MILES
NORTHWEST FROM STRASBURG, October 17, 1864.

In this letter, I will only say a few words about what has transpired since October 10: That same day about 2 P. M., we were in motion. Marched about six miles and halted near Cedar Creek, about five miles northwest of Strasburg, where we arrived about 4:30 P. M. We left Fisher's Hill at the mercy of the rebels. Nothing extraordinary happened during that day. The weather was clear but there was a cold northwest wind.

October 11. Cold night. Nothing of special interest transpired that day. I saw about two hundred of the prisoners who were taken last Sunday morning. A number of them were wearing a part of our uniform — pants and overcoat. I just learned that I. M. Ritter, of our company, died in the hospital at Winchester, about the 4th instant; and that C. F.

Bumgardner died on the 8th, from the effects of wounds received at Winchester on September 19.

October 12. Cold night. All quiet. Fine healthful weather.

October 13. Continuation of fine weather.

About 3 P. M., we heard cannonading in front and also on the right of our line. It was by the rebels, who were bombarding our camp. A few shells bursted in the camp of the 8th corps, which was on our left. A few pieces of our artillery replied immediately, but without much effect as the rebels were for the most part protected in the woods and in valleys. A few regiments of infantry were also sent in front, and musketry firing was quite brisk for a few hours. Our infantry met the rebels in force about one mile from our outside line, but there was no general engagement. Our infantry only supported our picket line, by having skirmishers in front. There was consequently nothing very serious, although artillery and musketry firing was heard till about sundown. The rebels tried to flank us on our right but were repulsed. As soon as cannonading began, all the troops were formed in line of battle, with orders to be ready to march at any moment. The rebels had received reinforcements. Since we had abandoned their fortifications at Fisher's Hill, it was natural that, as soon as they arrived there, they should have taken possession of them again. They then sent a part of their forces to attack us, or rather to ascertain where we were and get an idea of our position.

On the same day about 9 P. M., our division was ordered to take position in the woods, about one mile in rear of our line. There we received some rations and also some clothing, which were issued during the night. We were expecting to see some "fun" next day.

October 14, about 4 A. M., we formed in lines with orders to be ready to march at any moment. Some troops were sent on a reconnoissance, but the enemy had retired. It is said that General Longstreet now has the command of the rebel army.

Same day about noon we were in motion. We resumed our position near Cedar Creek, where we still remain. Nothing very serious transpired during that day, except a little musketry firing on the picket line, and also a little artillery firing by our troops.

October 15, about 5 A. M., we formed in line. Some troops of infantry were sent on a reconnoissance toward Strasburg. They came back about 8 A. M. We learned that the rebels were at Fisher's Hill, where they are strengthening their fortifications. Same day, Wm. A. J. Hill, of our company, who was left at Winchester, September 19, returned to the company. He had a paper to show that he was kept in the hospital at Winchester to take care of the wounded. He is quite well and looks more like a man who has been on garrison duty than one who has been in the field. He has no gun with him, but I will get one for him at the first opportunity. He should have been provided with arms and ammunition before he left the hospital.

October 16—the night was mild—fine moonlight. A part of our troops were busy working on the fortifications all night. They kept at it all day, although it was Sunday. There is now before us a strong line of fortifications along which are planted several batteries of artillery. The detachment of the 8th corps is on our left, while that of the 6th corps is on our right.

Our cavalry left us on the 15th instant. It is said that they took eight days rations with them, from which I conclude that General Sheridan is preparing for a new flank movement. It is probable that General Sheridan has abandoned the rebel fortifications at Fisher's Hill and retired his troops in rear of Cedar Creek, where we are now well fortified, so as to draw the rebels into a trap.

Our cavalry may have gone by Front Royal with the intention of attacking the rebels from the rear and of placing them between two fires.

But, as I have not given you many details about the rebel

position at Fisher's Hill on September 22, I will say that Fisher's Hill and the surrounding country is nothing but a series of hills and valleys. Some of these hills are very steep, and are partly covered with small trees, underbrush, rocks, etc. The hills that are the best fortified have command of those that are less elevated. These fortifications are situated between the two famous chains of mountains—the North mountains and King mountains—which at this point are separated from each other by only six or seven miles. If our cavalry succeeds in getting in the rear of the rebels it will be difficult for the rebels to get out of their position unless they have a very strong force. I therefore expect that there will be something new in a few days.

I think General Sheridan is a man who has great military abilities, and I should not be surprised if he would get the best of the rebels again very soon. Our troops have laid waste nearly the whole country as far as and a little beyond Staunton. Since there is now very little left in the country to help an army on the march and in the field, the rebels will have to get supplies elsewhere, which will be very inconvenient for them. If the Shenandoah Valley could have been laid waste at the beginning of the war, although it would have been hard on the people living there, it might have saved a good deal of bloodshed in the battles where our troops were almost always defeated with great losses.

The victories won here lately by General Sheridan may be considered as the first decisive victories that our army has won in the Shenandoah Valley, and we may with good reason regard these victories as hard blows to the Confederacy.

October 16, in the evening, the provision train arrived from Winchester. I have just learned that Samuel Godlove and C. M. Westfall of our company died in a hospital at Winchester from the effects of wounds received at Winchester on September 19, and that T. R. Chandler and A. Y. Worthington, of our company, who were wounded at the same battle, were sent to Harper's Ferry.

October 17, continuation of nice weather. Nothing of especial interest transpired. We are expecting the arrival of a wagon train from Martinsburg and there will probably be a mail with it. We have not received any pay yet and we do not care about receiving any just now, as there is no chance to express any money from here.

My own health is excellent and the health of the troops here is generally good. The climate is healthful. We have now 47 men present with the company and they are all in good health—not one on the sick list. I remember that when we were in Louisiana, and had about the same number of men present with the company, there were generally 6 or 8 on the sick list every day.

As I have now a little leisure time I will tell you about some incidents connected with the battle of Winchester, on September 19th, which I should have mentioned in my number 60. I must say that when our line had reached the top of the hill in the open field, we received cross-fires from the front, and a battery on our right fired on us with grape and canister. We were ordered to retreat. Captain J. R. Gould (our captain) was mortally wounded, and as we were helping him off the field he addressed me saying: "Lucas, I am shot through the body; I can feel that I am bleeding inwardly and I must die." I answered by asking him who he wanted with him to keep him company and take care of him. He said, "give me George Scott." And so Scott stayed with him and took care of him, and we bade each other a farewell good bye. Captain Gould was a noble and brave officer. He had been with the company only a few days, having been detached at Brigade Headquarters nearly the whole time since November, 1862. But I could not stay with him and so I rejoined the company, or rather a part of the company, which was then retreating with a part of the regiment, leaving most of our killed and wounded on the field. During the retreat the line got somewhat confused—the regiment got divided and mixed.

I did not hear any order as to where to stop and reform the

line, but when we got to the edge of the timber I thought it was a good place for us to stop and then I shouted in as loud a voice as I could: "Boys! we might just as well stop here and keep a skirmish fire at them!" Lieutenant Wm. Kelly of Company "B," of our regiment, was then only about two rods from me; he looked towards me, and with his sword drawn up, shouted: "Boys, rally on this line!" About 8 or 10 rods to my left was Captain W. T. Rigby of Company "B" of our regiment, who was also doing what he could to reform the line. I think there was about half of our regiment there. Other officers of the 24th Iowa were there, but I remember the two named in particular. That line, which was only a good skirmish line, was immediately reformed and we kept up a skirmish fire at the enemy for over two hours, that is, until reinforcements came on our right. I think that line had a good deal to do with gaining the day at Winchester. I had been on duty with Lieutenant Kelly previous to that, and always thought him a good officer and one of the best drilled men in the regiment. This time I found out that he was made of good fighting material. I will never forget the way he helped me to reform our part of the line.

LXII.

IN THE FIELD NEAR CEDAR CREEK, VA.,
October 21, 1864, 3 P. M.

I have just arrived in camp, having come back from picket duty. I received your number 48 of the 11th instant and the five dollars enclosed; also your numbers 46 and 47 dated September 29th to 30th and October 4th to 5th respectively. The ten dollars were received on the 18th instant.

I am informed that the mail will go out in a few minutes, and so I write you a few lines in a hurry, and with pencil to reassure you of my position. I suppose you have, before the reception of this letter, read in the papers that a great battle was fought here on the 19th instant. The battle commenced about 5 A. M., when it was yet dark, and lasted during the

whole day. During the forenoon the rebels had the advantage, and our army was routed. The rebels drove us out of our camp. They surprised the 8th corps on our left. We retreated for about three and a half miles from our camp, and in the direction of Winchester. Our army was in great confusion. General Sheridan was absent. About 1 P. M. when our line was reformed at the edge of the woods, and we had succeeded in stopping the enemy, General Sheridan arrived on the battle field. His black horse—Rienzi—was all white with foam. They say that he left Martinsburg during the forenoon. The exact time, I do not know; but it is said that he was only one hour in traveling from Winchester to the battle field, a distance of over ten miles. As soon as he got there, the program was changed. He was apparently in cool blood and with his usual appearance of good humor, he had soon disposed his troops so as to take the offensive instead of keeping on the defensive. He hurried from one end of the line to the other and was received with cheers of joy. And as he was riding in front of the lines he said that we would get back to our old camp before sundown. The order was soon given for the infantry to charge on the enemy. The rebels resisted stubbornly for about fifteen or twenty minutes in the same position. Then they began to break, and in less than an hour they were routed completely. They were soon more demoralized than they were at the battle of Winchester, on September 19. Our troops pursued them, not only as far as our old camp, but as far as and even a little beyond Fisher's Hill, where, although they were well fortified, they could not rally their men.

So far as I am informed, our losses in that battle were from 4,000 to 5,000 men, about 2,000 of whom were taken prisoners in the morning. During the forenoon the rebels took from us about 30 pieces of artillery. But during the afternoon and evening we took between 2,000 and 3,000 prisoners, about 50 pieces of artillery, and nearly all of the rebel trains. It seems that General Sheridan was so confident

that his troops of infantry and artillery would break the rebel lines that even before he gave the order for the infantry to charge on the enemy all along the line he sent some cavalry on both flanks to cut off the rebels' retreat at the bridge at Cedar Creek. In this he was successful. The night after the battle we camped near Strasburg. Our cavalry kept pursuing the enemy, and arrived at Woodstock a little before day light next morning.

The losses of our regiment were 7 killed, 46 wounded, and 41 missing. Total, 94.

The losses of our company were 1 killed, 5 wounded, and 6 missing. Total, 12, as follows: Sergeant Chester F. Channell, killed, shot through the heart. Wounded: First Sergeant J. B. Swafford, on the head, slightly. He is doing duty with the company. Corporal W. P. Tansey, left ankle, severe; Private Thomas Evans, right hand, severe; Private Orin B. Ford, right thigh, severe; Private John Knott, right hand, severe. Missing, supposed to be taken prisoners: Sergeant D. C. Holmes; Privates Lyman Bartlett, E. C. Gary, W. A. J. Hill, D. W. Parrott, and D. P. Hawthorne.

You can see that in that memorable battle, as well as in all the preceding ones, I was spared from the enemy's missiles, except that during the charge in the afternoon a bullet or piece of shell from the enemy struck a sapling in front of me, and just touched my left ear. It was a close call, the closest I have yet had. But I was not hurt except that little splinters from the sapling flew into my face and eyes.

Our neighbors, J. E. Jayne, S. Cozine, Geo. Hunter, H. Harrison, Wm. Bowen, Wm. Franklin, etc., are all right, except Isaac S. Struble who I am told was slightly wounded in the foot. I will give you more details as soon as I can. I made a good deal of inquiry about the men of our company who were missing and whose fate was not known, especially D. W. Parrott. A few men of the regiment told me that they believe they had seen him fall, he having received a piece of shell in the breast. They did not see him get up

again. Towards evening, while driving the enemy, we stopped for a few moments at the place — near our old camp — where the men thought they had seen him fall. I saw several dead men there, but Parrott was not among them. Several men of the company looked about with me. Therefore, as I had no proof of Parrott being killed, I reported him among the missing, who are supposed to have been taken prisoners.

LXIII.

IN THE FIELD NEAR CEDAR CREEK, VA.,

October 24, 1864, 8 P. M.

Having just received some news about the men of our company who were missing after the battle of Cedar Creek on the 19th instant, I hasten to write you a few lines. Major E. Wright commanding the regiment, has just shown me the list of prisoners, and I find that the list I had given of men reported missing and supposed to be taken prisoners, was right, except D. P. Hawthorne, who is still missing and is supposed to be sick in the hospital.

Lieut. Colonel Wilds—our colonel—was severely wounded in the left arm. He is now in the hospital at Winchester. Major Ed. Wright was also wounded slightly on the left elbow, and on the hip. I have very little time to write today. I will give you more details at the first opportunity.

We are having nice weather; but it is somewhat cold, especially during the nights. Now and then there is white frost.

Everything is quiet in and around camp. I do not think the rebels will feel like paying us a visit for a long time. I think they were satisfied on the 19th instant. Not only what was left of their army was demoralized, but they have very little artillery and very few trains left.

My health is excellent, and so is the health of every man present with the company.

LXIV.

NEAR MARTINSBURG, VA., October 29, 1864, 9 P. M.

On the 27th instant, our brigade left Cedar Creek to guard the provision train to Martinsburg, where we arrived last evening, after a rather tiresome march. We marched about 15 miles on the 27th, and about 23 miles on the 28th.

We received our pay during the night of October 26th to 27th. I received my pay up to August 31, 1864. This morning I went to the city and sent to you, by Adams Express Company, the sum of six hundred and sixty-five dollars, for which I paid six dollars insurance. That sum is divided as follows:

\$270 for Henry J. Lucas, Iowa City, Iowa, from 1st Lieutenant C. A. Lucas, Co. "D," 24th Iowa.

\$50 for Mr. Geo. R. Williams, Solon, Johnson county, Iowa, from Private Enoch Williams.

\$50 for Mr. Wm. Jayne, Sr., Iowa City, Iowa, from Sergeant J. E. Jayne.

\$70 for Mrs. Julia Swafford, Solon, Johnson county, Iowa, from 1st Sergeant J. B. Swafford.

\$50 for Mrs. Madeline Berry, Iowa City, Iowa, from Corporal Wm. E. Berry.

\$20 for Mr. Jesse Cozine, Iowa City, Iowa, from Samuel Cozine.

\$50 for Mr. Nelson Paxson, Cedar Bluffs, Cedar county, Iowa, from Private Sylvester Akerley.

\$40 for Mr. Jacob Newton, Lisbon, Linn county, Iowa, from Private Francis M. Newton.

\$65 for Mr. James Trimble, Iowa City, Iowa, from Private John M. Trimble.

Total, \$665.

The package is sent to your address. I hope you will succeed in having the different sums paid to the parties interested. I think the addresses are all right.

I am very busy just now working out the necessary papers

concerning the killed and wounded, and also those relative to the permanent command of the company. Besides, I wrote a letter to the friends of all those who in our company were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners at the battle of Cedar Creek.

Our baggage arrived here last evening. We had not seen it since the 18th of last September. My health is excellent, as is also that of all the men present with the company.

LXV.

MARTINSBURG, VA., November 6, 1864, 8 P. M.

I have just returned from a Sunday evening meeting, and everything being quiet around, I thought I would write you a few lines.

It was with pleasure that I received, on October 31, your number 49 of October 19, and on the 4th instant, your number 50 of October 26, in each of which was enclosed five dollars.

I will now answer your last five numbers; but I am sorry to say that your numbers 46 and 47 are not in my possession any more. They had, on October 19, the same fate as our camp and garrison equipage, that is, they were left in the hands of the enemy. They were left with a few other letters and also some papers in a nice haversack I had purchased in which to carry my papers. I had left them in my tent on October 19, at day break, when our regiment was formed in line. The order was to form in line with arms and accoutrements. Some few took their canteens. The order was given the evening before for our division to go on a reconnoissance early the next morning. We all thought that we were going on a reconnoissance, and would be back in an hour or so, with a good appetite for our breakfast, which was then cooking. We were going to have some nice beef soup with plenty of vegetables in it. But the rebels got everything. They fooled us out of our breakfast. And so you can judge of our surprise when we found out that the enemy had taken

the 8th corps on our left, by surprise, and were already in our camp, and were rapidly getting in the rear of us. Instead of going out on a reconnoissance in front, we were soon ordered to retreat as fast as we could. Our camp, with everything in it, was left to the rebels, who must certainly have relished our breakfast. Most of us had neither breakfast nor dinner that day; but we had supper after dark—which we might have called breakfast. We enjoyed it too. I was on the picket line when mine was brought to me. I am glad that I had my little annotation book in my pocket so that the rebels could not get it. I consider that book of great importance, and so I generally carry it in my coat pocket. I have in that book a roster of the company, showing where every man is, also the account of every man of the company with the government, also copies of my monthly and quarterly returns. I believe that very few company commanders think of keeping such a book.

I learned with pleasure from your number 50 that my letters continue to reach you regularly, and that on October 22 my number 60 of October 10 had already reached you. I hope it will continue to be the same in the future.

I received my commission of Captain on October 31st last. It was signed by the Governor and the Adjutant General on October 13, to take rank September 20, 1864. I was mustered out as First Lieutenant, November 1st, and mustered in as Captain, November 2, 1864, for the unexpired term of the regiment. When I was mustered in as First Lieutenant, it was for three years. But when I was mustered in as Captain, I had a few words of explanations with the mustering officer, and I learned that I could be mustered either for three years, or for the unexpired term of the regiment. Although I want to be in my place as a soldier, yet, as I came out of Iowa with the men of Company "D," I have made up my mind to go home with them, if God grants me life till then.

As I hope you received my numbers 63 and 64, in which I gave you a list of casualties in our company on October 19, I

will not repeat the names in this letter. I have not learned anything new about D. W. Parrott and other prisoners.

Samuel Jones of our company, who was missing after the battle of Winchester, September 19, has just returned to the company. He says that he took sick on the day of the battle, and after the battle was over, he went to a house about one mile from Newtown, or about six miles from Winchester, where the people took care of him. A little later he was detailed as "safe guard" at the same place. We saw him there on the 3rd instant when we passed with the trains coming from Cedar Creek. I then went to see our wounded in the hospital at Winchester. I saw S. Spielman and Isaac Miller. They look pretty well, and I have hopes for their recovery. Spielman had the left thigh amputated, and is nearly well of it, except that the bone projects a little outside of the flesh. I fear he will have to submit to a second amputation, which will probably be very hard on him. But as his health appears to be good, he may live through it. His other wounds—five or six in number—are nearly healed. Isaac Miller, who had the left thigh shattered by a bullet, is also doing so well that he may not lose his leg. His father came to see him on November 1st. He arrived at Martinsburg on October 30, and when we left Martinsburg for Cedar Creek, November 1, he came with us as far as Winchester. It was for him a sad and at the same time a joyful meeting because, as he said to me, he did not expect to find his son alive.

On the 4th instant we passed by Winchester again, and Mr. Miller—the father—came with us, leaving his son at Winchester. He took the train that evening for Iowa. When I was at Winchester on the 1st instant, I also had the pleasure of seeing Lieut. Colonel Wilds—our regimental commander—who had his left arm broken by a bullet at Cedar Creek, on October 19, 1864. He is suffering very much, and the bullet is still in his arm. I do not think he will have to submit to an amputation. He was very glad to see me, but he has very little hope of getting well. All the wounded who are at Winchester are receiving good care.

But the wind is now blowing very hard, and as the rain is beginning to beat against my shelter tent, I will close for this evening.

November 8, 9 P. M. I received last evening a letter from Mr. John Parrott, dated October 30. It seems that he learned from a letter written by Isaac Struble of Company "F," 22nd Iowa, that his son, D. W. Parrott, was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19. Having seen the official list of prisoners on October 24, and D. W. Parrott's name being among the names there listed, I immediately wrote a long letter to Mr. Parrott. In his letter, Mr. Parrott requested me to give him all the information I could about his son, and send him any articles his son might have had in his possession when he died. He inquired as to what chances there were of having his remains sent home to Iowa. It was wrong for Isaac Struble to send such news home without knowing definitely about D. W. Parrott. I hope that the detailed letter I wrote to Mr. Parrott will reassure him concerning his son's fate. I also sent to Mr. Parrott a few letters I had received for his son while he was away from the company, all of which were left in my valise when we left Berryville on September 19th last. I have had no opportunity to send them to him since our baggage arrived, October 28th. Those letters have not been opened, and I hope Mr. Parrott will hand them to his son's wife.

Today has been a day of excitement all over the country—a day which will probably decide the future of our adopted country. Everything was quiet here. The 24th Iowa cast 285 votes for President Lincoln and only 18 for General McClellan.

The weather is very damp now. It rains nearly every day. It is very disagreeable.

We will probably leave here tomorrow about 6 A. M., with the trains going to Cedar Creek. All is well.

LXVI.

CAMP RUSSELL, NEAR OPEQUAN CREEK, VA.,
ABOUT FOUR MILES SOUTH OF WINCHESTER.

November 27, 1864, 5 P. M.

Finished November 28, 1864, 1 P. M.

I have had very little leisure time since I sent you my No. 58 of November 8th. Nothing of special interest has transpired. But the change of camps, working on fortifications in front of our regiment, and writing for the company, which kept me busy for ten or twelve days, working six or seven leisure hours each day and a part of the evenings, have taken up most of my time. The writing consisted principally of receiving and turning over the government property in use in the company, for which the company commander is responsible. Lieut.-Colonel Wilds had, on the first of last October, appointed a Board of Survey composed of Captains J. W. Martin, W. T. Rigby, and E. H. Pound. But for a few weeks after that, we were kept moving nearly the whole time, and the meeting of the Board was delayed until the 18th instant. Seeing that everything was quiet in and around camp, I invited the members of that board to assemble together, and turn over to me all of the ordnance stores, also camp and garrison equipage in use in our company on October 1, 1864. Knowing that those officers were ordered to take an inventory and establish the necessary papers for Companies "A" and "E," I proposed to them that I could establish the necessary papers concerning our company, and then submit them for their signatures. They accepted my offer, and so I made out all the papers myself, making everything appear for the best, and trying as much as possible to justify our late Captain Gould for everything that was missing in the company, and for which he was responsible. The property that was missing, I accounted for by reporting it as lost in the battle of Winchester, on September 19, 1864, so that his heirs will have no trouble in settling with the govern-

ment and in getting every cent due them. This whole business was not really finished until the 22d instant. I then immediately made out the different reports required in such a case for the ordnance officer, and also for the Quartermaster-General at Washington. When that was done, I established the different reports and papers concerning the men who had left the company during the last four months, such as, killed, wounded, discharged, deserted, missing, died of wounds or disease, etc., and also a list of casualties in the company during the same period, to be sent to Adjutant-General Baker, of Iowa. I finished this last paper this morning. Now that I am decidedly in command of the company I will keep the books and everything up-to-date and in such a shape that anyone can understand them in case anything unexpected happens me. To make out all these papers I had recourse mostly to my annotation book. It was a good thing I had that little book in my coat pocket at the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19, or it would have had the same fate as the other things we had left in our camp that morning, that is, it would have been left in the hands of the rebels.

I do not now feel very much the effect of what I lost at Cedar Creek, although it caused me some extra work. I now keep everything in duplicate, that is, a copy in the company desk and a copy in my annotation book, which I always carry in my pocket, and in which I keep a roster of the company, a copy of my monthly and quarterly returns, a list of property received from the government and issued to the men, the account of every man with the government, and a memorandum of what transpires from day to day.

As I have now a little leisure, I will say a few words about the war:

I think everything looks encouraging now. And as we now have some good generals at the head of most of our important armies, I think the outlook for military operations brighter than it was a few months ago. The eyes of the friends of the Union, and I might say, of the whole north, are

now turned towards General Sherman whose present campaign, just commenced, will probably decide the future of the Confederacy. General Sherman is a very energetic man, and has great military ability. If successful, he will undoubtedly be considered one of the greatest warriors in history. I read with pleasure the order General Sherman gave to his troops at Kingston, Ga., on the 9th instant, before the start for Macon or other important points. That order is not long, but it contains a good many things, and any military man can see in reading it that it was given by a general of great experience. Every general who has an important command would do well to read it carefully and profit by it. I like the way his army was divided and put in motion, marching by four different roads, wherever practicable, so as to have the troops march in column on each side of the roads, leaving the latter for the trains, ambulances, artillery, etc. It is doing on a large scale what General Sheridan did in a small way in the Shenandoah Valley. I found it convenient to form in line of battle in a short time in case of a meeting with the enemy. I hope that Sherman, with his army of veterans, will succeed in going through the heart of the rebellion, and in sweeping before him everything opposed to his march. I have no doubt that his troops as well as the General himself will suffer a good many hardships. But if successful they will certainly reap the glory of their efforts.

I know by experience that the soldier who takes an interest in the welfare of his country does not mind very much the hardship he has to go through when he sees that something good has been gained by it and that the end of the war is nearer.

I am pleased to see the way our neighbors of Graham township performed their duty at the election on the 8th instant, and I think every friend of the Union can with good reason rejoice over the results in the States in general, although I never feared for the re-election of President Lincoln. I hope that important measures will be taken to put an

end to the rebellion as soon as possible, not by means of an armistice, but by force of arms. This is the only way to secure a lasting peace.

I have received the forty dollars you sent me, but as it costs me now over one dollar per day for subsistence alone, and as I kept with me only what I thought would do me for about two months, I wish you would keep sending me from fifteen to twenty dollars per month.

I was glad to see that the package of 665 dollars I sent you had reached you all right, and, although the weather has been very severe since then, I hope you succeeded in getting the several amounts of money to each one interested.

November 28, 1 p. m. Having just returned to camp from brigade drill, and finding that the mail is going out at 4 p. m. I will add a few words to this letter and send it to you.

Everything is quiet around camp, and we are having fine, mild weather. Our army is occupying a good position. Our line of fortifications is in the form of a horse shoe, with the convex toward the enemy. The 6th corps is on the right, and the 19th—our corps—on the left of the pike road. Our brigade is at the extreme left of our corps. There is then a brigade of the 8th corps on our left. The main part of the 8th corps is on reserve in rear of our line. There are also a few regiments of cavalry on the extreme left of our line. We have here some good works of fortifications, and our position is much stronger than it was at Cedar Creek.

Although General Sheridan has retired with his army and has abandoned Cedar Creek, rebel General Early does not seem to be coming near us. On the contrary, he seems to have taken the position between New Market and Edenburg. I do not think he has a very strong force, as he seems to keep on the defensive.

I enclose herein the duplicate copy of my commission of first lieutenant, and also slips from the *New York Herald* of the 24th instant, in which are the orders of Generals Sherman and Slocum. I will soon send you my commission of

First Lieutenant—original. Those commissions are of no value to you, but they may be kept as souvenirs.

My health is excellent, and also that of the neighbors who are here with us.

On the 18th instant, we lost our now lamented Lieutenant Colonel Wilds, who died at Winchester, from the effects of wounds received at Cedar Creek, October 19th. He was a noble and brave commander. The way he led his men and cared for them won for him their good will and confidence. His demise has cast a gloom over the 24th Iowa.

Major Ed. Wright is now in full command of the regiment, and I must say that he too has gained the good will and confidence of his men. He possesses all the good qualities of Colonel Wilds and is what I call a "long headed man." He seems to be a military man by nature. He seems to be always studying as to what will happen next. Whenever any order is given he is always ready for it and sometimes ahead of it.

LXVII.

CAMP RUSSELL, VA., December 9, 1864, 9 A. M.

Very little of special interest has transpired since I wrote you my number 66, of November 27th.

We have been having nice weather for the last weeks. On the 7th instant it began to freeze, and seems to keep at it. The ground is bare of snow, but we have a northwest wind most of the time, which is healthful. But it is rather cold to do picket duty. Our camp is well fixed for the cold weather. We built some log houses, which we covered with our shelter tents. We have a fireplace in each one, so that we can spend the evenings very pleasantly when we are not on duty.

Your number 53, of November 24th, was received on the 2d instant. You say that Mrs. Wm. E. Berry, whose husband is in our company, wishes to have him come home and spend a few days with her. I do not doubt that, but I must say that there are many other women whose husbands are in

the army, and who wish to have them come home. But as long as we are in the field and have no orders to go into winter quarters there will be no furloughs granted unless it be in case of sickness or absolute necessity. As soon as we receive orders that furloughs may be granted, I will see that Berry is among the very first. I must say here that Berry has been a sergeant since October 20th. He behaved himself like a true brave at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., October 19th, and Sergeant C. F. Channell, of our company, having been killed in that battle, I proposed that Corporal Berry be promoted to sergeant, which proposition was accepted.

The result of election is indeed satisfactory and we can see by the immense majority given to President Lincoln, that not only the government but also the majority of the people are determined to put down the rebellion. For my part I rejoice, and I think every friend of the Union is glad of the result. There is no doubt but that there will still be a good deal of blood shed, but I have full confidence in the ultimate success of our army. I would not be surprised if, to put an end to the rebellion as soon as possible, President Lincoln would soon issue another call for more troops.

General Sherman's campaign if successful will help to attain the end. I have no doubt but that the country through which his army has passed is mostly laid waste, especially where the guerillas harassed its flanks. May God grant that he succeeds in reaching the object he has in view.

General Sherman's campaign seems to have thrown consternation through Georgia and adjoining states, and it is to be hoped that in his march he will succeed in delivering a good many of our prisoners who are now suffering in rebel prisons. It would not surprise me if within a few weeks General Sheridan would join General Grant's army against Richmond and Petersburg. In that event it is not improbable that General Lee and his army will in a short time be at General Grant's mercy. It seems also that while General

Sherman continues his grand march towards Savannah or other important points, General Thomas is not only keeping rebel General Hood's army in check, but may soon greatly reduce it if not annihilate it.

December 9, 7 p. m. Having received, about noon, an order by which I was appointed a member of a "Board of Survey" to take an inventory of the public property now on hand at regimental headquarters and for which our late Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Wilds was responsible and turn the same over to Major Leander Clark, I could not finish my letter in time to mail it today. I now add a few lines and may mail it tomorrow with my commission of First Lieutenant.

I do not think our army corps will remain here very long. The 6th corps left here nearly two weeks ago—destination unknown. Only the 8th and 19th corps and the cavalry are left here. The 8th corps occupies the right, the 19th corps, the center, and the cavalry the left of the line. Our brigade is on the left of the infantry.

December 10. Since I commenced my letter yesterday the weather has changed. We have now about seven inches of snow on a level.

I have just returned with a wagon loaded with a log house complete—except the roof—from the camp the 8th corps had occupied. We will use it to improve ours, which we may soon leave for some one else.

As I hardly ever see any Iowa papers in camp, I wish you would subscribe for the *Iowa City Republican* for six months, and have it sent to me. The reading of it will give me the home news.

LXVIII.

CAMP RUSSELL, VA., December 18, 1864.

I have just returned to camp from a visit to the boys of Company "F," 22nd Iowa, who all seem to enjoy good health. During my visit with them, I learned that in some way a young confederate officer, a rich Southern planter's son, got

hold of the picture and address of Miss Elizabeth B——, who is our friend E—— W——'s best girl. He wrote to her and seemed anxious to open a correspondence with her. I presume he wrote her a nice letter, describing the beauties of the sunny South, and how pleasant it would be after the war for a Northern girl to live in a nice mansion and enjoy all the luxuries of Southern chivalry. But I hear that Miss Elizabeth very politely declined to carry on a correspondence with him. In other words, I suppose that our friend E—— W——, occupies such a warm place in her heart that she could not give him up—no, not even for a rich Southern planter's son. It would have done you good to hear the words of praise in favor of that noble girl.

I received this morning your number 54 of the 6th and 10th instant with the ten dollars enclosed. I had not received any word from you since I received your number 53 on the 2nd instant.

I do not think that furloughs will be granted again for a long time unless it be in case of sickness; and so it is not probable that I will return home this winter. But, if later on furloughs are granted, I will try to avail myself of the opportunity.

At the date of the 10th instant the war news was encouraging. General interest seems to be concentrating upon General Sherman who has been very successful in reaching the coast.

From the latest official news we learn that Sherman is in possession of "Fort McAllister," which commands the mouth of the Ogeechee river, by which Sherman's communications are now open with the fleet. He can, consequently, co-operate in any direction he wishes.

The successes of General Thomas at Nashville are also very important. It appears that on the 15th instant he won a great victory over rebel General Hood's army, and captured about one thousand prisoners and 16 pieces of artillery. The next day he completed his victory by taking about 60 pieces of

artillery and several thousand prisoners. The remainder of that army was put to rout. He also cut off Hood's communications with Mobile, Ala. In short the war news is getting more and more encouraging, and I hope we will see the end of the war within a few months. The Union armies seem to be in motion in every direction.

A few days ago a very strong fleet left Fortress Monroe and seems to be following the coast. I think it is one of the best organized and most formidable fleets put in motion during the present war. Its destination is probably some important points on the sea coast, either Wilmington, or Charleston, or Savannah. It will be hot wherever that fleet makes an attack.

It is necessary to be in the army to be able to realize the joy that is felt by the soldier who is attached to his country when he receives good news from nearly all directions. During the months of September and October last the army of the Shenandoah furnished the most interesting news of all the armies of the Union, but during the last few weeks everything is quiet here and we in turn receive the good news from other points.

We still occupy the same position we occupied on November 11. There is now left here only our corps and a few regiments of the 8th corps, and the cavalry. The detachments of the 6th and 8th corps have gone to re-enforce some other points, either towards Petersburg or in the Cumberland. It is probable that we will not remain here very long, and that our line will be abandoned to reform another one on the heights near Winchester. But I do not think it is the intention to abandon the Shenandoah Valley entirely, as the railroad is now in operation from Harper's Ferry to within four miles of Winchester. Consequently I think a few troops will be left here.

It is with pleasure that I learn the results of the last election, and I think such results ought to be sufficient to prove to the foreign powers, especially England, that, although a

good deal of blood has already been shed upon American soil, the friends of the "Union" are nevertheless determined to put an end to the rebellion.

I have no doubt that England is jealous of the United States—that is the Union—especially when she sees that in spite of the war that has been raging here for over three years, it is nevertheless true that not only our army but also our navy will soon be the most formidable in the world. It may not be long before England will cease to be mistress of the sea.

Nothing of special interest has transpired here since I wrote my number 67 on the 9th instant.

LXIX.

WINCHESTER, VA., January 1, 1865.

I can hardly realize that this is the first day of the year. I have been very busy in making out the muster and pay rolls for the company. When evening came I decided to take a walk to town to attend some evening services; but to my great disappointment after traveling over town in all directions I had to come back to camp without attending service anywhere. We saw several churches, but those which were not occupied by the sick and wounded, either Union or Confederate, were deserted. The evening services seem to be suspended for the time being. But we had a pleasant walk by moonlight. There was a good breeze from the northwest. I thought that before retiring I would send you a few words of greeting and of good cheer.

Your number 55, of December 15th, with ten dollars enclosed was received on the 24th. Please keep sending me ten dollars in each letter.

General Sherman's grand march from Atlanta to Savannah, which has been interrupted for several days, was a series of successes for the Union. From official reports it appears that his army is now in better condition than it was when he left Atlanta. I do not doubt the statement, since the American

soldiers, especially those who have seen service for several years on the march and in the field, know how to take care of themselves. I do not think that they starved themselves while marching through a country where there were so many nice plantations well provided with an abundance of all the necessities of life. The people did not expect that a Union army would ever go through that country. They had neither the time nor the means at their disposal to destroy what was in front of Sherman's army. They did not know the direction he was going to take. Sherman's boys took what they found since, according to orders issued before they left Atlanta, they were allowed to forage in the vicinity of their camp.

In short I think we can say that the result of the campaigns just ended is satisfactory. Passing in review everything that was undertaken by our army during the year 1864, we rejoice in seeing that with the exception of the Red river campaign and a few skirmishes of little importance, the year 1864 was a series of successes for the Union. Our army is now in better condition than it was a year ago, and besides a call is already made for 300,000 more troops, which shows that the government will try to put an end to the war by next spring.

In the South, only General Lee's army at Richmond and Johnston before Sherman may be called well organized. Who knows but that even before spring Sherman and his army may join Grant, make a Vicksburg of Richmond, and take Lee and his army as Grant did Pemberton and his forces at Vicksburg in 1863. I hope that such a thing will happen. The other Southern armies have been nearly annihilated during the last few months. I hope, too, that the different expeditions that were started a few weeks ago will succeed, and that Mobile, Wilmington and other important places will soon meet the same fate as Savannah. There will then be very little chance for blockade runners.

I am pleased with the action of our government with reference to the Canadian frontier. I do not doubt the capacity of the North to take care of our northeastern neighbors at

the same time and along with those of the South; and yet I think it is prudent not to have too many irons in the fire at one time. But if we should succeed in putting down the rebellion and in bringing the South back into the Union, I would not be surprised to see John Bull withdraw from this continent and Canada become a part of the United States.

General Hood has again tried his fortune in Tennessee, and that too without success. He made a good many desperate but unsuccessful attacks near Franklin. He is one of the most renowned generals of the South, but at last is compelled to retreat before General Thomas, who, after attacking him in his fortifications, carried the works by assault, put his army in complete rout, captured nearly 10,000 prisoners and took at least 60 pieces of artillery. Now he keeps following him up so close that he does not give him time to rest and reorganize his demoralized army. Poor Hood, I suppose he does not feel like being "a la noce." He found more than he could handle in attacking General Thomas. He is now in a critical condition. It is to be hoped that several others, who, like General Hood, received their first military instruction in the government military school at West Point, and who are now at the head of important Southern armies, will undergo the same fate and that all, including Jeff Davis, will soon see that their cause is lost, and that the best they can do is to come back to the good sentiments with "Old Abe," or go and seek refuge with "John Bull," who will probably protect them.

It seems that the congress of the Confederate States is not harmonious. The last successes of our army will, I believe, increase the division and discourage the members.

I think President Lincoln's last message is an excellent document, full of frank truths from beginning to end. He is far from retracting anything he said in his previous messages; but, on the contrary, he is determined to put his cherished plans into execution. Moreover, he is sustained by the majority of the people and consequently has nothing to fear.

Since I wrote you my number 68, on December 18th, the weather has been changeable. We have had freezing weather, varying between 15 and 20 degrees above zero, The deep snow had left us; but another inch of snow fell recently.

I suppose you will be surprised to see that this letter is written from Winchester, while three days ago we were yet at Camp Russell, near Opequan Creek, about four miles southeast of Winchester. I did not expect to change camp so soon; but in the army, and especially in the field, the soldiers have to be prepared to change camp at any time, and must submit to it not only without murmur, but rather with pleasure.

On December 29, in the evening we received orders to march at 8 A. M., next day. Destination unknown; but the supposition was that, considering the winter season, our army was going to retire towards Winchester. On December 30, about 7 A. M., our baggage was already loaded on wagons, and a short time after we were marching toward Winchester. We took a last glance at our nice little village—the camp occupied by our regiment presented the appearance of a nice little village—but it was without regret as we thought we could fix another at our next destination. We came through Winchester about 10 A. M., and camped in open field about 300 yards east of Winchester and very close to a cemetery. As soon as we arrived, the ground to be occupied by each company was soon measured and we all went to work to make our camp as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We had very few materials at our disposal. Wood and lumber were scarce. We could get plenty of bricks about 250 yards from our camp, but since we had no wagons we had either to carry them or drag them on boards. We had no trowel, but with an axe and a piece of wood one was soon made. The mortar was made by digging a hole in the ground until we reached the clay. We then poured in a little water which was stirred up. Wet clay is good enough mortar for temporary work. The afternoon of the 30th was

very fine for that kind of work. It was a nice clear day and thawed for a few hours. Next day was not so agreeable. However, our camp is now comfortably fixed and looks like a little village. The rows of cabins, or shanties, are straight in every company. Most of the cabins are 12 feet long by 8 feet wide. The walls built with brick, or part bricks and part logs or lumber, are from 4 to 5 feet high. We use our shelter tents for roofs. The chimneys are about 12 feet high. There is a fire-place in each cabin. In most of them beds are made out of either boards or poles. We have 8 cabins in our company, and each one is occupied by either 4, 5, or 6 men.

The movement of troops on December 30 was general for all the infantry. Our brigade is now divided. Our regiment is attached to the 3rd brigade of our division, and forms a kind of outpost. The 22nd and 28th Iowa are in the 2nd Brigade, same division, and camped near Stephenson's depot, about five miles northeast from our camp. We have no idea as to how long we will remain here.

The *Iowa City Republican* of December 21st has just been received. I find it interesting.

LXX.

WINCHESTER, VA., January 3, 1865.

Although it is only two days since I wrote you my number 69, I am writing to inform you that furloughs of twenty days will be granted to five per cent of the enlisted men present and to four officers in the regiment. The furloughs for the enlisted men arrived this evening, having been approved by Major General Sheridan. Those for the officers will probably arrive soon. The officers of our regiment for whom application was made for furloughs are: Lieutenant Colonel Ed. Wright, Captains Martin and Rigby, and Quartermaster Eshleman. I will probably be the first to go as soon as these return. Two men of our company are granted furloughs. They are: Sergeant Wm. E. Berry and Private John S. Ring.

Sergeant Berry may go to see you, or you might pay him a visit. His family lives near the railroad depot at Iowa City.

LXXI.

CAMP CARROLL, NEAR BALTIMORE, MD.,
January 8, 1865, 10 o'clock p. m.

Although it is only four days since I wrote you my number 70, which will be handed to you by Sergeant Berry who left Winchester on the 4th instant, for Iowa City, I am writing again in a hurry to inform you of our movements. I think the order to leave here probably tomorrow morning may come this evening. Destination unknown. I could have written to you during the afternoon and evening and have taken a little more time to it, but I have done a good deal of writing since noon, which fact, if known, might astonish a good many officers who are now asleep.

When we were near Winchester none of us were expecting such a movement as this, and very few company commanders had made out their Ordnance Returns, and their Return of Clothing and camp and garrison equipage. But as for myself, I had on the 3rd instant made out my Ordnance Return in triple expedition for the 4th quarter, 1864, and had sent it off to the Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D. C. But as I could not then get my invoice of clothing from the regimental quartermaster while at Winchester, I could not finish my Return of Clothing before we left that place. It was only this afternoon that I got that invoice. In a few minutes my return was finished and sent off; so that I now have all that work off my mind. When I had finished these papers I could see most of the company commanders making theirs. Two, who were only in temporary command of their companies and who had never made out such papers before, came to me and asked me to indicate to them how to make them out. It is not a very difficult task, and yet it looks somewhat complicated to any one who has never done it. As it would have taken me about as long to indicate how to make them

out as it would to make them myself, I went right to work and in less than five hours I was done making out the papers in triple expedition for companies "A" and "E."

Not feeling disposed to go to sleep, I thought, before retiring, I would write you a few lines concerning our movements. On the 5th instant, about 7 P. M., we received orders to march next day at 5 A. M., with three days cooked rations in our haversack. Destination unknown. Next day and at the time appointed, the wagons were loaded with officers' baggage and most of the camp and garrison equipage. We were soon on the Martinsburg pike. We took a last look at that nice and comfortable camp where we were expecting to remain a good part of the winter. We soon found ourselves marching towards Stephenson's depot where we arrived about 9 A. M. The evening before we left our camp and until about 10 A. M. on the 6th, the weather was very fine. It had been freezing, about 28 degrees above zero, but at this time the weather changed; it began to rain and it kept raining until about midnight, when it cleared up and began to freeze. Same day, the 6th, about 1 P. M., that is when the baggage, horses, etc. were on board the cars, and after we had been standing in the wet (as the little snow left on the ground had now been turned into mud) and been exposed to the cold, chilly rain for nearly four hours, we too boarded the cars, and a few minutes later we were en route for Baltimore, Maryland, where we arrived the next day, that is, on the 7th, about 8 A. M. The journey was very disagreeable for officers as well as for enlisted men. There was no fire on the cars, and as we did not have enough cars in proportion of the number of men, a good many had to ride on the roof of the box cars all night. Soaking wet as we were, you can imagine how chilly we felt. There were as many as sixty men and even more on one car. It was the same with the officers. There were sixty officers belonging to our brigade, the third, and we were all on the same car, but we were very much crowded. It was a general movement for the three brigades of our division, that is, the

2nd. We had three trains, that is, one for each brigade. Everything on the route passed off without accident, and, although we suffered very much from exposure, I heard very little grumbling. We know that it all goes toward putting down the rebellion.

But instead of going into winter quarters as we expected before we left Winchester, we now expect to begin a new campaign, notwithstanding furloughs of twenty days were granted to four officers and five per cent of the enlisted men present in our regiment. I have the promise of one as soon as those who have gone return, but I do not expect to get it. I think furloughs are played out for some time to come, because this movement, which was entirely unexpected even by our division commander, and probably by General Sheridan himself, changes the program.

The officers of our regiment are all quartered in the same room. The enlisted men are quartered in a large but old barn.

My health is good, and the same can be said of the neighbors who are here. Sam Cozine of our company remained at Winchester, being detached as teamster.

LXXII.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER SUWO-NADA,
NEAR FORTRESS MONROE, January 15, 1865.

Your number 57 of the 3rd instant with ten dollars enclosed and the *Iowa City Republican* of the 4th instant were received on the 13th.

Since the 9th instant we were expecting to leave Camp Carroll, near Baltimore, Md., at any time. January 9th and 10th nothing extraordinary in camp, except that it is rainy weather, muddy and very disagreeable. On the 11th we had nice weather. The 22nd and 28th Iowa and a few other regiments left camp to go on board some transports. Same day I saw Captain Cree of company "F," 22nd Iowa, who had just returned from Iowa. He handed me a letter from

Mr. John L. Gordon, father of John Gordon of our company. I intend to answer his letter at the first opportunity, but if you have occasion to see him I wish you would inform him that the box of provisions he sent to his son arrived here all right, and that his son did not forget his friends including myself. Everything was excellent, and you can tell him that his son, although quite young, is one of the best soldiers among the recruits.

January 12, continuation of nice weather. A few regiments went on board some transports, leaving only our brigade and two regiments of the 2nd brigade in camp. Next day the 13th, at 8 A. M., we loaded our baggage and at 12 M. we left camp and marched to the wharf, near the steamer Suwo-Nada, where we arrived about 2 P. M. The wharf is situated north-east of the city, and about three miles from Camp Carroll. Same day, the 13th, about 8 P. M., we went on board the steamer, and next day at 6 A. M. we left Baltimore. Destination unknown. The weather was favorable. Same day, the 14th, about 10 P. M. we arrived near Fortress Monroe, where we anchored. We will probably take some provisions on board, and then resume our movement for some unknown point. It may be Beaufort, Wilmington or some other important point, but I think we will join General Sherman's army.

Our health is excellent. Samuel Cozine rejoined the company on the 10th instant.

LXXIII.

SAVANNAH, GA., January 21, 1865.

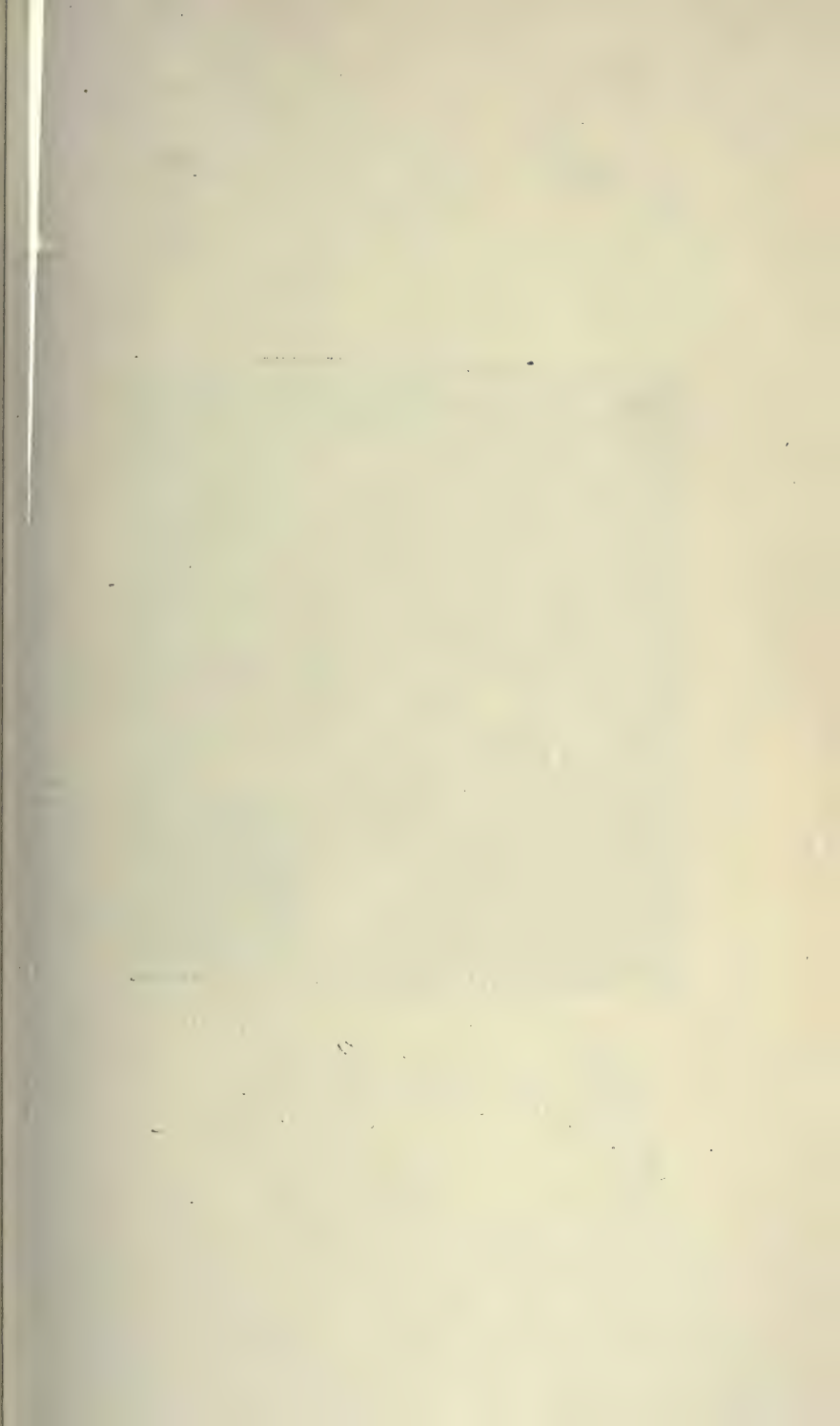
When I wrote you my number 72 on the 15th instant, we were then on board the steamer Suwo-Nada, and near Fortress Monroe, where some provisions were taken on board. Next day, the 16th, at daybreak we left Fortress Monroe. Destination unknown. That must always be in any important military movement. Same day in the afternoon, that is when we got in open sea, when the pilot was discharged and there was no more danger of any soldier communicating our desti-

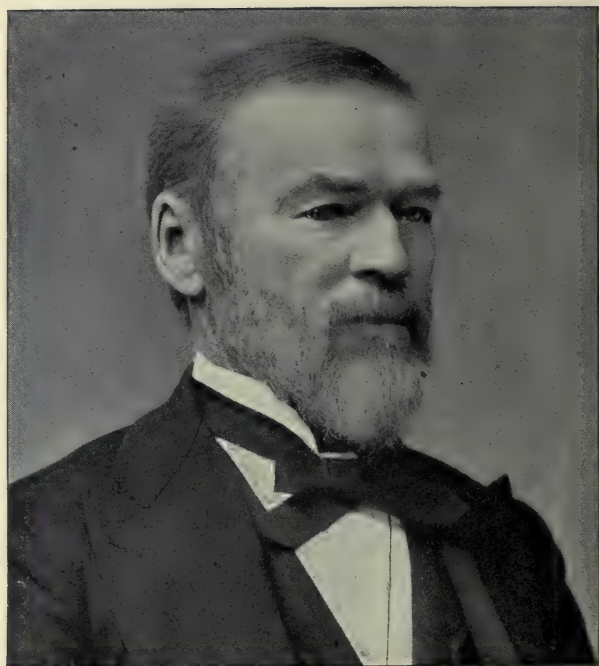
nation to citizens, General Grover who commanded our division, and who was on the same steamer with us, opened the sealed order and communicated to us that our destination was Savannah, Ga., and that he was going to have as soft a thing as he wanted for his division. We arrived here yesterday in the afternoon. Everything passed off nicely during the voyage.

During the afternoon of January 16th and all day on the 17th the sea was heavy, and a few enjoyed seasickness. During the afternoon of the 18th we arrived at the mouth of the Savannah river where we remained until the 20th at 8 A. M. when we left the Suwo-Nada and went on board a lighter to go to Savannah, where we arrived about 3 P. M. We disembarked immediately and had the pleasure of seeing the friends of the 22nd Iowa who had arrived here the day before. They all enjoy good health. Our regiment and the 128th New York are quartered together in a part of the railroad depot. The first and second brigades are quartered in other large buildings not far from us.

A few regiments of our brigade have not yet arrived. I think in a few days each brigade will be camped separately, and outside of the city. General Grover commanding our division, has also the command of the post at Savannah. It is probable that our division will remain here sometime to strengthen and guard the fortifications at Savannah and vicinity. I did not expect this when we left Baltimore, but I thought we were going to join General Sherman's army, which is in motion again. Their destination is unknown, but it will probably be Charleston. Their movement will probably be somewhat retarded on account of the rainy weather during the past few days, which has made the roads almost impassable in many places.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





John & Eva

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No 3.

JOHN HENRY GEAR.

BY PETER A. DEY.



ALTHOUGH two years have passed since the death of Governor Gear, I recall but a brief notice of him in the HISTORICAL RECORD.

He occupied for many years so large a space in public affairs that it would seem that a journal which claims to be a record of the men and measures of the times should have upon its pages some memorial to his life and work. It is, perhaps, not too late to supply it.

My acquaintance with him began in 1862, the critical period of the Civil War when lack of military skill and continued reverses of our armies made thoughtful men fear that the aim and object of European diplomacy might be realized and that the war would result in the permanent division of the most valuable portion of the continent of North America, between two powerful and belligerent republics, which division would preserve the balance of power here as it had been preserved there. His faith, however, never wavered as to the result and he looked forward to the conquest and subjugation of a territory larger than Central Europe and inhabited by a people of the same races as ourselves as an assured fact. Doubts never were permitted by him to cloud the future.

His political life at that time, if contemplated, was never suggested to others, and simply as a citizen who held his country in its entirety most dear, he used all his influence to support Governor Kirkwood in his efforts to keep the State up to the exigencies of the times. Afterwards he took a prominent part in the construction of the B. C. R. & N. Railway, where his personal popularity and tact contributed largely to the success of the enterprise. For six years he was a member of the House of Representatives in the Iowa Legislature, twice Speaker, and in the fall of 1877 he was elected Governor.

A study of Massachusetts legislation and the report of Charles Francis Adams convinced him that similar legislation in Iowa would be attended with results that would allay the bitter anti-corporate sentiment that was growing in the State, and check much of the injustice that was felt in many localities by manifest unfair dealing with the people of the State. Largely through his influence the railroad commissioner law was enacted. As a member of the first commission (appointed by him) our relations were intimate and I had an opportunity to know him thoroughly. I soon learned that the goal of his ambition was a seat in the United States Senate from Iowa. I do not think he would have cared for the position from any other State, (a suggestion afterwards of a matter that would have been clearly to his advantage and evidently within his reach he emphatically declined considering) because it would take him out of the State. From the purpose thus early formed he never wavered, and at the close of his second term as Governor he was a candidate for the position and only withdrew from the caucus when his own judgment and that of his friends satisfied him that he could not be nominated. He waited patiently for twelve years and was then elected. He died before his first term was completed, but not until he had been elected to a second term.

Governor Gear was by nature a genial man and impressed

favorably the men with whom he came in contact. As a merchant much of his business success came from the cultivation of this tendency to please which seemed in him innate. When he turned his attention to politics he had a thorough knowledge of human nature and planned with certainty the best manner of approaching men and moulding them to his purposes. In his political career he had in Mrs. Gear a wonderfully able and earnest supporter. She sympathized with his ambitions and by her personality held the men he had attracted to them. While he was Governor she joined in all his plans, was consulted as to men and measures, and probably felt as deeply political reverses and enjoyed as fully political success. In private or public life there could rarely be found two persons more thoroughly adapted to each other.

The memorial address before the Senate by his colleague, the Hon. Wm. B. Allison, is so complete and gives so just an estimate of the man, that it should be published in full, exactly as delivered, in order that the part of the history of the State of which he was so important a factor may be preserved for future examination and study in its HISTORICAL RECORD.

SENATOR ALLISON'S MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Mr. President, the late John Henry Gear, whose life and services we now commemorate, was first elected to the Senate by the general assembly of Iowa on the 23d of January, 1894, and took his seat March 4, 1895. He died in this city at 4 o'clock on the morning of July 14, 1900, in his seventy-sixth year.

The ancestors of Senator Gear came from England to Connecticut in 1647 and settled near what was afterwards known as Middletown three years before that town was founded and eleven years after the first settlement of that colony from Massachusetts. They were of that class of sturdy, God-fearing people who laid so well the foundations of this Republic, and there on the banks of the Connecticut they and their posterity resided, sharing in the privations, difficulties and dan-

gers of that colony during the intervening period, alternately building their log cabins, clearing their fields, planting and harvesting their crops, and waging warfare with the native tribes until after the close of the war of the Revolution, when Senator Gear's grandfather, Hezekiah Gear, after his marriage with Sarah Gilbert, moved to the neighborhood of Pittsfield, Mass., where Ezekiel Gilbert Gear, father of Senator Gear, was born in 1791. He was educated for the ministry, and was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, of New York, in 1815. A year later he was sent as a missionary to the Indian tribes in western New York, and there, on April 7, 1825, his son, John Henry Gear, was born in what is now Ithaca, amidst the rigorous conditions surrounding life in a frontier village, which at that time was nothing more than an Indian trading post.

The boy was born in the wilderness, surrounded by primeval forests, where the Onondago chief of the Five Nations still dwelt—our enemies in the war of the Revolution, though then at peace with us. The dwellings were log cabins, and the mothers were in constant fear of wild animals, and wild Indians as well. Having lost his mother, he was taken at two years of age to Pittsfield, Mass., where he was nurtured by his grandmother until after his father's second marriage.

In 1831 he returned to his father, and removed with him to the West five years later. The missionary and his little family went to Galena, Ill. I do not know how this journey was made, but have no doubt they sailed down the Ohio to its junction with the Mississippi, and then followed that mighty river upward to Galena, then a mining town or village, with a small population. The Black Hawk war of 1832 had resulted two years before in the purchase by treaty of all the lands on the east bank of the Mississippi, and there was a belief that the country would attract to it emigrants from the East. Chicago was then a struggling village, without even a charter for a municipal organization, and contained

less than 2,000 souls, and between it and Galena was a wilderness of prairie.

Two years later the father was appointed a chaplain in the United States Army and assigned to Fort Snelling, a frontier military post in what is now the State of Minnesota, a few miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, so named by La Salle, but then not even a village. This whole region was then a wilderness, inhabited only by wild tribes, and the solitude of nature was disturbed only by the great falls of the Mississippi, known as St. Anthony, and the smaller one known as Minnehaha. It was amid these scenes and surroundings that the boy grew up, enduring the hardships and privations of the frontier, and without means of education other than those provided by an educated and pious father, which I have no doubt was of great value to him in after years. These surroundings and this teaching doubtless instilled into his mind that sturdy independence and push and integrity of dealing and character which followed him through life. It was the heritage of a poor man's son:

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame and a hardier spirit;
King of his two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art.

The father remained a chaplain at Fort Snelling until 1868, esteemed and revered by the soldiers of the post and by all with whom he came in contact. Retiring in that year, he removed to Minneapolis, a flourishing city, as was also St. Paul, a few miles below—both unknown when he entered upon his missionary work in 1838. He died in 1873, at the age of 82 years, respected and honored by all who knew him.

In the fall of 1843 young Gear, at the age of 19, left his father's family and made his way down the Mississippi, arriving on the 25th of September at Burlington, Iowa, where his maternal aunt then resided, she being the wife of Hon. Charles Mason, chief justice of the Territory of Iowa, a distinguished lawyer and well known by the older lawyers of this city as Commissioner of Patents for several years.

Here began the successful career afterwards achieved by him as citizen and public servant. He promptly went to work on a farm near the village, but soon after found employment in the store of Bridgeman Brothers, in Burlington, at a compensation of \$50 per year and board. In those days the young man could not hope for an immediate increase of salary. After working with this firm for about a year he removed to Keosauqua — an Iowa village 50 miles distant — with the younger Bridgeman, who established a store there, and his wages were increased to \$100 per year and board. In the spring of 1845 he returned to Burlington and entered, in a subordinate capacity, the employ of W. F. Coolbaugh, then a leading merchant of that town. He worked so faithfully and intelligently that at the end of five years he was taken into the business, and the firm was changed to W. F. Coolbaugh & Co. At the end of another five years he became sole proprietor of the business, Mr. Coolbaugh retiring to enter the banking business, in which he achieved great success. The business was continued successfully by Mr. Gear, with various associates, until September, 1879, when he retired from active business as a merchant.

He was married in 1852 to Miss Harriet S. Foote, youngest daughter of Justus L. and Harriet Foote, of Middlebury, Vt., where Mrs. Gear was born. They had four children, of whom two survive, namely, Margaret, wife of J. W. Blythe, a successful attorney of Burlington, and Ruth, wife of Horace S. Rand, a successful business man of Burlington. Mrs. Gear is a woman of extraordinary qualities and ability, and still survives her husband. During the period of their married life she was an untiring and able helpmate of her husband and greatly aided him in all his work and ambitions, finding her reward in the honors which from time to time came to him. The domestic life of Senator and Mrs. Gear was ideal, and their devotion to each other gave their home life a charm which delighted their friends everywhere.

He always took an active interest in the political affairs of

the period, first as a Whig and afterwards as a Republican. He held no office, except that of alderman from one of the wards of the city, until 1863, when he was elected mayor of Burlington, in which capacity he rendered great service to the Union soldiers going to and coming from the front, Burlington being a rendezvous. He was nominated by the Republicans in 1868 for representative in the Iowa General Assembly, but declined the nomination; but in 1871, being again nominated, he accepted and was elected a member of the Fourteenth General Assembly, although the county in which he lived was Democratic. In 1873 he was renominated and elected to the Fifteenth General Assembly. When this legislature met he was selected as the Republican candidate for Speaker of the House and was elected on the one hundred and forty-fourth ballot after a deadlock of two weeks, a situation brought about by the fact that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party had a majority of the members.

During this term as speaker he demonstrated his remarkable tact and ability to satisfactorily control a difficult situation, and the spirit of turbulence manifested at the opening of the session gradually changed to one of general commendation because of his fairness and impartiality in the administration of the office. The qualities then displayed resulted in his reelection as speaker in the succeeding general assembly, and I believe he is the only man but one who has held this office in Iowa twice in succession.

At the end of his four years as speaker his integrity and ability were so fully recognized throughout the State that in 1877 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for governor and was elected. He was renominated by acclamation in 1879 and again elected. When he entered the office of governor, the supervision of the various charitable and benevolent institutions of the State was within the special care of the governor, and during his service he gave personal and constant attention to all the details of the office, including this supervision, and introduced many reforms in the administra-

tion of those institutions. This personal supervision led him strongly to recommend in his messages the creation of a permanent board of control, which should have special control of all educational, charitable, and penal institutions of the State. The importance of this was recognized, but not adopted until a few years ago, since which time it has proved successful not only in Iowa but in other States.

Although Iowa has had the good fortune to have many men of eminence as Governors of the State, it will always be said of Mr. Gear that he was one of the best. So strong was he in the affections of the people of the State at that time that many of his friends presented him for United States Senator in 1881, but withdrew his name, and the late Senator Wilson was elected. Upon retiring from the office of Governor in January, 1882, he was occupied for the next four years with his private affairs.

The Congressional district in which he resided was a closely contested one between the two political parties, and it was believed by the Republicans that Mr. Gear's nomination would insure the success of the party in the district. Therefore when the convention met in 1886 he was nominated by acclamation and elected to the Fiftieth Congress. Two years later he was renominated and again elected.

During his second term, as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, he took an active part in the preparation of the McKinley tariff bill, being one of those especially assigned by Chairman McKinley to the preparation of that portion of the bill which levied duties upon agricultural products. He had given much attention to the subject of the production of beet sugar, and believed it could be produced in our own country as cheaply as elsewhere if the industry were fairly started. As the best means of accomplishing this end he favored, in lieu of an import duty, a domestic bounty on sugar production, not only from sugar cane, but from beets as well, and he was largely instrumental in securing the bounty provision in the act of 1890.

In 1890 he was again nominated by acclamation, but was defeated by a small majority, sharing the fate of many of his Republican associates in the House who lived in closely contested districts. He was again nominated in 1892 and was elected. After his election, in November, he was appointed by President Harrison Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and served in that capacity until the beginning of the Fifty-third Congress, to which he had been elected a member.

He became an active candidate for the Senate in the summer of 1893, preceding the election of the General Assembly in the fall of that year. Other prominent men in Iowa were also candidates, but when the Legislature met he was selected as the caucus candidate of the Republican party and elected for the six-year term beginning March 4, 1895, serving in the House until the commencement of his term in the Senate. He was reelected to the Senate in January, 1900, for the six-year term beginning March 4 next.

His service in the Senate was relatively brief. Though he did not often participate in the debates of the Senate, he was active and useful in its work, and gave intelligent examination to all matters assigned to him. His most conspicuous service was as chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, which had charge of the readjustment and settlement of the Government debt against those railroads. During this service a final settlement was made with the leading subsidized roads, whereby the Government received in full the amount loaned to them by the legislation of 1862-1864, with interest to the date of settlement.

Senator Gear was a delegate at large to the national convention held at Minneapolis in 1892 which nominated President Harrison, and also in the convention of 1896 which nominated President McKinley.

A little more than two years before his death Senator Gear was seized with a severe malady, which confined him to his home for two months. From this attack he never fully recovered, and it finally resulted in his death in this city on the

14th of July last. Though it was known in Iowa that he was in infirm health, yet he did not know, nor did his friends believe, that his condition was so critical, and so his death came to his family and friends and to the people of Iowa as a great shock. His death was deplored by the people of the State generally. In recognition of his long and valuable public service to the State, the governor issued a public proclamation, reciting such service, and closing the public offices on the day of the funeral; and leading citizens from all parts of the State, the Governor and State officers, and his associates from Iowa in Congress attended the obsequies, as did practically all the people of Burlington, the schools and business houses of the city being closed during the services.

Senator Gear filled a large place in the history of Iowa for more than half a century, first as a prominent and successful business man in one of its most prosperous cities, enlarging his business and extending his acquaintance into a constantly widening field, holding the friends already made and making new ones year by year. He possessed a remarkable memory for names and faces, events and incidents, and thereby had the quality which enabled him on all occasions to summon to his support an army of friends. And thus it was at the time of his death and for many years before. He probably had more personal friends and followers than any man in the State during the generation of his political life. These friendships were not found alone in the political party with which he affiliated, but extended to those of opposing political opinions as well.

He had a strong as well as a pleasing personality. His kind and genial disposition and manner made him many friends and firmly attached them to him when made. In all matters of large or small importance he was always ready to aid those who sought his help. This characteristic made all with whom he came in contact feel that they could approach him at any time for any proper service. This valuable trait made him strong with all classes of people in Iowa with whom

he came in contact as its chief executive, and after he entered the public service at Washington made him a favorite with all Iowans who had business needing attention.

Through his entire term of public service, dating from his election as mayor of Burlington in the spring of 1863 until his death in 1900—nearly forty years in which he had at different times held offices of varied distinction and trust—Mr. Gear showed himself worthy of the highest tribute of public confidence and praise. The sterling worth, the high integrity, the courageous convictions that descended to him from his forefathers made him of the same bone and sinew as the pioneers of our country. The hardships and privations of his early life, the courage that faced the wilderness, the fierce enmity of savage men were fit preparations for his independent and simple character. He belonged to that race of sturdy men who are passing away from us one by one, who fought their way through trial and difficulty from the Atlantic coast to the mighty West.

His good deeds in private life and his faithful public service in every place assigned to him will long be remembered with gratitude by the people of the State. His death was a great personal loss to me. It was my fortune to make his acquaintance in 1863. Although he lived in a part of the State distant from my home, I met him often, and during all the period from our first acquaintance until his death our friendly relations were constant and uninterrupted, and for the last twenty years our associations were intimate and always agreeable to me, and I entertained for him a high and personal regard. His death is deplored as a personal loss by those who shared with him public responsibility in Iowa, and by those who served with him from Iowa in the two Houses of Congress, but none deplore his loss more than do his friends and neighbors in the city of his adoption, where he resided nearly fifty-seven years, all of whom respected and esteemed him as an eminent citizen.

I can not more fittingly close this imperfect tribute to his

memory than by placing in what we hope may be an imperishable record of his private life and public service an extract from the remarks made on the day of his funeral by the Rev. Dr. Salter, who for half a century has ministered as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Burlington, and who during a half century had known Senator Gear, and had observed his conduct as husband, father, neighbor, and friend, and a citizen and public servant. Dr. Salter said:

“Seventy-five years ago this was a savage wilderness, as it had been for one hundred and sixty years from its discovery, when the savages gave way to civilization. Ten years after the savages left this immediate region that young life appeared upon the scene, coming here to reside and study law with his uncle, Charles Mason, Chief Justice of the Territory, bringing here the principles and memories of liberty and constitutional government, which had advanced this country to the front in the civilization of the world.

“Inheriting a genial nature, bred in immutable morality, reverencing the sense of duty as the guide and safeguard of life, cherishing virtue, honor, and self-respect as jewels beyond silver and gold, making fidelity to whatever work fell to his hands an instant care, John Henry Gear, from his youth up, won the confidence, esteem, and affection of his fellow-men. He knew, indeed, the liability to error that is common to us all—how hard it is to distinguish the shows and illusions of sense from the eternal realities. He had, therefore, charity and consideration for others, and was not dogmatic or opinionative, but candid, and listened to reason with mind open to light and knowledge. To these sterling qualities was joined an active and vigorous mind, with a love of knowledge in different directions, a facility and readiness of application to whatever subject called for consideration, and a memory remarkably retentive and accurate. Upon questions of commerce and trade, with which from early life he was especially conversant, and in matters pertaining to the public welfare and to the government and history of the country, he

gained a conspicuous and honored place in the nation for the sagacity and wisdom of his counsels. His name is written large in the history of this Commonwealth, in the records of Congress, and in the hearts of thousands of our people.

“While he died in the height of his fame, with such honors clustering his brow as fall to few: secure, so far as human authority and power go, in one of the high dignities of the world, he bore honor and fame with the same simplicity that characterized him in every situation.

“The city of his home bows in sorrow that we shall see his benignant form in our accustomed walks and ways no more. His life will remain an undying memory in our affection. His dust is to mingle in the cemetery with the dust of his predecessors in the Senate, Augustus C. Dodge and James W. Grimes, who came still earlier to Burlington, each in his halcyon youth, each conspicuous in making our history. The three made here fondly cherished and sacred homes, the joy and pride of their hearts, unalloyed examples of heaven’s best gift to man. It may be long—it may never be again—before this city shall have three of its citizens come in any other brief span of fifty years to such honors. Naturally the honors will be divided among faithful citizens in other parts of the Commonwealth. But the past is secure, and the record is made up for the instruction and cheer of those who shall be called to the charge of the public welfare in the coming half century and in centuries to come.”

CLAIM CLUB RESOLUTIONS.

[Taken from the Iowa State Register.]



HE editor of *The Register*, in going through an editorial desk used for nearly a quarter of a century, came across an old and faded manuscript, yellowed with age, but preserved intact because of linen instead of wood pulp paper, which related the proceedings of a

mass meeting held in Des Moines in 1848 to discuss claim jumping and to protest against it. The proceedings, as history, are interesting and were as follows:

At a meeting of the citizens of Polk County, held May 8, 1848, at Ft. Des Moines, W. H. Meacham was called to the chair, and L. D. Winchester was elected secretary of said meeting.

The object of the meeting was then stated by the chairman to be to adopt measures for the security and protection of the citizens of said county against speculators and all persons who may be disposed to wrongfully deprive settlers of their claims by preëmption or otherwise. Dr. Brooks and Joseph Myer being called upon made speeches appropriate to the occasion.

On motion of the secretary the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, to-wit: L. D. Winchester, Thomas Mitchell, W. A. Scott, Sypher and Benjamin Saylor. The committee reported the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That we will protect all persons who do or may hold claims, against the interference of any person or persons who shall attempt to deprive such claim holders of their claims and improvements by preëmption or otherwise.

“Resolved, That we will in all cases discountenance the speculator or other person who shall thus attempt any innovation upon the homes of the rightful settlers, that we will not hold any fellowship with such person, and that he be regarded as a nuisance in the community.

“Resolved, That no person shall be allowed to preëmt or purchase in any form from government any land which shall be held as a claim unless he shall first obtain the consent of the claimant.

“Resolved, That the filing of an intention to preëmt any claim contrary to the rights of the settler or claimant, be regarded as an attempt to wrongfully deprive the citizen of his home and his claim.

“Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed and it

shall be their duty to inquire into and adjust all difficulties and contentions in cases when claims are in dispute.

"Resolved, That it be the duty of said committee to notify any person who shall preëempt or attempt to do so by filing his intention to preëempt the claim of any other person, to leave the vicinity and country, and that they have the authority to enforce compliance with said notice.

"Resolved, That we will sustain and uphold said committee in decisions and in the discharge of their duties as defined in the foregoing resolution.

"Resolved, That all persons be invited to sign the foregoing resolutions and that the signers pledge themselves to be governed by the same and to aid in sustaining the same."

The above resolutions were, on motion, unanimously adopted. On motion the following gentlemen were appointed the committee to adjust claim difficulties: J. F. Scott, John Saylor, T. A. Fagen, Thomas Mitchell, and Thomas Henderson.

On motion the meeting adjourned sine die.

The following signatures were obtained to the resolutions:

WILLIAM LOWER.

THOMAS MITCHELL.

JOHN HARRIS.

PETER NEWCOMER.

HENRY HUNTINGTON.

DAYTON HARRIS.

WM. LAMB.

J. CHURCH.

A SOLDIER'S LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

BY CHARLES A. LUCAS, CAPTAIN OF CO. D., 24TH IA.

(Continued from the April, 1902, number of the Record.)

AFTER leaving Fortress Monroe, and while on the ocean, we had dry weather during the 16th, 17th, and 18th; the 19th was rainy, and so was yesterday, and today is very damp and foggy.

When we disembarked yesterday, we saw a part of the 15th and 17th corps. I hear that those troops had, on the

19th instant, crossed the Savannah river and were marching probably toward Charleston, but that on account of the bad roads, they turned around and recrossed the river. I do not know where they are now. It appears that the country was all at once flooded during their march. It is probable that the rebels cut the levee along the river. But I hope that this is not going to keep General Sherman from attaining the object he has in view, because from what I have seen and heard of him, he is a man of great judgment, and his ideas and plans about military movements are almost inexhaustible.

General Sherman is still at Savannah. Nearly the whole of his army has left Savannah, all except a part of the 15th and 20th corps. The 17th corps is said to be at Beaufort, S. C., and vicinity, where General Sherman will probably consolidate his army. General Kilpatrick's cavalry is said to be in the vicinity of Ogeechee bridge. He will probably reconnoiter the country and feel for the enemy, and the infantry will follow.

I will not write much now as I have to use my knee for a writing desk, but I must say that Savannah looks like a city where there has been considerable business. The railroad depot is the largest I have ever seen.

LXXIV.

SAVANNAH, GA., February 7, 1865.

Your numbers 58 and 59 dated January 13th, and 15th, respectively, were received on the 5th instant, and your number 60 of January 18th, was received last evening, the first containing twelve dollars, and the others fifteen dollars each. I also received the *Iowa City Republican* of January 11th and 18th.

Since the 1st instant, I receive my rations by means of a ration return. I receive two rations per day, one for my servant and one for myself. The rations cost eighteen dollars per month, which amount will be deducted from my next pay. Nearly all the officers of the regiment are doing the

same. I will now have to buy only what we cannot get from the commissary, which will probably not exceed ten dollars per month. Consequently you need not send me any more money until I write you to that effect.

At the same time that I received your last letter I also received one from Sergeant Dewitt C. Holmes, who, with four other men of our company, was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. As soon as I can find time I will write to the parents of all the prisoners. Sergeant Holmes' letter is written with pencil. Here is a copy:

LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA., October 30, 1864.

Company "D," 24th Iowa:—Not knowing who is in command, I thus address one and all of the company to inform you of our position. We are all well and enjoy good health. Very good grub and plenty of good water. Thus you see we cannot complain, but we all look for the time when we can join you again. We are especially anxious to hear from the company. We have had no news from the regiment since we left it.

I do not know if you have heard from us, but we sent word to you by one of our surgeons who went through on parole, under a flag of truce. I have not much news to write. We are living in the suburbs of Richmond, at the expense of our friends in this place. The weather is fine outside and finer inside, where we live. We are considered *delicate*, and are not allowed to go out in the sun and weather. I will give you a list of some of our regiment who are here with me, the rest went off somewhere not known to us.

We would be very glad to hear from you. I think the letters will come to us, but they have to be unsealed. With the best wishes of your humble servant, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

DEWITT C. HOLMES.

He then gives the list as follows: Company "D," Dewitt C. Holmes, David W. Parrott, Lyman Bartlett, Wm. A. J.

Hill and Ed. C. Gary; and some other men who belong to other companies of the regiment. He then closes by saying: "When this reaches you, you will please inform our families of our whereabouts, and greatly oblige us all."

According to the above letter, our prisoners at Libby prison did not have as hard a time as might be imagined, but I think if that letter had been filled with complaints on the part of our men, it would not have come through the rebel lines. It is really necessary for the prisoners who wish to send letters into our lines to show only the bright side of their position.

Now as to General Butler's failure at "Fort Fisher," he may not have been to blame entirely for not having tried to take it by assault, although it was the only means. We could not afford to let the attack drag on too long, as we had there a very strong fleet, which could not be used anywhere else as long as "Fort Fisher" was not in our possession.

General Terry undertook to renew the attack and to take the place by assault. With the coöperation of the fleet he succeeded, although he did not have a force very much, if any, superior to that of Butler and Weitzel. It is true that it was a sacrifice of a few hundred braves who were slain in the assault, but we could not have hoped for a better result.

I am glad to see that the people in several townships, that is, those liable to be drafted, are organizing themselves into clubs to raise the necessary money to get substitutes for those who should happen to be drafted. But I do not like the idea of paying such big bounties as they do to raise volunteers. I think it would be better for our government to prohibit such big bounties, but increase the pay of the soldiers in the field. Those big bounties have a tendency to tempt some men to desert so as to have a chance of enrolling again, and in changing their name so as to obtain a new bounty. They are what we call "bounty jumpers." This is done principally in the states where a large amount of money is paid as soon as the man is mustered in.

From January 20th until now we generally had fair weather for this season of the year, except that we had a few rainy days right after our arrival here. Since January 24th, the weather has been nice and dry most of the time, with light frosts at night.

As I said in my number 73 of January 21st, General Sherman's army was being put in motion when we arrived here, but the rain retarded their departure and also their march. It was only on January 26th, that the second division of the 20th corps—the last division that was left here—was put in motion. On that same day, about 8 A. M., we left the railroad depot and came to the camp we are now occupying, that is just at the edge and south of the city. We have here some "tent barracks" which are very comfortable. We have only 38 enlisted men present with the company. We have ten tents, which are of the same size, 12 feet long by $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. They are occupied by either 2, 3 or 4 men. They have plenty of room. I have for my own use and that of 2d Lieutenant Ott, three of these tents, one to use as a bed room, one for office, and the other for our servant and cook, "Joe," a young and intelligent mulatto who can speak, read and write English and French, and whose parents live in New Orleans, La., where he joined us. First Sergeant Scott and Sergeant Jayne occupy the same tent with us. First Lieutenant Swafford and a few enlisted men of the company are detached near Captain Stearn who is street commissioner at Savannah.

From January 21st to the 26th nothing extraordinary transpired here, but there was a good deal of service to perform. The men were either on guard or on picket, or on fatigue duty every day until the 1st instant. Now the men are on duty every other day.

During the night of January 27th, we had a big fire which burned about six blocks of the main part of the city. Among the buildings burned there was a large warehouse, a sort of arsenal, well filled with fixed ammunition of all kinds for the Confederate army and navy. A good many shells exploded,

which killed and wounded a good many persons. It reminded me of the bombardment at Vicksburg; but it was pitiable during that cold night to see people, especially the old men and women and children run into the streets, some of them only half clad, and seeking refuge wherever they could find it. There have been a few other small fires since then. I think that, although the majority of the people of Savannah are now for the Union either from good will or from the force of circumstances, there are nevertheless some rebels who are doing what they can to hurt the others. But they have not succeeded in doing very much harm to the Union, but have done injury to the citizens.

Last Sunday I attended services in church. I had also attended on the Sunday before. I observed a good deal of change from one Sunday to another. Two weeks ago we could see very few citizens. The ladies were not seen in church and in public buildings. It seemed as though they were afraid of the Yankees, but they are now beginning to show themselves. Here is where you see the aristocracy. I wonder how it will be by next spring?

When we came here there were very few grocery stores open, but now we can see them in all directions. But clothing and dry goods are rather scarce. They will have to get some shipped in from the North.

The city of Savannah is a very old town. The population was about 20,000 at the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion. There are a good many Irish people here, but very few French. Near the center of the city most of the buildings are either of bricks or of stones. There are very few frame houses. In the suburbs the houses are mostly frame. There are very nice churches and public buildings. The streets are generally wide, with a row of live oak trees on each side, but it is very sandy. The sidewalks have been very much neglected of late. Considerable work would be required to clean up the city, so as to make it healthful. The work of cleaning up has already commenced, and I hope that by next spring it

will be a beautiful place. To work on the streets they employ mostly negroes who come into our lines. They are paid ten dollars per month, and receive one ration per day. Those who work for the Government and have families receive rations for them.

I must say that there are here people who a short time ago hardly knew the amount of their wealth, but who today have to come to our commissary to receive rations from "Uncle Sam." They were a part of the Southern chivalry. Many of them have come back to good sentiments, either from good will or by force of circumstances. You can see from this that although General Sherman is a great warrior, he has nevertheless a generous heart. Before he left Savannah he was very careful to see that those who were in need, including Confederate Generals' wives and families, were all taken care of by "Uncle Sam."

Great efforts for peace are now being made in both sections of the country. It appears that three agents from the South—A. H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell—left Richmond on last January 29th, and that Secretary Seward left Washington on the 1st instant, so as to meet the Southern gentlemen at City Point, but I do not think the meeting will amount to anything. I think the Union should keep the army and navy in good condition.

My dress coat is getting old and worn, and I will have to buy a new one. As I cannot get one here I will have to send North. It will cost about fifty dollars. But I remember that when I left home I had a dress coat I used in the Belgian army and which was nearly new. It is not exactly blue, but it is of a greenish blue, and will do very well here. It is shorter than the U. S. dress coat, and will consequently look more elegant, and will be easier for marching. I wish you would send it to me, either by freight or express, and I will pay the freight on receiving the coat. There are *two* rows of buttons on it, but Wm. Furguson of our company is a good tailor and he can soon remedy that defect. I will only have to buy

the U. S. buttons and the silk and thread. The cost will be very little, and the coat when repaired, will be worth as much as a new one to me. Please send it at the first opportunity.

LXXV.

SAVANNAH, GA., February 23, 1865.

Your letter number 61 of January 30th, was received on 14th instant, and your number 62 of the 6th instant, with ten dollars enclosed, was received on the 21st. The numbers of the *Iowa City Republican* including that of the 8th instant have been received. Of all the letters you sent me your number 56 is the only one I have not received.

Our troops have covered themselves with glory at Fort Fisher. It seems to me that the Almighty is on our side. It cannot be otherwise; for the way the rebels treat our prisoners ought to be enough to draw vengeance from Heaven upon the South.

General Sherman's army is certainly now well started towards the north and northeast, and our flag is waving proudly over Charleston, Fort Sumter, Fort Fisher, etc. This is the result of the great campaign so well planned and directed by our distinguished General. The British at first tried to make it appear that this was a forced retreat by Sherman's army, but they are now convinced of their mistake. They now consider it one of the most important, decisive, and also one of the boldest campaigns in the history of the world.

The aspect of affairs in the Union gives us much reason to rejoice. Although the rebels do not seem to accept the terms proposed by "Old Abe," I think the Southern Confederacy will soon be a thing of the past. According to the latest news, it appears that Sherman is now in possession of Columbia, S. C. He can, therefore, move his army in any direction he wishes. I think Hardee, Johnston, Beauregard, or any other Confederate General will not be able to stop him in his victorious march. Sherman is yet a considerable distance from Richmond, but I think it will not be long before he

makes that place a visit. It is probable that there will be one of the greatest and most bloody battles of the war. General Lee may concentrate all the forces he can, and give battle to the combined forces of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. If such a thing happens it will probably be the decisive stroke. It is nevertheless prudent for General Grant to watch General Lee so as not to let him make an invasion in the North.

I am glad to see that Iowa is exempt from draft. Those who were trembling from fear of having to do something for the country which protects them may now rest easy.

Since I wrote you my number 74 on the 7th instant, we have been having nice weather. It is like spring in Iowa.

Yesterday was Washington's birthday. It was celebrated here in grand style. The ladies were well represented in the park and public establishments.

The health of the troops here is excellent. There is no one sick among the men present in our company. Sergeant Berry, of our company, returned from Iowa on the 13th inst.

LXXVI.

SAVANNAH, GA., March 1, 1865.

I am writing you a few lines to inform you that at about one o'clock this afternoon our brigade received orders to be ready to march at any moment. We were not expecting such orders, but as usual we take it cheerfully. It is a military necessity. Although we leave a very comfortable camp, and expect to be soon in the field, I hear no grumbling. Our destination is a matter of speculation. We may go to Charleston to guard the fortifications; or we may go to Wilmington or some other important point. I think we are going to help to give the decisive stroke, in which I fear there will be a good deal of bloodshed. We have everything packed already and are waiting for the order to go to the wharf. But we may not go today, and the order may yet be countermanded.

The 22d and 28th Iowa have not received orders to march yet. A few friends of Company "F," 22d Iowa, have just left my tent. They had come to bid me good bye. They all enjoy good health except Henry Harrison, who has sore eyes. He has just been sent to the hospital.

We have not received any pay yet. I just handed Colonel Ed. Wright the muster and pay rolls for our company. They are made out for six months.

My health is excellent as is also that of all the members who are present with the company.

LXXVII.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., March 10, 1865, 3 P. M.

Being again on solid ground and being informed the mail will leave here at 4 P. M., I write to inform you of our movements. As you can see by my number 76 of the 1st instant, we were expecting to leave Savannah at any moment. Our regiment and the 176th New York were the first ones to leave. It is probable that the balance of our brigade left soon after we did and that they will soon arrive here.

Having only a short time at my disposal and being now in the field, I will only give you an account of our voyage. On the 4th instant, about 10 A. M., we left our comfortable camp at Savannah and went on board the steamer "Delaware." The 176th New York came on board the same steamer, which was in a very poor condition and which should not be used for transporting troops, especially when we have to go in open sea. It is old and too small, especially at this time of the year when the sea is generally heavy and more or less agitated. But aside from the rocking of that poor old concern, and the fear that it might founder and leave us all in the ocean, everything passed off very well and we arrived at our destination all right.

About 11 A. M., on the 4th, we left Savannah and went down the river. Destination Hilton Head, where we arrived

about 4 P. M. We remained there all day on the 5th. Some coal and provisions were taken on board.

March 6th, about 4 A. M., we were in motion again. We were soon in open sea, but we kept pretty close to the coast and we remained nearly the whole time in sight of land. During the 4th and 5th the weather was agreeable enough. On the 6th we had rain and wind, and the sea soon became very much agitated. Often the waves were as high as the steamer, and washed over the deck. This was not very agreeable, especially on the lower deck where most of the men were. On the 7th at 10 A. M., we arrived at the mouth of Cape Fear River, where we anchored. According to the order Colonel Ed. Wright—our Colonel—had received, this was our destination. He, therefore, went to Cape Fear harbor where he received new orders. He soon came back on board and we were soon in motion again. Destination Wilmington, where we arrived about 5 P. M. That place has been in our possession for some time. While there I had the pleasure of seeing a few men of our regiment who were prisoners. They had arrived at Wilmington a few days before, being paroled. They came on board the steamer. I did not have the pleasure of seeing those of our company. They had just started for Annapolis, Md., but from what was said it appears that D. C. Holmes, Lyman Bartlett and D. W. Parrott are all right; that Ed. C. Gary is dead; and that Wm. A. J. Hill had left the prison. It was not known what had become of him. On the 8th, about 4 A. M., and with the same steamer, we were in motion again. Destination Morehead City, where we arrived only yesterday about 11 A. M.

On the 8th instant, about 11 A. M.,—that is during our voyage—we stopped for a few hours in front of Fort Fisher, on account of the low water. We remained there until 6 P. M. I took advantage of the opportunity to take a look at the fortifications there, and I must say that the fort looks very strong. It is composed of a series of works that are defending each other mutually. Our army had to have possession of all those

works before they could say that they were really in possession of the first one. There is an open field in front and it is very sandy. We could see some timber about a mile north of these works. I saw several other forts, but of very little importance.

As soon as we arrived at Morehead City we disembarked and came to camp where we are now, that is, about one half mile northwest of the city, or about one and one half miles from the landing, and about two miles from Beaufort, S. C., from which we are separated by a kind of a bay, which I think is called the Neuse River. The railroad is in operation from here to Newbern, (about thirty miles from here) which place still serves as a base for General Sherman's army. There are very few troops here. The first North Carolina (white) and one colored regiment have been in garrison here for some time. I do not think we will remain here very long. I think as soon as the balance of our brigade arrives, we will leave this place for the front. The country around here is nearly all level and is very sandy. We are now again camping with our shelter tents (old style), and we have the sand for our mattress.

LXXVIII.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., March 23, 1865.

Although nothing of great importance transpired here since I wrote you my number 77, of the 10th instant, and although I have not received any word from you since your number 62, of February 10th, I am writing you again, so as to keep you posted about our movements. We have not received any mail since we arrived here on the 9th instant, and are beginning to feel anxious to hear from home.

On the 10th instant about 9 P. M., we received orders to be ready to board the train by 10 P. M. Destination Newbern, where we arrived about 1 o'clock at night. As soon as we arrived there we went into a large barrack, where we remained for the balance of the night. That same night we were informed

that some of our troops under the command of General Schofield were engaged in the vicinity of Kingston, N. C., and that the result was in our favor. We remained there during two days, with orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, to reenforce our troops if necessary.

While at Newbern I took a walk in the vicinity of our camp. Newbern is a small town, and about two-thirds of the population are of African descent. The place is very well fortified north and north west. There is a line of fortifications extending from the Neuse River to some swamps covered with stagnant water on the left. At the extreme left of this line, that is, beyond the swamps, there is a very well constructed star fort with four salients. This makes it a strong fort, since there is cross fire all around, and the dead angles are very small. At the right extremity, that is near the Neuse River, there is a redoubt, i. e., a square fort. The ground in front of these fortifications is level and swampy. There are a few gunboats in the river.

March 12th, about 7 A. M. we left Newbern by rail for Morehead City, where we arrived about 11 A. M. Same day Colonel Wright selected a camping ground and we occupied it immediately. We are here the same as when we are on a march, that is, we have our shelter tents and for the night we spread our blankets on the sand. March 14th, during the forenoon, the 22d Iowa arrived. They left for Newbern the same day. They came back on the 20th.

Morehead City is situated about two miles west of Beaufort, about two miles north of Fort Macon from which it is separated by Bogue Sound. We are nearly surrounded by salt water. We can get fresh water from wells, but it is not very good.

Since we arrived here, about 15,000 men—veterans, convalescents and recruits—belonging to Sherman's army, passed through. They are on their way to the front. The service here is very hard for us. The men are either on picket, camp guard, or fatigue duty every day. They have hardly one day of rest out of five.

Morehead City is still used as the principal base of supplies for Sherman's army. A large amount of provisions of all kinds arrive daily. They have to be unloaded from the ships and loaded on the cars to be sent to Newbern, or be taken into the storehouses that are being constructed here.

We receive very few papers and consequently I am not very well posted on war news, but I hear that General Sheridan is again playing some of his farces on the rebels. I hear that he has destroyed several railroads running toward Richmond, and that that southern stronghold may soon be isolated.

I think Sherman's army is in the vicinity of Goldsboro, about 96 miles from here.

Yesterday, during the forenoon, in company with Captains Martin, Rigby, and Pound and Lieutenant Swafford, I took a boat ride across Bogue Sound. It was a pleasure ride or rather a kind of excursion. We went to Fort Macon and down the sea coast until we were about two and one-half miles from the fort. We took advantage of the opportunity to pick up some nice shells and shell-fishes which were very thick on the shore. We got back to camp at nightfall. Everything passed off nicely, and we made good use of our time. I got a good supply of shells and also of shell-fishes. As soon as I got back to camp I busied myself cleaning the shells by brushing them. I then selected a good number of the finest, wrapped them up in paper and put them in my big valise, which, with a few books and some extra clothes that I have here, I intend to send you by express at the first opportunity. We have an express office here but they express money only. I can express it from Newbern. I may go there myself or I may make arrangements with our regimental mail carrier, and he may take charge of it when he goes with the mail. I will send it as soon as possible as it may not be long until we may be ordered to march in light marching order, in which case I would have to leave my big valise and the shells behind, and they may get lost for lack of transportation.

LXXIX.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., March 31, 1865, 7 P. M.

Your number 64 of the 13th instant was received on the 29th. Your numbers 56 and 63 have not yet reached me.

My health is excellent as is also that of the neighbors who are here. There is very little sickness among the troops although the duties to be performed are very hard. The men are either on guard or on fatigue duty four days out of five. As I do not see any prospect of receiving our pay, I wish you would send me a few dollars in each letter again. Fifteen dollars a month will be enough. I have not yet received my Belgian dress coat which you say you expressed to me on the 27th of last month. It probably went to Savannah. There is no express office at Morehead City but there is one at Newbern. I have made arrangements with our regimental mail carrier, Z. V. Elsberry, who is very accommodating, and who goes to Newbern every two days, to bring my dress coat when it arrives. It is probable that in a few days I will send you my big valise by the same man. I will send you the key in a letter.

Since I wrote you my number 78 on the 23rd instant we have had some changeable but healthy weather, although not very agreeable. We often had high winds from the southwest when the sand was blowing through our tents. Last evening we had a very hard rain with very high wind—a kind of a storm—which lasted for about two hours.

LXXX.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., April 6, 1865, 5 P. M.

Your number 65 of March 22, enclosing five dollars, was received on the 2nd instant.

Our regimental mail carrier has just started for Newbern, and he was kind enough to take charge of my big valise, and have it sent to you by express. I wrote the address on it myself, and I hope it will reach you all right. I was anxious

to go to Newbern myself, but it would have been difficult for me to obtain a pass to go there. If you receive the valise, you will find in it some books belonging to me which I do not need here. As to the shells, mine are all in one-half of the valise, while in the other half you will find some shells for Lieutenant Swafford and Sergeant J. E. Jayne. They are all wrapped up in paper, and in separate packages, with their names on them.

We have just received some good news if it is only true. It appears that Grant and Sheridan were engaged with the rebels during three days, March 31, and April 1 and 2, and that our troops have gained the battle, and are pursuing the enemy. According to the dispatch received here, Petersburg and Richmond are in our possession with about 25,000 prisoners and 500 pieces of artillery. If this news is true it is certainly very encouraging. But I wonder in what direction General Lee can be going with the remainder of his army. But whatever direction he takes I think he will soon have to surrender.

We have not yet received any pay, and so you will please send me five dollars in each letter. Since the news of Grant's and Sheridan's great successes there has been great rejoicing in camp. Last evening we had a reunion of several officers of our regiment and of the 54th New York. We had a nice time. We are going to meet again this evening. I think it is no more than right that we should rejoice over the successes of our brothers in arms.

LXXXI,

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., April 7, 1865, 6 P. M.

The regimental mail carrier having just returned from Newbern, I am writing to inform you that he sent my valise to you by Adams' Express Company. The express charges are not paid. You will probably have to pay a few dollars on receiving the valise. I herein enclose the key of the

valise, and also the receipt from the express company. I just wrote to the agent of Adams' Express Company at Savannah, to send me any package that may be there for me.

Last evening we had a grand reunion—a kind of a feast—on account of Grant and Sheridan's brilliant success over General Lee. Nearly all the officers of the detachment met together at about 8 P. M. We had a real nice time. It was 2 A. M. when we retired. I hope that General Lee and the remainder of his once well organized army will soon be captured. There is a rumor in camp that the main body of General Sherman's army was to be put in motion today. That army has been near Goldsboro for the last three weeks. I think rebel General Johnson is not very far from Sherman.

Nothing extraordinary has transpired here since I wrote you my number 79 of March 31. The weather has been generally fine and the wind has not been so disagreeable as it was during the few weeks previous.

Everything is all right here, but we wish Uncle Sam would pay us a visit with some greenbacks.

LXXXII.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., April 8, 1865, 2 P. M.

We have just received orders to march tomorrow, the 9th, at daybreak. Light marching order. You see that it is only too true that the soldier must always expect to change at a moment's notice. Our destination is unknown. It will probably be to join General Sherman's army. All extra baggage will be left here. I am glad that I sent you my valise yesterday, for it might get lost here. This order pleases me very well, even better than to remain at this place. I do not doubt that we will yet see some very active service. Rebel General Lee's army must be nearly annihilated by this time, but rebel Generals Johnston, Beauregard and Hardee must be somewhere not far from General Sherman. This time I think we are going to find ourselves in a campaign, but I hope it will

be the winding up of the rebellion. The 22nd Iowa has not yet received the order to march.

My health is excellent as is also that of the neighbors who are here. In leaving this place I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have made good use of my time, and my heart is content. Direct your letters as usual.

LXXXIII.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., April 8, 1865, 9 P. M.

As you will see by my number 82, we had received about noon the order to march for tomorrow. Everything is packed and I write to inform you that, having more clothes than I will need for the next campaign, I have just made arrangements with J. E. Jayne to send a bundle of clothes to his father, Mr. Wm. Jayne. I keep with me just what I really need on a march in light marching order.

It is probable that we will have a new organization. We may be transferred into the 10th Army Corps. There is nothing certain about it as yet.

And now, with heart about as well contented as any one could wish in the army, and hoping that we will succeed in the next campaign, which will probably be the last, I retire for the night. We are to have reveille about 2 A. M. The 22d Iowa has not yet received orders to march.

LXXXIV.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 11, 1865.

Although it is only a short time since I wrote you my number 83, I write again so as to keep you posted concerning our movements. We left Morehead City by railroad, on the 9th instant, about 3 P. M., and arrived here about one o'clock at night. Upon our arrival we heard that General Sherman's army, which was camped around the city, was under marching order. On the 10th instant, about 6 A. M., that army of about one hundred thousand men, was put in

motion in three columns, each one following a different route. Their destination was unknown to me. It may be Raleigh, or rather wherever rebel General Johnston will be. It was a grand sight to see that army move out. And I do not doubt that if Johnston does not get out of Sherman's way we will soon hear of another great battle; but I hope Johnston will have the same fate as Lee. Sherman's army is newly equipped, and I think it may be considered as one of the best armies of its size that ever started on a campaign.

When we left Morehead City, I thought we were going to join Sherman's army during the next campaign, but I was disappointed. We are to remain here temporarily. It is reported that our brigade is to belong to the first division of the 10th Army Corps, under the command of General Terry, who has charge of repairing and guarding the railroads in every direction.

The war news is getting more and more encouraging. It was only this morning that I had the pleasure of reading the details of the engagements between rebel General Lee, and the combined forces of Generals Grant and Sheridan, where General Lee was so badly defeated. It appears that the 6th corps, which was with us in the Shenandoah Valley, distinguished itself in particular under Sheridan. And I hope that Sheridan, who was sent by a circuitous route to try to get ahead of Lee and cut off his retreat, succeeded in getting there in time. With Grant following Lee very closely with the main body of the army, there can be no other alternative for Lee but to surrender.

But what a sudden change the taking of Petersburg and the evacuation of Richmond brings to the country! President Lincoln can now go from Washington to Richmond without a "flag of truce." But what will England and France think of it? I think they will not only have to abandon the idea of recognizing the independence of the South, but they — and especially England — may have to prepare to account for the aid and encouragement they gave the South since the begin-

ning of hostilities, provided our armies continue to be successful, which I hope they will.

Just as I was nearly ready to mail you this letter, I received a copy of the order concerning our transfer into the 10th corps. This corps will be composed as follows: The 2d division—our division—of the 19th Army Corps, and the 2d brigade of the first division of the 24th Army Corps, will form the first division of the 10th Army Corps; the 2d division of the 24th Army Corps, will form the 2d division of the 10th Army Corps; and the 3rd division of the 25th Army Corps will form the 3d division of the 10th Army Corps.

The different regiments of our brigade are camped separately around the city. Our regiment is camped about a half mile northwest of the city, and about one hundred yards west of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad. The weather is nice and my health is excellent.

LXXXV.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 15, 1865, 8 P. M.

Your number 56 of December 30th with the ten dollars enclosed, was received this afternoon. It bears the stamp of Iowa City of December 31, and Savannah, January 12th. It was therefore three and one half months on the way.

I often choose the quiet of the evening or early morning for writing my letters as I am generally pretty busy during the day.

I have not yet received my dress-coat. As I said in my number 84 of the 11th instant we arrived here during the night of the 10th instant. Sherman's army left here during the forenoon of the 10th, in three columns, each column taking a different road. Their destination was unknown, but I think they have already gone through Raleigh without any opposition from rebel General Johnston.

Our regiment now belongs to the third Brigade, first Division, tenth Army Corps, under the command of General Terry. Our brigade is the only one here on the ground.

Goldsboro is a small place of about 8000 inhabitants. The houses generally stand far apart. The ground is mostly level and sandy. It is covered here and there with pine trees and brushes.

The war news is certainly very encouraging. It appears that after the capture of Petersburg and the evacuation of Richmond General Lee surrendered the remnants of his once well organized army to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, and I hope that rebel General Johnston will soon have the same fate, and that the end of the war is not very far off.

Today at noon we received orders to be ready to march by tomorrow at 4 A. M., but about 4 P. M. the order was countermanded. I do not think we will remain here long. The railroad is now in operation to within four miles from Raleigh. It will soon be finished. It would not surprise me if we would be sent there. We may go to join the main body of Sherman's army, which I would prefer, although it is not probable.

LXXXVI.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 19, 1865, 8 P. M.

Although it is only a few days since I wrote you my number 85 of the 15th instant, I am writing again. As you will see by the enclosed copy of General Sherman's order, hostilities are suspended in the military division of the Mississippi. If the agreement with rebel General Johnston and other high officials is ratified at Washington, it is not impossible that we will soon be in Iowa. It would not surprise me if we would get there in time to celebrate the 4th of July. The letters you will write to me after the reception of this letter may not reach me before we start for Iowa, so you will please not enclose any money in them.

From the great successes of our armies during the last few days, you will see what the conferences between the southern gentlemen, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter on one hand and President Lincoln and Secretary Seward on the other amounted to. I think they amounted to very little if any-

thing at all, except to fill the newspapers with columns and columns of useless articles. But look now and see what the conferences between the great generals of both sections of the country are amounting to. I think the results will be of more consequence. The large armies have faced each other and tried their strength. Since General Lee's army does not exist any longer on a war footing, it is very easy for rebel General Johnston, who is now nearly surrounded by the combined armies of Sherman and Sheridan, to see that the chances of success are not any better for him than they were for General Lee. I think arrangements will soon be made for a durable peace.

During the last ten days we have received some very good news, but we have also received some very bad news. I do not know whether it is true or not, but there is a rumor since the 17th instant that President Lincoln and Secretary Seward's son were assassinated on the 14th instant. I hope the news is false, but if true it will certainly be a great loss for the Union, although the rebels will not gain anything by it.

Copy of General Sherman's order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, RALEIGH, N. C., April 19, 1865.

Special field orders No. 58:

The General commanding announces to the army a suspension of hostilities and an agreement with General Johnston and other high officials, which, when formally ratified, will make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

Until the absolute peace is arranged, a line passing through Tyrrill's Mount, Chapel Hill University, Durham Station, and West Point on the Neuse, will separate the two armies. Each army commander will group his camps entirely with a view to comfort, health, and good police. All the details of Military discipline must still be maintained; and the general hopes and believes, that in a very few days, it will be his good fortune to conduct you all to your homes.—The fame of this

army for courage, industry, and discipline, is admitted all over the world. Then let each officer and man see that it is not stained by any act of vulgarity, rowdyism or petty crime. The cavalry will patrol the front line. General Howard will take charge of the district from Raleigh up to the cavalry. General Slocum to the left of Raleigh, and General Schofield in Raleigh, its right and rear.

Quarter-Masters and Commissaries will keep their supplies up to a light load for the wagons; and the railroad Superintendent will arrange a depot for the convenience of each separate army.

By order of MAJ.-GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,
[SEAL.] L. M. DAYTON, A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. FORCES,
GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 19th, 1865.

Official

[SEAL.] W. B. HUNT.
Captain and A. A. A. G.

LXXXVII.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 26, 1865.

Your numbers 66 and 67, with ten dollars enclosed, and dated respectively March 29, and the 10th instant, were received on the 24th instant. Your number 63 and also my dress-coat have not yet been received. I also received the *Iowa City Republican* of March 29. At the very moment I received your letters I was ready to get on the train, having been ordered to take charge of a detail to guard a train of supplies from here to Raleigh, where we arrived about 9 P. M. same day. We got back here yesterday a little before sundown. And so yesterday morning I had the pleasure of taking a walk through the city of Raleigh, a nice little town, which, as to the lay of the ground upon which it is situated, resembles somewhat Iowa City. The whole of the city presents a beautiful sight. There are some fine brick and stone buildings. The streets are well laid out and generally well

shaded with two rows of big black oak trees. Outside of the main business part of the city the residences are far apart. There are many blocks where there is only one residence, which is surrounded by shade trees, shrubs, and flowers. Outside of the city there are some very fine country residences, mostly frame. The soil, although sandy, seems to produce good crops of rye and winter wheat. The railroad is now in operation for fifteen miles beyond the city, that is, as far as the head of Sherman's army. The main body of Sherman's army was camped around the city until yesterday about 7 A. M., when it began to move out in light marching order. Their destination was unknown, but there is a rumor that the agreement between Generals Sherman and Johnston was not ratified at Washington, and that Sherman was going to march against Johnston. According to an order from General Sherman, received this afternoon, hostilities were resumed today at noon. But I do not think they will last long, because General Johnston's army is now in a critical condition, even worse than that of General Lee after he had abandoned Petersburg and Richmond. I think Sherman's army alone is strong enough to annihilate that of Johnston's, if the latter attempts to give him battle. And besides that I think the dashing General Sheridan is coming this way from the Potomac, and is now not very far from here. I think that resistance on the part of Johnston would be useless. I believe he will soon surrender on any condition proposed to him.

I hear that there has been lately a meeting of our leading generals at Raleigh, and that Generals Grant and Meade passed here during the night of the 24th instant, on their way to Raleigh. The result of the meeting is not known, but I suppose it was to resume hostilities.

And now, although the head of our republic—our beloved President Lincoln—was so suddenly taken away, and at a time when it was so unexpected, I hope that the administration of the affairs of the country will not suffer so much as it was at first supposed. Our country is a country of great re-

sources. It produces not only great generals but also great statesmen.

The military movements were executed with great rapidity during the last few weeks, and the successes of our troops have been astonishing. General Lee's surrender has astonished the foreign nations, for they had expected to see him come out victorious. We see nearly every day some men who were in General Lee's army. They say they are glad they can go home. They have lost all hope for the Confederacy. They seem to love their late General in Chief Lee, but they do not say anything good of Jefferson Davis.

It appears that Mobile has also fallen into our hands, and I hope that a few weeks will be sufficient to bring what we desire so much—a durable peace.

We have not yet received our pay and there is no prospect of receiving any for some time. Nevertheless you must not send me any more money, for it might not reach me before we start for Iowa. I do not expect to reach Iowa before the 4th of July, yet we might get there before that time. I think next month will bring great changes in the state of affairs throughout the country. Since I wrote my number 86, we have been having some clear weather, warm in the daytime, but cool at night.

Our regiment belongs now to the 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 10th Army Corps, under the command of General Terry. The 22nd and 28th Iowa belong to the 1st Brigade of the same division, and are still at Morehead City. Our brigade is still at Goldsboro.

My health is excellent, as is also that of the neighbors who are here including James B. Ford, who is still detached in the Ambulance Corps. He arrived here yesterday, coming from Frederick City.

LXXXVIII.

HAMBURG, S. C., May 20, 1865, 10 A. M.

Although I have not received any word from you since I received your numbers 66 and 67 of March 29th and April

10th, respectively, I write you so as to keep you posted on our movements. Your number 63 has not been received. We do not receive the mail very regularly. It seems that the employees of the Post Office Department hardly know our address, when we move for some other place. Although I have only my knee for a writing desk, I will, nevertheless, try to give you a summary of what has transpired here since I wrote my number 87 of April 26.

April 30th in the evening we received orders to march next day, May 1st, about 4 P. M. We left Goldsboro by rail, and about 1 o'clock at night we arrived at Morehead City. The weather was fine. It was a general movement for the whole brigade.

May 3rd, in the afternoon, the 22nd and 28th Iowa went on board a transport. May 4th, about 2 P. M., our regiment and the 128th New York boarded the steamer "Constitution." About 3 P. M. we left Morehead City. Destination unknown. It was a general movement for the two brigades. We soon arrived in open sea. The sealed orders were then opened, and we learned that our destination was Savannah. Everything passed off very nicely during the voyage. Traveling on water seems to agree with me as well as marching on land. What I fear the most on water is fire. May 5th, the sea was heavy and a good many got seasick. The 6th was calm. About sundown we arrived in sight of Savannah and anchored for the night. Next day, the 7th, about 7 A. M., we were in motion again. We arrived at Savannah about 8 A. M. We disembarked immediately, marched through the city and went to bivouac near the park. It was very hot. About 3 P. M. our regiment went to camp in an old camp that the 18th Indiana had left a few days before. May 8th I sent by Express the package—or rather bundle—of clothes that was left at Morehead City last April and for which transportation could not be obtained for Newbern. On that same day I received my Belgian dress coat. Wm. Ferguson of our company has repaired it. It is elegant and fits me nicely. I have

not used it yet. I intend to wait until I can get a pair of pants to match. On the 11th instant, about 3 A. M., that is, when we were yet asleep, we received orders to be ready to march by 8 A. M. The extra baggage and camp and garrison equipage were left at Savannah. Our destination was at first unknown but we soon learned that it was Augusta, Ga., and that we were going to march. It was a general movement for seven regiments—22nd, 24th and 28th Iowa, 13th Connecticut, 128th, 131st and 159th New York—under the command of Colonel Graham of the 22nd Iowa. The march was easy enough although we suffered somewhat from the heat. The distance to be traveled was about 135 miles, and we had nine days in which to cover the distance. We left Savannah on the 11th and arrived here on the 19th instant. On May 11th we marched about twelve miles. On the 12th we marched seventeen miles, passing through Springfield, a nice little town of only nine or ten houses. On the 13th we marched ten miles and arrived at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river. On the 14th we advanced twenty miles. On the 15th we covered eighteen miles, passing through Jacksonville, a little town of five or six houses. On the 16th we marched twenty-seven miles. On the 17th we made only six miles, passing through Waynesboro, a nice little town. On the 18th we marched fourteen miles, crossing the S. and A. railroad. On the 19th we marched eleven miles. Total 135 miles.

The country through which we traveled is generally sandy and poor, a good deal of the land is swampy. But the country seemed better and better the farther we got away from Savannah. Between Savannah and Jacksonville we marched sometimes for seven or eight miles through pine timber, swamps, etc., without seeing a farm. But from Jacksonville to Augusta the farms are not so far apart, and there is considerable land under cultivation. People are now busy working the fields of corn and potatoes, the latter are nearly ripe. We saw a good many fields of rye, winter wheat, oats,

peas, and beans. But these crops do not look very promising. Sweet potatoes are in great abundance. The corn will not yield more than ten or fifteen bushels per acre. The stalks are only from one to three feet high. The corn is mostly planted with a drill. Where the land is not under cultivation it is generally covered with pine trees. We saw a good many orchards with fruit trees of different kinds, principally peach, prune, and apple. The creeks and ponds are not very far apart along the road we traveled, and so we had plenty of water, but it was not of very good quality. Between Waynesboro and Augusta we saw some fine residences about which we usually saw two or three men with grey uniforms. We also saw a number of the fair sex who were very white, showing that they have never been exposed to the sun. Most of these people are yet in possession of their slaves. Most of the slaves have not left their masters because they have not yet been informed of their freedom. We met several squads of paroled prisoners who were either from Lee's, Johnston's, or some other army. They are all without arms, except the officers who have their side arms. They seem glad that the war is at an end. We already see a good many working in the field. Nearly all of them say that they would not return to the army if they should be exchanged. It is somewhat interesting to compare the language they use now, with the words they used a few months ago. Last March they did not believe that the Union armies could ever subdue them. But now they say not that they were whipped, but that they were overpowered.

We arrived at Augusta on the 19th about 10 A. M. To cross the city we marched in column by company; but as it had been raining the day before, and also during the night, it was very muddy in the streets. The sidewalks were crowded with paroled rebel prisoners, and also with ladies, who seemed anxious to see us. We crossed the Savannah river and also the little town of Hamburg, S. C., and went into camp a short distance from this town, that is about one

mile northeast of Augusta, and along the railroad going to Charleston. The 22nd and 28th Iowa also crossed the river and are now camped a few hundred yards north of our regiment. We are camped on pretty high ground. It is a sod, but somewhat sandy. We are here in open field and in full sight of the city of Augusta. East and southeast of our camp the ground is swampy and is covered with pine trees, brushes, etc.

May 21, 8 A. M. Augusta is one of the finest cities I have seen in the south. It is nearly all level, but it is sandy. The streets are very wide and well shaded. The sidewalks are also very wide and in good order. The stores are all open but are not very well filled because during the last few months the blockade runners were not able to bring them anything. The people do not seem to have suffered very much on account of the war. In the main part of the city we see mostly brick and stone buildings, and very few frame houses. We see thousands of rebel paroled prisoners, officers and others. The price of the necessities of life is not very high here. Prices are not half as high as in Savannah.

Since April 26th we have been having variable weather, a good many warm days, with nearly as many rainy days. We have generally had a good breeze from the sea.

The 22d and the 28th Iowa, and our regiment are the only ones camped on this side of the Savannah river. The other regiments were left at Augusta.

XC.*

HAMBURG, S. C., May 30th, 1865, 8 P. M.

Your numbers 68 and 69, each with five dollars enclosed, were received on the 24th and 28th instant, respectively. As you will see by the paper, the *Daily Constitutional*, of today, which I sent you at noon, the steamer "Gov. Troup" which left here on the 28th instant in the evening bound for

* Letter number 89, written at Hamburg, S. C., May 25, 1865, is missing.

Savannah, was burned on the river. You will also see that the steamer "Amazon" which left Augusta for Savannah the same evening, went down the river only about four miles when it had to be unloaded for repairs. The mail, baggage, and also a good many passengers who were on board the "Amazon" were taken on board the "Troup" on Sunday. This last named steamer was burned about fifteen miles from Augusta. The mail which was on board was also burned; and what is worse, several passengers were lost. My number 89 of the 25th instant was probably in the mail on the lost steamer. I will here give you a summary of it. You wish me to give you my opinion as to what part of the country I would prefer of all those through which I traveled during the war. I will say "Iowa," because, although the winters are generally long and severe, it is healthful. It is only after having spent some time in the field and in a country where it hardly ever freezes hard enough to purify the atmosphere, that a man can appreciate the healthful climate of Iowa. I think that any Belgian or French of ordinary constitution should not go to live south of Saint Louis, or at least not south of the 38th degree of latitude.

As I said in a previous letter, I received my Belgian dress-coat and got it fixed. I think it is worth fully fifty dollars to me. I wear it on special occasions such as reviews and dress parades, and when I go to the city. I wear my old coat for drill, marches, and services of different kinds. If I ever return to Iowa, I intend to wear my Belgian coat.

I am glad to see that you received my valise all right. I think a good deal of it, but still more of its contents.

The assassination of President Lincoln has certainly touched the heart of every patriot, and has cast a gloom over all the country, but let us hope that the guilty ones, if found, will be dealt with as they deserve. But in our sorrow, we can rejoice in the fact that the resources of this country are inexhaustible. Statesmen and Generals are not wanting. The loss even of the best man, does not keep the great National machine from moving just as if nothing had happened.

U. S. ARSENAL, AUGUSTA, GA., June 3d.

On May 31st, about 5 A. M., General Washburn's brigade which was at the arsenal about three miles southwest of Augusta, where we are now, left the arsenal to go to Savannah. Same day, about 8 A. M., we received orders to pack up everything and march to this place. The shelter tents and blankets were rolled up together and loaded on wagons, so that the men did not have much to carry during the march. We left camp about 9 A. M. and arrived at the arsenal about 11 A. M. In passing through the city we again marched in column by company, and tried to show our Confederate friends and ladies, who were crowding the sidewalks, what the Iowa boys could do in the line of marching.

The 28th Iowa came here at the same time we did, and we are quartered in large buildings close together. The enlisted men are quartered in a large building which had been used for several purposes such as the manufacture of ammunition and supplies of all kind, harness and blacksmith shops, etc., for the rebel army. The officers of the 24th Iowa are quartered in a building about 20 yards south of the arsenal; and the officers of the 28th are quartered in a building of the same size and about the same distance north of the arsenal. The whole is enclosed behind by the same wall. The buildings occupied by the officers were formerly occupied by very rich people, but as they were known to have helped the rebels very much, they were careful to leave the country before the arrival of our troops. The room I occupy is about 14x20 feet and is very well furnished. There are only three officers in it. Between our quarters and that of the enlisted men there is a level piece of ground, well sodded, the sides of which are about eight hundred yards. It is very nice for guard mounting, dress parade, etc.

There is very little duty to perform here. We do not furnish any picket. In other words "it is peace." We only furnish guards around the camp. We are on the very high ground, which we could easily see from Hamburg. Water, that is good water, is not very plenty.

There are a good many nice residences in the suburbs of the city and in the surrounding country. There is very little ground under cultivation. The country in general is very sandy, and where it is not under cultivation, it is mostly covered with timber—black oaks, pines, and brushes.

Yesterday, June 2nd, we received a mail. I received the *Iowa City Republican* of April 12th.

Yesterday, for the first time since we left Savannah, I had the pleasure of reading some New York papers, the *New York Herald* of May 24th and 25th. I read with pleasure the details of the grand review at Washington on May 23rd and 24th. It must have been grand and interesting. I wish I could have been there. But from an incident that transpired there, it seems as though General Sherman and Secretary of War Stanton are not on friendly terms. It was a rather sad incident. Judging from the information I have, I think Secretary of War Stanton is most to blame for the rupture between the two. It was about an agreement made between General Sherman and rebel General Johnston, which was rejected at Washington because the terms of surrender were too liberal toward the South. I believe that if the proposed terms had been accepted at Washington, it would have had done much to restore friendly feelings between the two sections of the country. But there is one thing that cannot be denied to General Sherman, and that is his great capacities as a general. It is doubtful if there can be found in the Union another general who could have organized an army and directed it, as he did, through the heart of secession, through Georgia and North and South Carolina, and captured the most important points in that part of the South, and that too by only making feints of attacks, and giving no battle of any importance, and consequently losing but very few men in proportion to his great success. I believe that the troops that were under his command during his last campaign will sustain him because they love and respect him. And it is probable that Secretary Stanton will soon recognize that he

did wrong in not consulting General Grant before he ordered General Wilson and others not to obey General Sherman's orders, when he orderered a suspension of hostilities. I believe if General Grant had been in Secretary Stanton's place, he would had given that order to Sherman himself and it would have been obeyed immediately. Generals Grant and Sherman have often acted in concert, and often consulted each other, and that too on many occasions, during the present war. I have often looked upon General Sherman as General Grant's right arm. It was Sherman who saved the day on the bloody field of Shiloh, and Grant knows it. It was Sherman, too, who struck the mortal blow on Vicksburg, by taking possession of that point most important to the rebels, viz., the heights at Haynes' Bluffs, by which our communications were reopened with the outside world. It is to be regretted too that General Sheridan could not be present at the grand review, where every one was so anxious to see the "Hero of the Shenandoah," and where he would have received such high honors. But the interests of the country required his presence somewhere else, and so he could not be there where his presence was so much desired. He will probably have command of an expedition for Texas, so as to pay a visit to rebel Generals Magruder and Smith, who have not yet seen fit to surrender. I hope they will soon change their minds.

I doubt very much if any letter you will write to me after you receive this one, will reach me before we start for Iowa. But by writing your address in one corner of the envelope, as you generally do, you will insure the return of your letters if I do not receive them.

XCI.

U. S. ARSENAL, AUGUSTA, GA., June 17, 1865.

I do not doubt that you have before this, read the orders concerning the mustering out of troops whose term of service expires prior to October 1, 1865, and you will probably be

somewhat surprised that we are yet at the arsenal, where we arrived on May 31st, and where I wrote you my number 90 of the 3rd instant. Order number 94 which concerned us the more particularly, reached us last week; but we are still here. Things do not progress quite so fast as we could wish; but nevertheless we are patient. Orders were given here yesterday concerning the departure of the 22nd, 24th and 28th Iowa. We go to Savannah by wagon road. But we may not leave here until next Monday, the 19th. It will probably take eight days for the march. As soon as we arrive at Savannah our first work will be to put our company books into good shape and up-to-date. When we left Savannah to come to Augusta, we left our field desk, company books and papers behind. As soon as that work is done and the necessary instructions are given, we will have to make out the Muster Out Rolls in quintuple expedition, also the Pay Rolls and other necessary papers. We may also have to furnish the descriptive lists for the recruits of 1864, who will probably be transferred into some Iowa Veteran Regiments. That work will be quite complicated, especially for company "D", as we will have at least 140 names on the Muster Out Rolls. Even though we get along well with the work, we may still remain about two weeks in Savannah. To prepare myself for that work, I spent some time during the last few days in making out a Muster Out Roll for my own use. I ruled one heading and six intercolors for which I used fourteen sheets of foolscap paper, as we have not yet received any regular blanks for that purpose. To do the ruling I used the lath from my valise. Everything is yet in blank except the heading. I will finish this one first and let the mustering officer see it before I commence the others. I think it will take me at least two days to fill out the first one, which I will call the original. But I think I can write the five copies in less than four days. As soon as we get through making out all the necessary papers, I think we will be sent to Davenport, where the regiment will be disbanded; but I do not expect to

get there before the latter part of July. I do not think we will get there in time to celebrate the grand 4th of July but I will transport myself there in spirit. What a glorious day that will be!

No order has yet been give as to the disposition of the arms, but I suppose they will be turned over to the Ordnance Officer soon after we arrive at Davenport, if not before, unless the men are be allowed to keep them as souvenirs of the services they rendered their country. I think this would not be more than right.

I have not heard from you since May 28th, when I received your number 69, of April 28. Your number 63 has not yet been received. We have not received any mail since the 2nd instant; but we will probably receive a big one when we arrive at Savannah, and I hope to receive some letters from you.

Since I wrote you my number 90, we have had variable weather. It has been hot most the time. We have had thunder showers nearly every day. Yesterday, the 16th, the 33rd U. S. Colored Infantry arrived here. This regiment was the first colored regiment organized in South Carolina. They are pretty well drilled, and seem to be well disciplined. I have a good opinion of them. They have been nearly three years in the service, and I think it was no disgrace to Uncle Sam to have given them the blue uniform. They have shown that they are worthy of it; and they seem proud to wear it. The officers are all white men. On their flag is inscribed: "The year of Jubilee has come."

When you receive this letter it will not be worth while for you to write to me. I will, nevertheless, keep writing to you, so as to inform you of our movements.

A few days ago, in company with Lieutenant Swafford, I had the pleasure of visiting the Belgian Consul, Mr. De Give. We were well received. I invited him to come and visit me at our quarters, which he did. He witnessed the dress parade, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the efficiency in drill, manual of arms, marching, etc., of the regiment. After

the parade I introduced him to Colonel Wright, and we spent a few moments very pleasantly together.

XCII.

SAVANNAH, GA., July 18, 1865.

I am a citizen once more. We were mustered out yesterday, the 17th. I will write to inform you of our movements since June 17. June 20, about 4 A. M., our regiment left the arsenal near Augusta. We marched to Augusta, where we joined the 22nd Iowa. According to orders previously received, the troops, whose term of service does not expire before October 1, are to be retained under arms; and as the term of service of the 28th Iowa does not expire until sometime in October, they were left at the arsenal at Augusta, waiting for further orders. But they did not have to wait very long; for on June 23, they, too, left Augusta for Savannah. As soon as our regiment joined the 22d Iowa we immediately started to march for Savannah where we arrived on the 25th, after a march of only six days.

The first day we marched only about 11 miles from Augusta; the 2nd 23 miles; the 3rd 27; the 4th 21; the 5th 21; and the 6th 27, making a total of 130 miles. You will see that the distance we traveled in coming back from Augusta to Savannah is less than that traveled when going from Savannah to Augusta last May. We followed a straighter road coming back, than we did in going up. We left Waynesboro on our right and Sister's Ferry on our left.

We had favorable weather during the march, although it was hot and a little showery every day. Most of the men felt less tired after the 6th day's march than they did after the first. Next day, the 26th, we received a mail. I received a good share of it. I received four letters from you, your numbers 70, 71, 72 and 73; the first with five dollars enclosed. On June 29th I received your number 74 of June 16th. Your number 63 is still missing.

On arriving here we found a few men of our company who

had preceded us. Among them was Wm. A. J. Hill who was taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. He said he made his escape from the rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C., January 19th 1865. He had papers with him showing that he reported to the Provost Marshal, first Division, second Army Corps at Berwick City, near Petersburg, Va., April 20th 1865. From Berwick City he went to City Point, Alexandria and Fortress Monroe. He arrived at Savannah, Ga., May 21st 1865. He was mustered out by Lieutenant R. W. Peckam, at Savannah, Ga., May 26, 1865; and he is now waiting here so as to go home with the regiment.

We have been very busy since we arrived here. There was a kind of competition between the 22nd and 24th Iowa, to see who would have the Muster Out Rolls, Pay Rolls, Company books, etc., ready first. In this as in all other matters of importance when the interest of the regiment is at stake, Colonel Ed. Wright of our regiment showed that he was a long headed man and a man of great judgment, who looks far ahead and takes great interest in the welfare of his boys. Immediately upon our arrival here, Colonel Wright went to Hilton Head so as to receive from the Mustering Officer the necessary instructions for the making out of the Muster Out Rolls, Pay Rolls and other necessary papers. There was then no Mustering Officer at Savannah. The one who had been here was ordered elsewhere; but another one came a few days later. Colonel Wright returned from Hilton Head on June 28. Next day he assembled the company commanders, and together we went to see Captain Benedict, the Mustering Officer who had been relieved of his service here, but who had not yet left Savannah. He gave us some instructions, and we began the Muster Out Roll—that is the full copy for the company—which required considerable work. On July 1, these rolls were handed to the Colonel who went immediately to Hilton Head again, to have the Mustering Officer examine them. On July 3rd he returned to the regiment. Everything was all right. Next day, the

4th, the company commanders were assembled again and Colonel Wright communicated to us the further instructions which he had received from the Mustering Officer. We then went right to work to make out five copies of the Muster Out Rolls and two Pay Rolls. I wrote them all myself, but it kept me busy for three days and the biggest part of three nights. Besides that I had to close up my accounts with government, and make out my final reports, Return of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores, also of Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipage. But everything passed off very nicely. The rolls of the 24th Iowa were ready to be verified on the 9th instant but it was only on the 15th that the new Mustering Officer who is here (Captain Moulton of the 30th Maine Volunteers), began to verify them. It took three and a half days, working about six hours per day, to do that work for the whole regiment. The rolls of our company were verified, approved and signed on the 16th, although dated on the 17th.

It may surprise you to hear that I did all that work myself, but I must say that I am a fast and at the same time a pretty accurate writer. They have not yet commenced to verify the rolls of the 22d and 28th Iowa. It may also surprise you to see that the 24th Iowa was the first to be mustered out, as our regiment is commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel only, while the 22d Iowa is commanded by a Colonel. This is the way it happened: When Lieutenant Colonel Wright was at Hilton Head, he succeeded so well in gaining the confidence of the Mustering Officer, that the latter directed, or rather requested him, to communicate to the commanders of the 22d and 28th Iowa the instructions he had received. It naturally followed from that that the 24th would be the first. There was no Mustering Officer here at the time, and it was rumored about the camp that Lieutenant Colonel Wright was to fill the place for the three Iowa regiments. And now, although we are mustered out, all the rolls, books, etc., having been boxed up and placed in charge of Lieutenant Jones, acting

Quarter Master for our Regiment, we do not yet know the date of our departure. We are waiting for transportation. We may go from here to New York or Baltimore, and from there to either Clinton or Davenport. And so I hope that I may soon have the pleasure of setting foot upon the soil of Iowa which we left nearly three years ago. Considering the circumstances under which we left, I had very little hope of seeing the state again.

My health and that of most of the men of the regiment is excellent, but it is nevertheless desirable that we leave here as soon as possible, because it is very hot. The men have very little exercise in camp, and there is fear of fever. The 22d Iowa had several men who took sick during the first week after their arrival here which I think was caused by the fact that the camp was on low ground and near a swamp. But they moved on higher ground and are much better. Since our arrival here we have had thunder and lightning nearly every day. Last week there was a man of our regiment (Corporal Moir of Company "B") who was killed by lightning. He and another man had put up their tent right near a tall poplar tree. I went to see him immediately after. The lightning struck the tree leaving a scratch that looked like a small chisel mark. It followed the tree down to the top of the tent, when it left the tree, struck a gun that was hanging at the top but inside of the tent. It then left the gun and struck the man on the head. The man was lying down and had his hat on. There was a little hole about a half inch in diameter through the hat, and a little black spot on the head. He was killed instantly. His remains will be taken home.

XCIII.

SAVANNAH, GA., July 19, 1865.

Yesterday evening we received orders for our regiment to leave Savannah and to go to Davenport as soon as possible, by way of Baltimore, Md. This pleases me very much.

The four left companies went on board the steamer "De-

troit" this morning about 4 o'clock. And the six right companies will go on board the steamer "Virginia" tomorrow at 5 A. M. If everything goes well I think we will reach Baltimore in three days, and I hope to reach Davenport about the 27th or 28th instant. All is well.

The 22d Iowa is now busy with the Mustering Officer. The Muster Out Rolls of four companies were verified yesterday. I think they will get through with the remainder of the regiment tomorrow, and if transportation is ready for them, they will probably follow us pretty close.

XCIV.

CAMP McCLELLAN, DAVENPORT, IOWA, July 27th, 1865.

You will probably be surprised to see that I am now on Iowa soil. Little did I think when I left you, nearly three years ago, that I would ever see Iowa again. When I look back and see all that I went through during the three years, the exposure on land and water, exposure in camp and on the march, in the field, and especially on the battle fields, and note that I am still among the living, it seems almost like a dream to me. And yet I know it is a reality.

I will not give you many details about our voyage, as I have very little time at my disposal just now.

On the 20th instant we left Savannah, leaving the 22d and 28th Iowa behind. The 22d Iowa was mustered out the day before, and will probably arrive here tomorrow. On the 23d, about 3 P. M., we arrived at Baltimore. The same day, about 6 P. M., we left Baltimore. We passed through Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and arrived at Davenport yesterday, about 10 A. M. We arrived in camp about noon. We will probably remain here only a few days. The Pay Rolls are already appoved by the Chief Mustering Officer and are signed by the men. Today we have to turn over our arms and close out our returns. Although I am somewhat short of money there is no need of sending me any. Nor is it

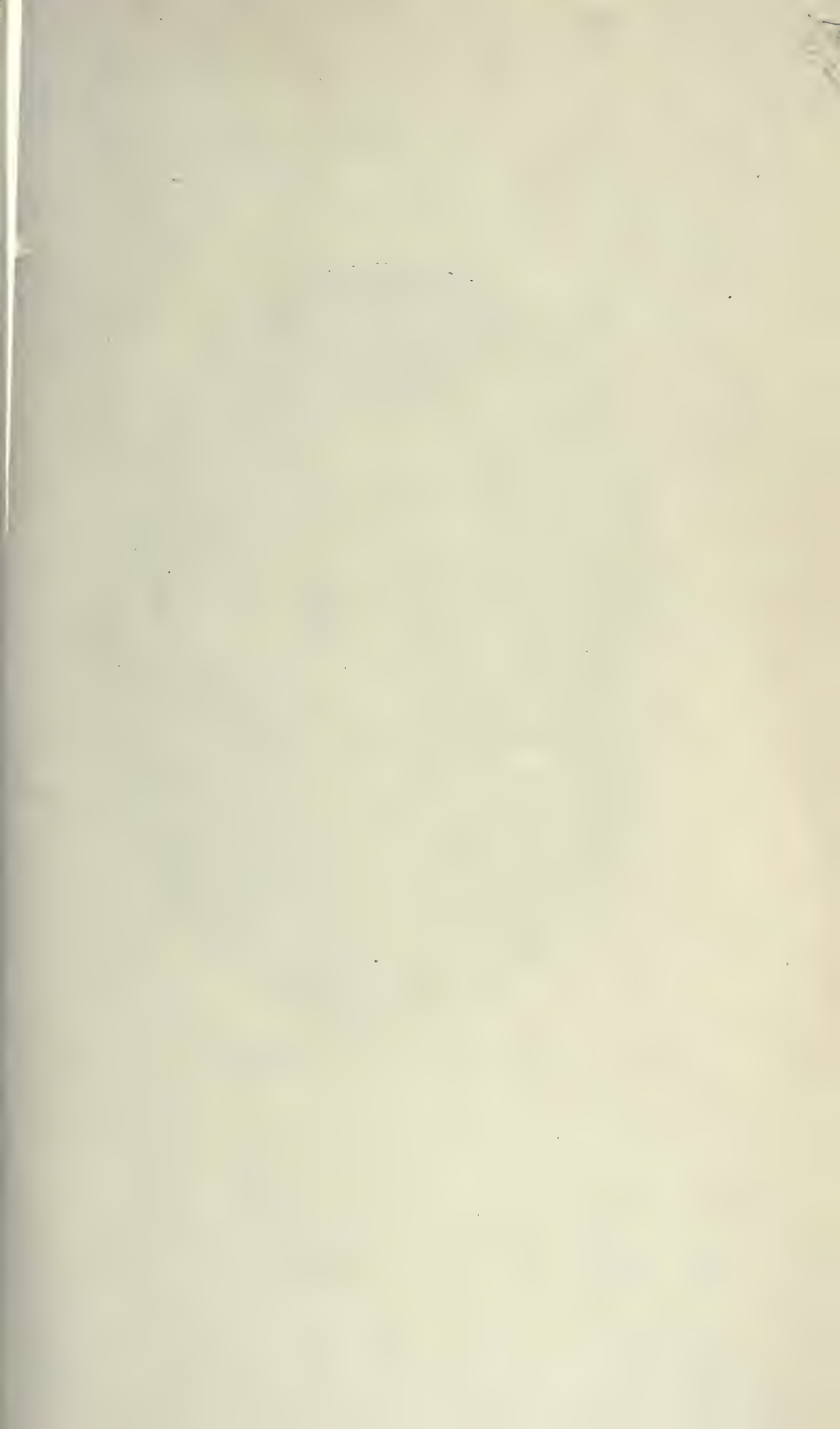
necessary for you to come to Davenport, especially since time is very precious on the farm. I have made arrangements for board on credit. Everything is all right. I do not know when we will leave here for Iowa City, but I hope it will be in a few days.

I already imagine that I am home. I know I will be welcome by all. But there will be one vacant chair. I have here before me the letter by which you informed me of our dear mother's death, on June 13, 1864. I read that a few moments before her demise she requested you to hand her my picture, which you did, and after kissing it and with tears in her eyes she said that she would never see her Alexander any more. No, she did not. It is all so sad. May God grant her everlasting peace and rest.

And hoping to see you soon, I remain sincerely,

Your loving brother,

C. A. LUCAS.





WILLIAM MILLER BEARDSHEAR

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WILLIAM MILLER BEARDSHEAR.

BY ISAAC A. LOOS.



WILLIAM MILLER BEARDSHEAR, for twenty-one years an educational leader in the Commonwealth of Iowa, was born November 7th, 1850, on a farm near Dayton, Ohio. He secured his early education in the district school of the "Beardshear neighborhood." The "old Beardshear school house," a low brick building now used as a dwelling, is still standing, and is pointed to with pride by a community which is conscious of the distinction that has come to one of its sons and which well remembers his youth and his early promise of a marked career. The "Beardshear Chapel," a modest country church, named in honor of his family, is a testimony of his early religious training.

The parents of William Miller Beardshear, John Beardshear and Elizabeth Coleman, belonged to the hardy stock of Ohio pioneers, pious, industrious, foresighted. Their home was, in the early days, the "preaching place" at which the United Brethren itinerants at stated times held religious services for the community.

In the closing months of 1864, a mere boy at the age of fourteen, but large enough of stature to qualify for service in the cause of the Union, he enlisted at Dayton, Ohio, in the

Fourth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and served until the close of the war.

Several years after the close of the war at the age of nineteen he entered upon a college course. He began his work in the preparatory department of Otterbein University in 1869 and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts from that institution in June, 1876. His college course was interrupted during his freshman year when he was called upon to undertake the management of the farm and assume for a time direction of affairs at home in consequence of the illness and death of his father. He was married March 27th, 1873, to Miss Josephine Mundhenk of Brookville, Ohio.

His extraordinary career of devotion and service to and for others began with his years in college. In 1876 he entered the active ministry taking pastoral charge of the church of the United Brethren in Arcanum, Ohio. He served this church with great acceptance for two years. In the fall of 1878 he began his studies in the Divinity School of Yale University. In the second year of his residence in Yale his studies were interrupted by overwork. Returning to his home near Dayton, Ohio, after a brief rest he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Summit Street Church of the United Brethren in the city of Dayton. From this place of usefulness he was called to the presidency of Western College, Toledo, Iowa, in 1881. "In these earlier years and labors, before Mr. Beardshear came to the larger tasks of his life," said President Bookwalter of Western College in speaking of him, "his strength lay as always, chiefly in his greatness of heart. His whole career was marked and was made illustrious by his lofty self-sacrificing devotion to the good of others. He literally gave himself without stint—alas, as it would seem with too little thought of an overtaxed body—to the great interests committed to his care. But we would not have had him less the great-hearted servant he was, the follower of Him who 'came not to be ministered unto but to minister.' What a noble soul he was. How fit and valuable a teacher and

leader of the young. His life was emphatically an outpour. And what an outpour, what an overflow, watering the waste places and making everywhere the lilies to grow."

The larger tasks of his life, if such a distinction can be made, began with his call to the presidency of Western College. This institution was transplanted from Western, Linn County, to Toledo, Tama County, in the summer of 1881. "This," in the words of Dr. Bookwalter, the present President of Western College, "was evidently a time both of crisis and hope for the college. A new era was to be entered upon by the school—an era, it was hoped, of new life and of enlargement. Where was to be found the man for leadership in the task proposed? Though it seemed like an adventurous thing to call to such a post a young man of but thirty, yet the unanimous choice of those in authority was the vigorous, growing, consecrated young pastor at Dayton, Ohio, Rev. W. M. Beardshear. It is quite generally known with what energy and success, for eight years, Mr. Beardshear devoted himself to the important and difficult work committed to his hands as President of Western College. In his own strong personality, within himself, was virtually embodied, in those formative years, the very life of the college. Soon it had increasing vitality, well-earned character as a standard institution of learning, and a proud name in every part of the State as well as in its cooperating church territory."

From the presidency of Western College he was called to the superintendency of the schools of West Des Moines. With this call his work in the public schools of the State began. Leaving Western College in the fall of 1889 he began his duties of President of the Iowa Agricultural College, February 25th, 1891, after a year and a half of service in the office of superintendent of city schools. In order to give equal prominence to the double aspect of the work of the institution over which he presided and to secure a more complete descriptive he early proposed a change of its title from Iowa Agricultural College to the Iowa State College of Agri-

culture and Mechanic Arts, a change of designation which seems to have secured pretty general adherence although not without some contest between the initials I. A. C. and I. S. C.

The growth of the Iowa State College in its internal development and in popular favor under his guidance attest the vigor of his administration; during his eleven years of office the student enrollment increased from 336 to 1220, and the teaching force from 25 to 78, and the support fund and building appropriations were augmented by the hundred thousand. In presenting the needs of the College before the legislature he was earnest and powerful. Seventeen commodious buildings now adorn the beautiful campus and ten courses of study are offered to students with every facility for complete work and investigation.

President Beardshear aimed to give Iowa State College a national and more than a national reputation, and he succeeded. The recognition of his college and of him in Canada as well as the interest in and the inquiries in regard to the work of the College which came to him from Europe and Latin America was gratifying to him and to all the friends of the College. His efforts to give the State College a large place in the world were seconded and re-enforced by the call of James Wilson, the Professor of Agriculture, to a seat in the cabinet of William McKinley.

President Beardshear died on the fifth day of August, 1902, after an acute illness of two weeks and failing health since last midwinter. His devoted wife and his five children survive him—Hazel Leoni, Mrs. Lauren Miller Chambers, of Denver, Colorado, Metta Gertrude, William Mundhenk, Charles Le Vega, and Constance Eileen. Following his death came innumerable expressions of sympathy and esteem from men of all ranks and all stations in life. These if all collected would fill volumes. Among the especially notable and spontaneous utterances may be classed the funeral oration by Dr. O. H. Cessna, Professor of History and Philosophy in the College, the addresses at the mem-

orial exercises at the College Chapel on the 7th of September, and tributes of friends. It is deemed important that some of these should be given permanent form. The selections which follow will represent estimates of Dr. Beardshear's career in his varying relations to the public as a man, an educator, an administrator, and as poet and friend. It is impossible to reproduce here all that has been said of him in these relations.

Dr. Beardshear had friends everywhere, wherever his work had taken him. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, a Mason of high rank, and affiliated with various literary, political, and social clubs. Among these were the Prairie Club and the Grant Club of Des Moines, the Walt Whitman Club, and various university clubs. Of the special honors that came to him, such as the presidency of the National Educational Association, and his services on commissions, the papers which follow will speak. In his home life he was serene, devoted, and strong. In the last days of his illness he did not forget the vacation trip, the summer outing, which he had planned to take with his wife and children, and he called his sons to his bedside to discuss with them the outfit that had been selected. He died face forward, full of zeal and aspiration.

One impressive feature of the memorial service on September 7th which cannot be reproduced here brought out Dr. Beardshear's well known love of poetry and song; it was the reading by Professor Newens of a collection of his chapel favorites, those to which he most often turned when weighted by sorrow or uplifted by hope. These included "Captain, my Captain," by Whitman; "Life," and "The Fool's Prayer," by Edward Rowland Sill; "Rock me to Sleep," read by Dr. Beardshear on his first chapel after his return from his mother's funeral two years ago this summer; "Bide a Wee and Dinna Fret;" "The World Wants Men," by Holland; and "There is no Death," read in chapel on the occasion of the first funeral from the typhoid epidemic. Compulsory attend-

ance at chapel had been abolished and there were enthusiastic meetings every night where there had been apathy and sullenness before. "President Beardshear faced the students from the chapel rostrum, read from Longfellow, Whittier, Theocritus, Blaine, Watterson, Bunyan, the Bible, wherever in his reading he had found a thought that might be a grain of inspiration for 'his boys and girls.' He talked over the affairs of the College with them, of what the legislature had done for them, of what the people of the State were saying about them, as he heard it in his lecture and pulpit work. The student body at I. A. C. was growing to be like a large family and the chapel exercises conducted every evening by its President, which everyone attended from choice and not from compulsion were the inspiration and the keynote of the larger growth in all lines. He visited the literary societies and encouraged them. He contributed to the student athletic fund and helped to secure a gymnasium and an athletic field. In all lines of work and play he was a leader, a builder up and a unifier."

Dr. Beardshear has left behind him a large number of sermons, special addresses, and literary reflections. A large part of these should in time find their way into print. His Minneapolis address (prepared but not read) *The Three H's in Education*, his Charleston address in 1900 (*The Influence of Poetry on Education*) *The Poet the Priest of Nature*, *David's Thirty-seven Mighties*, *Some Birds I have Known*, *A Boy Again* *Just for a Night*, are examples, by title, of addresses and meditations which many of his friends would like to see collected and published in a memorial volume.

THE FUNERAL ORATION.

DR. O. H. CESSNA.

August 5th, 1902 will ever remain a marked date in the annals of Iowa State College. That date marks the day of

the untimely death of one of her greatest Presidents. Whatever may have been done in the past, and much has been done in the way of establishing and building up this institution—the ideals and inspirations of her first President, Dr. A. S. Welch, are incarnated in this lovely campus and live as inspirations in the lives of the early students. Whatever shall be done in the future, and much will be done because of the broad foundations which have been laid by the noble men of the past, the years from 1891 to 1902 must mark an era of almost unprecedented expansion and success. These are the years when our honored friend stood as the controlling genius at the head of this institution.

Today we are gathered for a brief and simple service in his memory and this informality is by special request of friends and in harmony with the oft expressed wish of him whom we seek to honor, "Let there be no parade or show—no long addresses, no indulgence in eulogistic laudation of impossible virtues and impossible achievements of a poor human mortal."

To no one more than him could fulsome eulogy be distasteful. And yet a plain brief statement of known facts and summary of prominent characteristics and achievements will not be out of harmony with the spirit and purpose of this occasion. While the friends might much prefer a simple private home funeral they recognize that others have claims as well as they and that such was the force of his great life that to the wider circle of friends who loved and respected him too, must be given the opportunity of showing their respect and appreciation.

Today we are all mourners, and the size of this audience is a mute but forceful witness to the wide-reaching influence of this great life. One thing has marked all the telegrams and letters of condolence and the references in the public press, and that is the evident genuineness and sincerity of the sorrow. The State of Iowa, a very wide circle of friends in other States and the educational forces of this entire Nation mourn the loss of a great leader.

Recently three great college Presidents have laid down their burdens—worn out by the stress of the great labors which come upon the men who stand at the head of these important institutions—Barrows of Oberlin, Adams of Wisconsin, and now Beardshear of the Iowa State College. And can it be that we are really in the midst of the funeral services for President Beardshear, but yesterday, as it seems, so strong, so noble. We instinctively look about us on the platform for the towering form and striking personality of him who has been the moving genius in all these surroundings. It does not seem possible that such a gathering could take place upon these grounds without his influence felt everywhere. Alas

“The very stern reality
Makes us almost think we dream.”

Alas, the evidences are too tangible to be denied—we are not dreaming. All this is real. This casket, these mourning friends, this gathering of people—these tear-dimmed eyes and evidences of sorrow everywhere are all too real. We are in the travail of a great sorrow. Our beloved President and friend, in the very prime of his great manhood, has been called to pay the last debt of humanity, and we are left in the gloom and darkness to do the little things we may do to show our respect and love and help these friends in the hour of trying sorrow.

The biographical details and the fuller estimates of his character and great services have already been given in the press or will be brought out in the memorial services to be held at the opening of the school year. Today we must confine ourselves to the briefest personal tribute. Emphasis can be put on but a few of the many traits of character and achievements.

President Beardshear's was a great personality; rare, rugged, strong, unique—a great man. He was born for great things and endowed by nature with capacity for large

achievements. His very physical being gave promise of intellectual force much beyond the ordinary and this was fully realized in his mental make up and force of character. When he arose to address an audience one expected a strong voice, great thought, a commanding presentation of a great theme, and very rarely was there any sense of disappointment.

President Beardshear was strong in the force of his moral character and his exalted ideals. Those who knew him most intimately speak most strongly of this side of his true manhood. He was a manly man and despised littleness and meanness of any kind. I think perhaps the one characteristic which impressed all who came in touch with him was the childlike simplicity of his nature and the genuine sincerity of his life. This characteristic has been emphasized in every tribute of the press.

This combined with rare good common sense and force and decision of character gave him his commanding influence among men everywhere. It was this which made him strong in controlling the large bodies of students under him. He never patronized nor compromised his manhood by the methods of the fawning cringing sycophant, but struck the clear ringing note of the manly man that he was every time, and brought things to pass by the clear sighted common sense view of things, and controlled men by force of truth and conviction. He influenced the student, not by the slight of some cunningly devised deception, nor by the imperious assertion of authority, but by the plain, frank, open statement of the whole case and an appeal to the noblest elements of character in the young man or young woman whom he sought to influence. He tried to inspire and save. It would have been much easier to cut short the career of the offender by the ultimatum of dismissal, but our good President always chose the more difficult task. In all his associations with the great man the student felt the influence and dignity of true manhood and this always gave the controlling force to the better elements in his own nature.

Our President was great in his sympathies. His heart responded fully and genuinely to every emotion of gladness or sorrow of his friends. I think perhaps no one trait of his great nature was more prominent than this and none, I am sure, will be more deeply cherished by the faculty and those who came in closest touch with him. He had the rare gift of interpreting the deeper feelings of the heart and to this he added facility of expression. One was instinctively drawn toward him for you felt that he understood your need and could interpret the emotions and feelings which were eluding the capture of exact expression. So it is not strange that, when great sorrow came into any home upon the campus, the friends without hesitation turned to Dr. Beardshear. Not because he was the President, but because he was the great sympathizing friend who could minister comfort. Many are the friends who can witness to the comforting words of his touching and tender messages which have come like rays of sunshine into the darkness of the great sorrow.

His heart responded to the distresses about him even though he was an utter stranger to those in the sorrow. A quotation from a recent letter to a friend written hurriedly as he sat in a depot waiting for his train, shows this side of his rich nature: "A funeral party is all about in the ladies' waiting room. What a sad lot! No blame to them, the earth is covering some one forever and they have a right to cry. 'Nobody's sweetheart is ugly, and nobody's darling dies easily.'"

Another marked characteristic was his intuitive estimate of men. He could take a man's measure at once and he knew his forces. He possessed the faculty of working with men and had the rare tact of dealing with difficult situations. The faculty relations and those with his board of trustees have always been most congenial and harmonious. And those who came into close touch with him in these more intimate relations have cherished the highest respect for his character and manhood. Too often with greatness, genuine respect

and reverence diminish in proportion to nearness of personal approach. Not so with Dr. Beardshear; these were rather enhanced. All this came because every individual was treated with true manliness and courtesy.

Dr. Beardshear's was a rich, poetic nature. He loved the beautiful everywhere. He went beyond the mere outward form and show of things and sought the deeper mystery and reality of the poet's vision. His poetic instinct touched everything into new life. He enabled one to see new beauties in the dull dead commonplace things of life. He lived in a larger world than the common run of people, not because he saw more and greater things so much but because he saw more in the common things he did see.

That Charleston address before the National Association, on "The Influence of Poetry in Education," was itself a poem and gives the secret of his insight. "Poetry," he says, "reveals the uncommonness in the common things of every-day environment. * * * A humble birch tree seems of little worth, especially to the ax of the woodman, but a seer of nature can stand in its presence and find the thought-keys of many sylvan revelations. * * * The water-fowl is an object of smallest attention upon the part of most people. A few gather around it for the pleasure of the hunt, but to him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms this humble water fowl becomes a thoughtful messenger of the highest destiny, and the poet sees that

'He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.'

"The chambered nautilus to the general observer is but a small object of idle curiosity; to the scientist a mere specimen of a once abundant race of mollusks; but to the poet—and we are all poets, only, like the star in glory, differing in magnitude—this mollusk becomes a child of the wandering sea,

to call forth thanks for a heavenly message, as through the deep cave of thought he hears a voice that sings:

‘ Build thee more stately mansions,
Oh my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!’

“The mind as emotion is a kind of understanding that often penetrates farther into truth than the emotions will furnish adequate words to unfold and express.”

Some one among the numerous comments has thus expressed it: “He found companions in the trees and flowers and he talked with nature as one friend talks with another. Even the dreary college catalogue, which usually is redolent only of hard names and dry courses of study, under his touch became almost a poem fitted for the desk of him who loves a beautiful quotation or appreciates a rare gem from the pen of a great thinker.” As a close intimate personal friend of his in a beautiful and most just “Appreciation” puts it:

“In the world he mingled with men freely and sympathetically—yet dwelt apart. In his deeper life he was most lonely. He sailed great voyages over the ocean of thought in regions where sails are seldom sighted; but if perchance one came his way that understood his signal code, he hailed it as a comrade ever more.”

But I must forbear further mention of these traits of character, and hasten to a brief mention of what he and all his friends regarded as his great work.

Whatever may have been his relations to other great trusts and enterprises, whatever may have been his relations to the great educational interests of the State and Nation, his one supreme work as he saw it was here at the State College. His former life and work were but a preparation for this and his other relations but incidental.

I think it is true to say that he with the hearty co-operation and wise administration of his board of trustees has practically made the Iowa State College what it is today and opened for

it the career of a brilliant future which is assured. During his eleven years he has seen its numbers and teaching force increase more than threefold and has seen it grow in material equipment from a few poorly constructed buildings, very inadequately furnished, to the magnificent outlook of the immediate future made possible by the appropriations of the last legislature.

To Dr. Beardshear more than to any other one man I think it may be safely said are the youth of Iowa indebted for the increased facilities and opportunities for improvement that will come to them in the next few years through the wise provisions of the recent legislature.

He spared not himself in the interests of this great work but to it devoted the energies of his splendid manhood and literally wore himself out in its service. He built himself, his very nerve and vital force into the great possibilities of the future, and rejoiced almost with a joy that was unspeakable as he stood on the very threshold of the new great epoch which was just opening for it.

To us it seems sad that he could not have lived to carry out the plans for the wise expansion of his beloved institution. As has been truly said by another, "the might and grandeur of the opportunity possessed him. For the very work's sake he lived and moved and had his being. He asked for nothing else, hoped for nothing beyond the consummation of his plans for this school. And those plans were never small or mean. Excelsior! You, to whom his work undone is bequeathed will find naught but inspiration for titanic tasks in all he has left you."

One does not have to seek far to find the sources of strength of this singularly rich and winning personality. He was richly endowed by nature with a strong physical and mental make up. To this he added the vigor of a high ideal and singleness of purpose. He possessed sturdy common sense and made a wise use of opportunities in the cultivation of all his powers. He drank deep draughts from the world's

best literature and nourished his soul life by communion with the master spirits of the ages.

The secret of that life is easily found if one has an opportunity to follow that blue pencil of his through the numerous volumes of his large library. He had an affinity for the true, the noble, the beautiful, the inspirational.

A carefully marked and well-thumbed Bible shows that he went to the fountain head for his strength and inspiration. He walked with God in the deeper plans and purposes for a godly life. He believed firmly in God's promises to man. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy paths" was a deep and abiding conviction of his nature.

He was deeply and thoroughly Christian. Not in a narrow dogmatic sense, but in the wider truer Christlike sense which accepts everything as the gift from God, and hence sacred. The Monday as well as the Sunday, the little common places as well as the great things of life—"God is as truly in nature as in the soul of the prophet and truth of science is therefore as divine and authoritative as truth of the Holy Scriptures." Then follow him in those revelations outside of the Bible quite as truly divine—in the prophets of the present day who bear God's messages to the children of men and you will find still other sources of that great rich life. Take for instance Mabie's "Life of the Spirit" which he had evidently read with deep interest. I find these passages among many others well marked. "The vanished generations live with us and in us in ways past our knowledge; we are born into the earth they have made fruitful by their toil and the civilization they have builded like a great invisible house over our heads. They have overlaid the world with associations which enrich and warm and humanize it; so that in a very true sense the great spirits who have departed this life are still with us in the strife of our earthly days. * * * Every man has his own hidden and incommunicable life with God, but the secret fellowship is a rill which flows into and swells the universal fellowship. We need to feel not only the community of our

needs and sorrows but the community of our hopes and worship. * * * The calm of those fresh and fragrant hours (hours of meditation) is no figment of the imagination; it is a kind of spiritualization of Nature—it is a symbol of that peace of God which passes understanding. * * * it frees us from the care and anxiety of our personal fortunes and takes us into the consciousness of an all embracing beneficence.”

Let me quote those lines of Edward Roland Sill on “Life:”

“Forenoon and afternoon and night — Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—
Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yes, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.”

We have often wondered at the intensity of his life. Regardless of everything he worked on with a fiery zeal. May we not find the secret of this in the following poem of Sill’s which has been carefully underscored:

“What need have I to fear — so soon to die?
Let me work on, not watch and wait in dread:
What will it matter, when that I am dead
That they bore hate or love who near me lie?
'Tis but a lifetime, and the end is nigh
At best or worst. Let me lift up my head
And firmly, as with inner courage, tread
Mine own appointed way, on mandates high,
Pain could but bring, from all its evil store,
The close of pain; hate venom could but kill;
Repulse, defeat, desertion, could no more.
Let me have lived my life, not cowered until
The unhindered and unhastened hour was here.
So soon — what is there in the world to fear?”

Then recalling the fact that he passed to his reward in the early morning, just as the sun broke over the hills with all its gladness may it not be as by a kind of premonition of his own coming end, at least as a kind of prophecy, that he had read and reread and heavily underscored the following beautiful poem of Edward Sill:

"A MORNING THOUGHT.

"What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

"And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
'This is our Earth — most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its seas and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"'There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!'

"And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, 'My name is Death.'"

And so it was the gentle angel which stood by him on that eventful morning did disclose the name of "Death."

Standing in the shadow of our great sorrow we say, "Go great spirit — noble, true, manliest of men, sincere in your friendships, unselfish in your life, great in your purpose. Your work is done. You have fought your fight, you have finished your course. In the midst of life you have fallen as you wished, in the din and strife of the battle."

DR. BEARDSHEAR IN HIS RELATIONS TO PUBLIC EDUCATION.

RICHARD C. BARRETT.

The Iowa State Teachers' Association represents more largely than anything else the public school interests. For nearly twenty years Dr. Beardshear was closely identified with college work in Iowa. He attended every session of the State Teachers' Association during the time. He honored the association by his presence and hearty coöperation, and, in return the association conferred upon him its highest

honors. He was one of the corporate members of the board of directors. He served as a member of the executive committee three years, as chairman of the same committee one year, as vice-president of the association one year, as a member of the educational council several years, and as president of the association.

He toiled always willing to help others. Like Carlyle he thought it the first duty of every man to find out just what he is best fitted to do in this world and then stand up and do it to the last breath of life. This he did. I cannot learn that he ever solicited place or honor for himself. Three successive years he represented Iowa on the board of directors of the National Educational Association. His zeal, earnestness, scholarship, and unselfish devotion to its interests easily won from his associates their respect and confidence, and in July, 1901, he was unanimously nominated and elected president of the association. No higher, purely, honorary, educational position can be given anyone in this country. His eminence as an educator led to his appointment as member of the Board of Indian Commissioners by President McKinley in 1897. He served on this board until his death.

To him the duty of life was to be victorious. Every good thing, every noble thing had to be won. He planned great things for the association over which he had been chosen to preside. Though sick he was at the meeting, and most reluctantly yielded to the entreaties of friends to seek rest and strength in the quietness of the hospital. His plans as matured were carried out. His last work, like his life work, was in behalf of others. Dr. Beardshear believed in a Christian education; in a higher education—but also in the right education of the masses. He was the popular president of a growing Christian college, but he laid aside the presidential robe that he might become the head of the public school system of our capital city. In the field of public education he saw much that could be improved. With Ruskin, he believed “that every youth in the state—from the king’s son

downwards, should learn to do something fine and thoroughly with his hand."

As superintendent of the public schools of Des Moines he succeeded in having a manual training department added to the high school. In an address delivered when president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association in 1894, he gave utterance to his views on this phase of education.

He wanted American boys and girls fitted for truest citizenship. "The old doctrine of the nobility of labor must be reiterated to the child of the banker," he said, "as well as to the child of the hod-carrier."

Addressing himself to the assembled teachers of Iowa, he once said: "We must ground the youth of our schools in that newest of the old time doctrines that labor is the basis of the worth of the soul, as well as the foundation of the value of the dollar."

"So for all men the law of work is plain;
It gives them food, strength, knowledge, vict'r'y, peace;
It makes joy possible, and lessens pain;
From passion's lawless power it wins release,
Confirms the heart, and widens reason's reign,
Makes men like God, whose work can never cease."

In his last address before the Iowa State Teachers' Association, he said, "A good golden text for a teacher of any school, is that line of the "Gray poet,"

"Forever alive, forever forward."

His life exemplified this text. To him the scripture which says:

"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee," was a command.

By precept and example, President Beardshear taught that it is far better to look forward than to look back. For him there were no tasks behind; no opportunities for helpfulness in the past. In the last moments I had with him in Minneapolis he began to speak of the great future of this institution.

He was in education a constructive optimist, and with him there were no future impossibilities.

His was a familiar figure at many high school commencements and normal institutes, and hundreds of students here and elsewhere in this country will remember him for the incentive given to press toward the highest goal.

Like all great teachers, the personality of the teacher was to him more than method. I am inclined to think that he cared but little for the frame-work of pedagogy, the skeleton—the dry bones. What he most desired in the teacher was the warm heart throbbing with God-given noblest impulses. He once said: “The most profitable pedagogy I ever studied was a post mortem examination of boyhood teachers in the light of their remains. The remains of one were all head, and cold as steel. He believed in the knife and ferule more than in kind words and manly sympathy. The remains of another were bony of hand and heart, even to the divinity of the hands tact. The remains of another were the spirit* which is the life of the flesh and possessed of a personality born of the head, the heart, and the hand.” On the same occasion he said: “Many a young teacher does so well because he teaches out of himself and is untrammelled by machinery of rule and method. Just as in more primitive times the grandest of mothers without the marvelous aid of the modern press and literature, reared the grandest of men, because they drew from the limitless fountains of their own being for wit, wisdom, and philosophy, in the rearing of the young. Welcome method, hail system of pedagogy, come in conventions and hasten interchange of ideas, but like the Hallelujah chorus of the Messiah, arise all with reverent heads in honor of the personality of the teacher.”

It is too soon to measure accurately the value of the life work of Dr. Beardshear upon public education. He believed in wholesome athletics, mental and moral gymnastics, in the old time virtues, in reverence for authority, respect for the aged, obedience to parents, love of country and of God, “and

a love for the maturities of character and civilization." Poetry was to him a most potent influence in education. His fondness for it was so strong that almost every page of every catalogue of this institution during his administration was adorned with the choicest selections. In his address at Charleston, S. C., in 1901, at the National Educational Association on the "Influence of Poetry in Education" he said:

"It exalts this great system of public education, and unites the youth and the teachers of this land into mighty forces of seventeen millions of our youth in the schools officered by four hundred and fifty thousand teachers. Sentiment expressed in poetry joins country and town, county and state, state and nation, into one great national unity, devoted to institutions as broad as the rights of man, as high as his inspiration, and as true as his liberty. Sentiment is the divine power that has made poems which fired mighty warriors and ennobled more powerfully the sensibilities of the civilized world with a truth whose fragrance is "as pleasant as the flowers of May."

He was a lover of nature. On the college campus he "would go forth under the open sky, and list to Nature's teaching." His example will influence many to study and to love the beautiful in the universe of God.

To encourage the observance of arbor and bird day, he contributed an article on "Some Birds I Have Known," to the department of education last year. I quote from it: It seems almost prophetic.

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Of blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In his good time."

Helpful has been his life in public education from the highest department to the lowest. Nature study, poetry, music, manual training, scientific agriculture, domestic science,

ethics, and religion, all received his support and were promoted by his enthusiastic personality. But, when all else is forgotten, there will remain the influence of his life upon men—men who have been helped; men who have been inspired by his spirit of geniality and cordiality—these will remember our friend and cherish his memory.

DR. BEARDSHEAR AS PRESIDENT OF THE STATE COLLEGE.

PROF. E. W. STANTON'S ADDRESS.

As I stood one day on a bit of sacred ground which American valor had lifted from obscurity into enduring fame, my eyes were attracted by two dates on the stately shaft of marble which marked the historic spot. One told when brave men came unto the place where a great work was to be done; the other, when they moved on to new fields of high achievement. It was a simple thing; and yet under the spell of those battle scarred surroundings the deep import of those dates grew upon me until the ground on which I stood seemed holy and the very air tremulous with the impressive story. Destiny-making, responsibility, God-given courage, unselfish devotion, limitless sacrifice, victory, the crown of glory, and the accruing benefits for the future, lay between those modest markings of time.

Two days in college history—February 17, 1891, and August 5, 1902—stand out before me in a similar impressive way. On the one, a great and lofty soul came into touch with a great and lofty mission. On the other undaunted, triumphant, glorified, with the spirit of a true soldier, our beloved President answered the summons which called him into higher fields of duty. Between these dates lies the greatest work of Dr. Beardshear's life, a work sanctified by such full measure of devotion, courage, and self-sacrifice as lights up the grief and mystery of today with a far-reaching, prophetic

hope, and confirms our faith in the God-like possibilities of human living.

This old world of ours is full of work for men to do. Cities are to be built; lines of communication are to be projected and constructed; vast enterprises which have to do with manufacture and trade are to come into being as products of man's genius and skill; problems of state and church are to be solved, and the store-houses of the world's knowledge filled with the fruits of man's scholarship; yet in it all there is no grander work than that of giving direction and efficiency to the forces which nurture and upbuild the educated citizenship of a nation. The work gains in dignity and worth as it rises from the mere executive enforcement of systems, old and tried, to new and unexplored fields, where the genius of construction is required. Dr. Beardshear's work was in the constructive field and of the constructive kind. He was a leader in what will rank as one of the great forward movements of modern times. A distinguished Frenchman of the eighteenth century was asked, "What is the third estate?" He answered, promptly, "Nothing." "What should it be?" "Everything." The statement may be extreme, and yet the history of modern civilization is largely the story of those mighty forces, which, working in government, industry and education, have been bringing the possibilities of high and noble living within the reach of the common people of the world. The educational movement with which Dr. Beardshear's name is so honorably associated is one of these forces. Its purpose as expressed in these great national schools is the upbuilding of the industrial classes by promoting their liberal and practical education. The work to which Dr. Beardshear gave his great energies was no passing whim of the hour. It was in the line of progress; it fitted into the evolution of the ages; it was a part of the great onward march of things from the old to the new. It needed the best service of large-souled, broad-minded men; and it had in it that vigorous, life-giving power which makes great men. It de-

manded brave, capable, sympathetic leaders to map out the broad outlines of its work, perfect its organization, and realize upon its possibilities. To such men there shall come, has come, something of that well-earned glory which attaches to those pioneers who lay the foundations of empire and mark out the pathways of advancing civilization.

The great leaders of mankind spring from the common people, and with good reason. The builder must know the material he handles and appreciate its higher uses if he would reach results of greatest value. A man must know men in their nobler potential selves if he would lead them to loftier heights. Dr. Beardshear had a heart knowledge of the common things of the world. Nature, even in its ordinary moods, was to him the handiwork of God, and man, though he trod the common walks of life, was a child of the Great Father. He knew and appreciated as few men do the struggles and burdens and longings of the world's workers. It was this intuitive, soulful knowledge of the deeper needs of ordinary men that helped to give him influence and power and make him a natural leader in an educational revolution involving the interests of the common people. No more fitting place than our beloved college could have been found for this worker and his work. His nature-loving soul regarded this beautiful campus as the loveliest place on earth, and time has proven that the idea of industrial education has nowhere found more congenial soil for its growth than here on the prairies of Iowa.

When Dr. Beardshear came to Ames much work had been done, and well done. The basic plans had been outlined with a master hand and the development of the years had been along broad and consistent lines.

Dr. Beardshear's work was not to unmake history, but to make it—large, splendid, glorious history. The greatness of the man and his fitness for his work is nowhere more clearly evidenced than when, with frank acknowledgement of the work already done, he quickly came into comprehensive

knowledge of the magnitude and worth of the work before him. It will stand forever to his honor that he was large enough in intellect and sympathy to see into the very heart of this great enterprise. I speak this hour to men who represent all the varied interests of this College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and I know that each and every one will join me in bearing witness to his intelligent and sympathetic interest in every department of the college. He was too large a man to be content with narrow ideals. He believed in the education of the hand, the head and the heart in a comprehensive way. His vision of the future which he hoped to realize was a college which should represent the full rounded, symmetrical, unified development of all sides of industrial education. The builder is absent, but his ideal remains. In God's good time it shall reach its fulfillment.

Dr. Beardshear read great truths out of the stars, and the whole physical universe was to his reverent spirit the forceful expression of God's wisdom and love. Nature in her varied forms had for him an impressive language. The stream, field and forest were but avenues of communication through which divine truth found its way into his inner life. How often has he come from his communings with nature to chapel service, with his heart ablaze and his tongue on fire with some inspiring message.

It was no fortuitous circumstance that led this man to seek the embodiment of his own thought in such material structures as would impress the minds and hearts of men. Every instinct of his nature served to raise him above considerations of narrow financial expediency into a broad and wise view of future needs and ultimate economy. He built his college in the skies, yet he sought to bring it to earth and make it of highest value to men, by building it a home which should accord with its dignity and worth.

He bent all his great powers to the accomplishment of this great object. To secure the necessary means he planned a campaign state-wide in its operations and reaching out into

the years. He set himself to the task of making Iowa acquainted with this institution and its work. He brought the people to the college, and carried the college to the people. He convinced them of the usefulness of the institution and aroused their pride in its progress. He besieged the citadels of legislative power with an eloquence, courage and faith that would not be put off. He put life itself in the balance. We know the result: a great leader dead on the field of honor, but the college raised for all time from the low level of temporary structures and imperfect accommodations to a plane of permanent buildings of stone and iron, which shall proclaim to all the future the permanency and worth of this institution.

A generation ago Dr. Welch put into tangible form his dream of a beautiful campus of such generous proportions as will meet the demands of the future. Dr. Beardshear has made possible the realization of another vision, of which the first was but a prophecy. Looking forward into the years, I see as companion pieces to Engineering Hall, buildings of stately proportions, artistic design and enduring strength, which shall not only furnish ample room to our departments but add character to our campus. They shall all be Beardshear halls, bearing testimony through the centuries to the most important part of our friend's work.

Dr. Beardshear was a tower of strength to 'this institution, in that he had command of the great outside forces which have so much to do with its upbuilding. But in the making of a college much work is needed besides that done in educational conventions and in the capital at Des Moines. The real center of its destiny-making activity is where faculty and students are busy with their daily tasks. It is here, in this sacred, college home circle, that I like best to place, in memory, our beloved President. He moved among us as we might imagine some great-hearted, benevolent, masterful prince of a chivalrous age to have moved among his people. As a faculty, we worked with him, not under him. His

commission as our leader needed no attestation of authority. It was never necessary to idealize him in order to make him great. He grew upon us as we came near to him in the performance of our daily duties. His enormous capacity for work, his knowledge of men, his insight into motives, his quick grasp of the trend of things, his wise judgment of means, his confidence in his own decisions, and his faith in the final triumph of the right commanded our ever increasing respect; and when, in his loftier moods, he rose to grander heights, the clearness of his vision, the mighty sweep of his thought and his marvelous power of putting great truths into language that convinced and inspired, filled us with a regard that bordered on reverence.

He dealt with his faculty in a way distinctly his own. He preferred to work through individuals rather than committees. He trusted his associates, giving them charge of important interests, and asking simply for results. Except where higher questions of college policy were concerned, he did not care to be consulted. In all matters of detail the hand of his authority rested very lightly upon department management. He said not long since, of one of his fellow-workers: "He does his work and he does it well; he does not bother me; I like him."

Efficient service won from him a sort of personal gratitude, while he who tarried by the wayside was pitied rather than condemned. He never took to himself credit that belonged to another, while he bore with patience the blame that was sometimes unjustly laid at his door. Trustful, generous, unselfish, he was a constant inspiration to the men who wrought with him in this great enterprise. We lived and labored and prospered under the encouragement of his kindly smile and pleasant word. During the eleven years of his administration the student enrollment increased from 336 to 1,220, the teaching force from 25 to 78, while, largely through his efforts, the annual support fund from the state was augmented in the sum of \$85,000.

The problem of the wise government of the student body is one of the most serious connected with the management of our institutions of higher learning. It includes far more than mere questions of discipline; it involves the directing of the deeper currents of college life. Education is of little account to the bankrupt in morals, and colleges of little value to the world except as their intellectual product measures up to high standards of moral worth. The intense life of a college community acting upon the plastic material of youth makes and unmakes character with fearful rapidity. Nowhere else are issues of immortal concern more clearly drawn or fiercely fought; and nowhere is there greater need that the forces which look upward should be nurtured and strengthened. Student control, student guidance, and the building up of the inner student life of the institution are, in their higher phases, moral problems, and Dr. Beardshear so regarded them. He had no faith in an enforced obedience to an elaborate code of college laws, but he had an infinite faith in the nobler impulses of human nature. He knew how to reach the life of the individual who needed help. In his kind and tactful way he entered into the inner sanctuary of many a disheartened soul and kindled anew on its sacred altars the fires of worthy ambition. He turned the footsteps of many a wayward youth into the pathways of wisdom, endowed him with something of the strength of his own resolution, and sent him on with a glad heart to a life of usefulness. His appeal was always to the best there is in man—and like a cloud of witnesses to-day are those who have been stirred by the resistless power of that appeal out of their dead selves to lives of loftier purpose.

In his great, strong, loving personality Dr. Beardshear made a deep impression on the student body as he met them individually. But the peculiarities of his government and the real greatness of the man were best shown when he came to deal with students as a mass. Those who have never seen him at special chapel have never seen him at his best. How

like an intellectual giant he seemed on some of those occasions as he stood on this college rostrum and marshalled the forces of student public opinion on the side of right. No matter what the character of the emergency he never lost control of the situation. The greater the difficulty the greater the matchless power of his command. We have seen him in a single heart-to-heart talk with the students create by the clearness of his logic and the sweep of his emotion an invigorated moral atmosphere in which all that was mean and low and of bad repute went down to its death. Cool, collected, confident, Dr. Beardshear met and mastered every crisis in college government; and by his ability, courage and manliness won the respect and love of the students he governed.

In his work at the college, Dr. Beardshear exhibited those qualities of mind and heart that go with true greatness. We may judge him by the highest standards and he measures to them all. He was great in that his inspired soul grasped the full grandeur of that educational ideal which would bring God's mighty truths out of the earth and out of the sky and give them such helpful contact with the every-day needs and duties of life as would make it seem to men a blessed thing to live in this great working world. He was great, in that he could reach and rouse to wise and vigorous action the forces that determine the policies of a state, and thus make possible the realization of his educational ideal. He was great as the inspirational head of the college, moving among us as a mighty leader whose very presence was an incentive to successful effort.

When we come to know and love and bid adieu to such as he, the question of immortality reaches its solution. We may in truth believe today that he is not far distant, and that he carries us and our work, in tender solicitude, very near to his great, loving heart. As the years have slipped by and inspired souls have come among us, done their work and passed to mighty missions in the skies, it seems as if this

college for which they lived and labored and gave their lives became a part of God's holy purposes.

As we tarry yet a few days, apart from our friend, laboring in the fields which his work has consecrated, may not something of his unselfish devotion enter into our lives and we partake with him, not only in sacrifice, but in the spirit of sacrifice. May we not with holy awe and reverence approach the source from which he drew his inspiration, and ask, in those noble words with which this college was first dedicated to its useful mission: "God give us faithfulness and devotion. God give us mutual confidence and mutual helpfulness. Thus shall we be able to garner and consecrate all the elements of strength of this beloved college, and thus, with the great Father's blessing, will the rolling years bring their full harvest of fruits."

In the fruitage of a great and prosperous college shall the work of Dr. Beardshear find its most fitting and lasting memorial.

DR. BEARDSHEAR AS POET AND FRIEND.

W. R. BOYD.

"Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing 'ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God."

Perhaps some stranger who had seen Dr. Beardshear only in repose and seriously thoughtful, might marvel that those who knew him best should call him a poet. And he might challenge them as Parsons did the bust of Dante:

"Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light
In circles of eternal flame."

But he would have to be a stranger—an utter stranger, one who had never seen that rugged face aglow with light divine—a stranger who had never shared that hand-clasp of infinite fellowship—a stranger who had never heard him speak or plead or pray. For the real nature of this great man did not lie unrevealed to any understanding mind that moved within the circle of his life. Not every one could follow him in his flights, nor scale the heights he reached and kept. But all could feel and know who saw him here that a high priest of Nature and of God stood before them.

So far as we know he neither “lisped” nor spoke in numbers—perhaps because he had no time; but as he himself has said, “Metrical language is not essential to poetry. Poetry can exist in prose as well as in verse.” He is a poet, who idolizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill. You need no one to tell you that Dr. Beardshear did all of these things as naturally and unconsciously as a rose gives its perfume to the air. In this presence even citations are unnecessary. Every chapel talk was like a chapter from the proverbs, or after the similitude of a psalm. His sermons were rhapsodies, and no matter when or where he prayed there was a new Patmos and a new revelation.

There are at least two great classes of poets: Those who are analytical, dissecting human emotions and passions as an anatomist deals with the body, and those who interpret man, nature and God. Dr. Beardshear was of the latter class. Had he devoted his life to literature, it would never have been said of him as it has been said of Goethe:

“He took the suffering human race
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And stuck his finger on the place,
And said: ‘Thou ailest here,’ and here.”

He would have been of the Wordsworth or Whitman type, singing of daffodils and rainbows, of the “Education of

Nature," and the "Inner Vision." We can well imagine him grieving, like Burns, over a crumpled daisy.

"Wet, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou bonny gem."

Perhaps he might have poured out a grief-burdened heart in some memorial song, like Tennyson. And if he had, it would have ended as does "In Memoriam" with a clear note of supreme faith in—

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

But why any "perhaps" and "might?" We have indicated no chord that he did not strike. You have heard the diverse tones from that clear harp from this very platform. Have you not read "Some Birds I Have Known," "A Boy Again Just for a Night," "The Spirit of Poetry," and other prose poems? Have you not learned to see new meaning in each blade of grass? Was he not brother to the flower, the bee, the children of the deep blue sky? Had love not "clasped grief" within the circle of his life, "lest both be drowned?" Did he not teach you the "various language" of nature? Did he not find—

" * * * tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones—and good in everything?"

Therefore he was a poet.

"I most of all remember the divine
* * * * *
Something, that shone in him, and made me see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design."

Dr. Beardshear was a friend to all mankind—not in the superficial, foolish sense, which makes mockery of brotherhood by seeking to exalt savagery to the high plane where it can claim relationship, and kindred thought with those whom

the ages have refined. For this is folly, and doth violate the stern command of him who first taught fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man; but in the truer, better sense which, recognizing differences and separations, has sympathy for weakness, charity for error, and grief for sin.

No man ever had sublimer faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. No man ever held more firmly—

“That nothing walks with aimless feet:
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.”

Sympathy is born of either intuition or knowledge. Dr. Beardshear had both. He discerned much through intuition, and he knew much through experience. He had not always looked toward heaven. Familiar as he was with the stars, he knew the devious ways of the earth. Though conqueror at last, he had known trials and temptations like unto our own. He counted himself a brand snatched from the burning—saved by the devotion of a mother's love and the intercession of a mother's prayers. In his strength he remembered weakness. In the wisdom of maturity, he forgot not the follies of youth, and he always had charity to forgive. Even when littleness encompassed him, and malignity tormented him, he prayed the sublime prayer of the cross: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

And thus it was that he won men. Unconsciously they submitted to his gracious persuasion, as men submit to nature.

“Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.”

As has been said before, love and awe mingled in the regard the student body had for him. They knew he had charity for common faults, but no tolerance for the intolerable.

His was a life of service. He exemplified to perfection the true spirit of the gospel: “The son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.” His own achievements had taught him the possibilities that are wrapped up in the unde-

veloped soul of a youth. He longed to start the springs of action and plant the seeds of thought. To this end he gave his life. And some could understand—not superficially, but broadly—in the full realization of the truth that “Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.”

And he had his reward. Few knew him but to love him. Thousands whose names he could not call, revered him—and there are uncounted lives within the sphere of his influence, without regard to station or condition, to whom summer has not been summer since he died.

In the final analysis the masses of mankind are not deceived as to their friends. The demagogue may strut his brief hour upon the stage, and flatter himself because of the applause his deception has called forth. But his triumph is short-lived. The voice of Jacob with the hands of Esau scarcely deceives the blind. Universal confidence is seldom misplaced. Only those who really love and truly serve their brother man are admitted to the calendar of saints.

He was loyalty itself. He could not deceive. He enshrined fidelity above all other virtues. “Always remember —,” he wrote, “he is forever the same this morning that he was last night.” The cruelest hurts that ever came to him were the betrayals that came with a kiss. Then it was that the strong man concealed not his suffering, and uttered the cry of anguish. But few heard it. There was an inner sanctuary in the temple of his friendship—a holy-of-holies—where only a few might enter. Those who were admitted scarce knew why. Perhaps in a measure they satisfied the “thirst and hunger of his heart.” The strong man neither claimed nor felt self-sufficiency under all trials. Possessing infinite tenderness for others he longed for human sympathy himself.

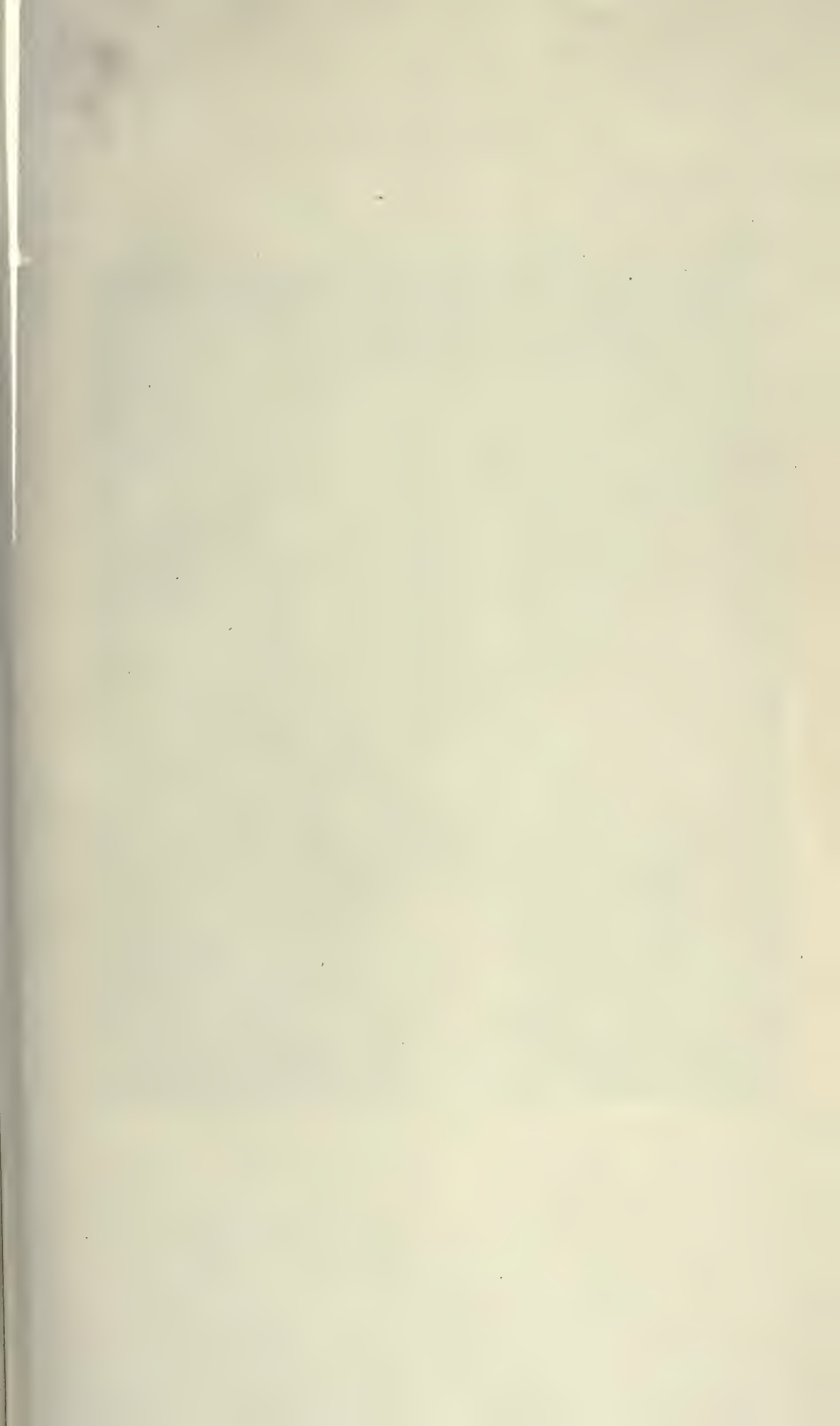
“And in the trembling of my grief,
Would vainly clasp some human hand.”

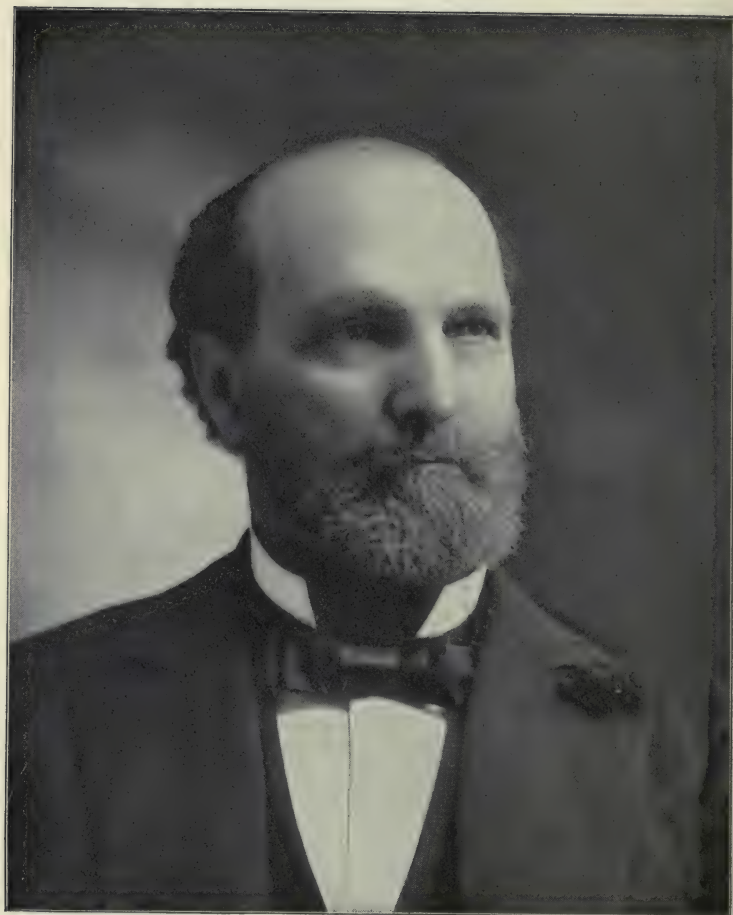
To those within this inner circle he stood revealed in all the nobility of his many-sided character. But they may not

dwell upon these things. The best there is in feeling and in thought, must forever remain inarticulate.

And now he has gone from our visible presence. All that is mortal of our great President and beloved friend lies yonder in an environment such as he himself would have chosen. Some day those who loved him will build a monument out there—strong and rugged like the man. The place which holds his sacred dust will ever be sacred to us ; but in a larger sense his monument must be here, not there. His influence must be perpetual in this college. Let me make free with some immortal words, uttered upon a most momentous occasion almost forty years ago, by the man of whom above all others our friend reminds me : “The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here ; but it can never forget what we did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which he who labored here, has thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great work remaining before us, that from this honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion.”

Let us here highly resolve that this great life shall not have lived in vain, and that never, in all the future, shall any littleness or self-seeking make mockery of the great and magnanimous spirit which, for eleven years in this school, urged all lives to vaster issues.





JOHN F. DUNCOMBE

JOHN F. DUNCOMBE.

BY PETER A. DEY.



BETWEEN the time when Iowa was admitted into the Union as a State and the opening for settlement of Kansas and Nebraska, an unusually large number of brilliant young men came to the new State attracted by the reported fertility of its soil and the prospect of its future importance when its resources were fully developed. Political and professional prominence for young men had been of slower growth in the older States than now, and the idea of "growing up with the new country" had its attractions for the ambitious.

Prominent among those who in the coming years reached distinction in state or national affairs or professional careers were Allison, Henderson and Shiras of Dubuque, John N. Rogers, John F. Dillon and James S. Lane of Davenport, O'Connor and Brannan of Muscatine, Edmonds, Ransom and Rush Clark of Iowa City, James F. Wilson of Fairfield, Trimble of Bloomfield, McDill of Afton, G. M. Dodge and D. C. Bloomer of Council Bluffs, Kasson and Cole of Des Moines, Gov. Carpenter and John F. Duncombe of Ft. Dodge. In the legal profession most of these men attained distinction, and all more or less impressed themselves upon the character of the State during the process of its development. They either assisted in making its laws or aided in their interpretation. Without claiming more than is justly their due, it may well be questioned whether any of the States produced in proportion to their population an equal number of able men.

Among these Mr. Duncombe took a very prominent place. Fortunately for him he belonged to a political party that locally and in the state was largely in the minority and his mind was not diverted to any great extent from his profession by efforts toward political preferment, although at times he was a candidate for office and held several public positions.

It would seem proper that a sketch of his life should appear in the *RECORD* published by the Historical Society of which he was for many years a Curator.

We learn from the Fort Dodge Chronicle that Mr. Duncombe was born on a farm in Erie County, Pennsylvania, October 22nd, 1831. He died at Fort Dodge, August 2nd, 1902. His early education was acquired at a country school house. Afterwards he was a student at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and graduated with high honors at Center College, Danville, Kentucky, in June, 1852.

Although a college bred man, he was none the less a self-made man. Like a very large number of those who have become eminent in public or private life he spent parts of his earlier years in teaching in order to procure the means necessary to meet the expenses of his education. To the man who goes forth alone and unaided to struggle for position in the world, there is no time spent, nor experience gained more valuable than that while he is a teacher. He soon recognizes that his is the leading mind of the little community over which he presides. His greater age and acquirements place him much in advance of the duller boys. But considerable study and effort is required to keep enough in advance of the brighter boys to merit their respect and esteem. He thus acquires a knowledge of human nature that assists him through life in dealing with men. He learns their weak points and accommodates himself to them. He learns that to maintain himself requires careful preparation and the exercise of all his powers often pushed to extreme tension.

In April, 1855, Mr. Duncombe came to Fort Dodge. This had been a military post and most of the lands in the surrounding region were still owned by the general government, and all in sight was practically an unbroken prairie. An office for the sale of lands had been opened and there was around the old military quarters a rush of investors seeking choice locations. The nearest railroad terminated at the Mississippi river about two hundred miles distant. The sur-

roundings were new and crude, but Mr. Duncombe had the tact to fit himself to these conditions and to every other situation in life in which he found himself. He saw that Fort Dodge from its location was the natural center of a region that before long must be cultivated, and that the rich prairies when subjected to cultivation would eventually produce wealth. He early learned that the coal fields of the Des Moines valley underlay this region and that a large tract of treeless country must be supplied with fuel from these coal fields. He saw the exposures of gypsum, and had faith that in the future it would be utilized. He lived to see all that he had anticipated realized, and even more.

Within two years after reaching Fort Dodge the Spirit Lake massacre occurred. A band of Sioux Indians, excited by some real or fancied wrongs, having started at some point on the Sioux river went north through the groves on the Okoboji and Spirit Lakes and killed most of the settlers and carried some women into captivity. To relieve the situation and furnish such assistance as was practicable, a military expedition was organized under the leadership of Major Williams, former commandant of Fort Dodge. The expedition was made up mainly of young men from Webster and Hamilton counties. The men were divided into three companies and a captain chosen for each. Mr. C. B. Richards of Fort Dodge, was captain of the first company, Mr. Duncombe of the second, and J. C. Johnson of Webster City, of the third. Poorly equipped, in severe weather, through deep snows, they followed the Indian tracks to the Minnesota line, buried the dead, and after further pursuit was impracticable returned. On the return, two young men, Captain Johnson and William Burkholder, were lost and their skeletons were afterwards found near the line of march. The sufferings of this little band and the massacre have been commemorated by a monument built by the State on the banks of Lake Okoboji. Mr. Duncombe was one of the commissioners to superintend its erection.

From the Fort Dodge Chronicle we copy the following :

"But pioneer days passed and other conditions were found in the once wild western district. Business developed and in the activity of commercial and industrial life, as well as in the line of his profession, Mr. Duncombe bore an active part. In 1858 he became one of the editors of the Fort Dodge Sentinel, which had been established in July, 1856, by A. S. White. Some years later he was editor and proprietor of the Fort Dodge Democrat, but he never relinquished his law practice while connected with journalism. His fellow citizens recognizing his fitness for leadership, called him to public office and throughout the entire period of his residence here he has exercised strong influence in moulding public thought and opinion. In 1859 he was nominated by the Democrats of the thirty-second district, consisting of twenty-three counties, for the position of State Senator, and the election returns placed him in office for a four years' term. Twice he has represented his district in the lower branch of the General Assembly, and for eighteen years he was one of the Regents of the State University, while for ten years he lectured on Railroad Law in that institution.

"He was honored with the appointment to the position as one of the Iowa Columbian Commissioners having charge of the Iowa exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Few elective offices has he filled, for he has always been an advocate of the Democratic party, which has ever been in the minority in Iowa. He has been his party's candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Supreme Judge, and Representative in Congress, and it is said that had he been a Republican he could have gained any office within the gift of the party in the State, but he has never wavered in his allegiance to what he believed to be right and has ever maintained his stern position as a free-trade Democrat. He has for many years, however, occupied a most distinguished position in Democratic circles. In 1872 he was Chairman of the Iowa delegation to the Democratic national convention in Baltimore, where Horace Gree-

ley was nominated for the Presidency. In 1892 he was again Chairman of the Iowa delegation at the Chicago convention, but having been selected to present the name of Governor Boies as a candidate for the Presidency, he resigned his chairmanship and in a speech characterized by great eloquence and power, placed the name of Iowa's Democratic executive before the meeting.

"Throughout all the years of his residence in Iowa, Mr. Duncombe has remained a distinguished member of the bar and has been connected with some of the most important litigation tried in the courts of the district. As a lawyer he is sound, clear-minded and well trained. The limitations which were imposed by the constitution on federal powers are well understood by him. With the long line of decisions from Marshall down, by which the constitution has been expounded, he is familiar, as are all thoroughly skilled lawyers. He is at home in all departments of the law, from the minutia in practice to the greater topics wherein is involved the consideration of the ethics and the philosophy of jurisprudence and the higher concerns of public policy. But he is not learned in the law alone, for he has studied long and carefully the subjects that are to the statesman and the man of affairs of the greatest import, the question of finance, political economy, sociology, and has kept abreast of the best thinking men of the age. He is felicitous and clear in argument, thoroughly in earnest, full of the vigor of conviction, never abusive of adversaries, imbued with the highest courtesies and yet a foe worthy of the steel of the most able opponent. While he has given his services largely to the legal business of the Illinois Central Railway Company, holding the position of District Attorney, having twenty-three counties in four states in his jurisdiction, he has also a large general practice. He has defended in twelve trials for murder and prosecuted in three. When the great legal contest was made over validity of the prohibition amendment to the State constitution, Mr. Duncombe, Judge C. C. Nourse and Senator James F. Wilson were appointed

by the Governor to represent the State in sustaining the legality of the act.

“Although his attention has been chiefly given to his law practice, Mr. Duncombe has also aided in controlling business enterprises of vast importance to the community. He was one of the incorporators of the Iowa Falls and Sioux City Railway, the Mason City & Fort Dodge Railroad, the Fort Dodge & Ridgely, now the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad, and all other lines projected to enter Fort Dodge. He also was one of the first to develop the coal mining interests in this section, and was the builder of the principal hotel in Fort Dodge. For many years he has been engaged largely in coal mining and in the manufacture of stucco and all its products from the extensive gypsum deposits which underlie a large tract of the country about Fort Dodge.

“Mr. Duncombe married on the 11th of May, 1859, Miss Mary A. Williams, daughter of Major Williams, the founder of Fort Dodge and for many years one of the best known citizens of Northwestern Iowa.

“Such in brief is the life record of one who, for forty-seven years has made his home in Fort Dodge. Material interests owe their advancement to him; public progress has been promoted through his efforts. He has attained distinction at the bar and in the walks of private life has ever commanded unqualified respect. While undoubtedly he has not been without that honorable ambition, which is so powerful and useful as an incentive to activity in public affairs, he has ever regarded the pursuits of private life as being in themselves abundantly worthy of his best efforts. His is a noble character—one that has subordinated personal ambition to the public good and sought rather the benefits of others than the aggrandizement of self. His has been a conspicuously successful career. Endowed by nature with high intellectual qualities, to which have been added the discipline, and embellishments of culture, his is a most attractive personality. Well versed in the learning of his profession and with a deep

knowledge of human nature and the springs of human conduct, with great shrewdness and sagacity and extraordinary tact, he is in the courts an advocate of great power and influence. Both judges and juries have always heard him with deep attention and interest. If his efforts had been confined alone to his practice, his life had not been in vain, but it has been enriched by an unselfish devotion to the public good, and Iowa honors him as one of her most prominent and valued citizens."

One of Mr. Duncombe's friends says of him "that he was splendidly endowed by nature, he had a superb physique and was gifted with a powerful and analytical mind," tall and commanding in appearance he had a certain natural dignity and at the same time a frank, genial manner and a marked sincerity of purpose that influenced almost every one with whom he came in contact. His own description of his first interview with the late Governor Kirkwood is so illustrative of the two men that it should be preserved.

In 1865, before the Governor (in this State) had turned his attention to politics, he, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Ezekiel Clark, owned and operated a flouring mill on the Iowa river near Iowa City. Mr. Duncombe had been to Iowa City for some purpose, probably to send something away by the railway. He had a team and lumber wagon, and as this mill was almost the only one between Iowa City and Fort Dodge he concluded as a speculation to buy some flour and take it home with him, the price there being much higher. He bought a few sacks and loaded them into his wagon. As he was about to start the Governor remarked that he had room for a good deal more, his reply was dictated by his naturally frank nature and to the point. "I have bought all I can pay for." The Governor looked at him intently for a moment and said: "Young man, I like your face and will trust you with all the flour you can haul, send me the money when you have sold it." Mr. Duncombe always remembered this, and humorously remarked that the Governor was good judge of men.

We cannot close this article more appropriately than by inserting in full the tribute paid Mr. Duncombe by Senator Dolliver who had known him for many years and had frequently been in contact with him professionally. It is creditable to both.

"The death of Mr. Duncombe removes the most famous survivor of that extraordinary group of men who directed the development of the Iowa frontier. They were in a true sense founders of the State. They were builders of cities. They converted the open prairie into a garden of fruitfulness and beauty.

"Mr. Duncombe was among the first of the early settlers of Fort Dodge and from the time he came here an ambitious boy, ready for the battle of life and eager for its rewards and honors, he has been foremost among those who have given distinction and influence to the city. He has been a worker in many fields. For thirty years he was a leader of the Iowa bar, though during his whole life he was a man of affairs, always interested in large business enterprises. His talents as a lawyer arose from the natural frame and structure of his mind, and if his lot had been cast in some great city and his attention given exclusively to the legal profession, it cannot be doubted that his fame as a lawyer would have given him rank with the great jurists of our times.

"His ability to deal with large questions of law was well illustrated when he appeared before the Supreme Court to argue the motion for a rehearing in the case involving the validity of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution of Iowa. His argument in that case went to the very foundations of popular government, and while the final decision of the court was adverse to his contention, yet his presentation of the case will be remembered as a land mark in the annals of our jurisprudence.

"Nearly all of Mr. Duncombe's business enterprises were local in character and many of them were part of his long interest in the material development of the community in

which he lived. He had many vicissitudes of fortune, but in all stages of his career he was an investor, an employer of labor, and a contributor to the prosperity of the people among whom he lived. He was always on the lookout for an opportunity to help the city and he never failed to come forward with a contribution equal to the zeal and interest which he professed. Outside the immediate circle of his family there is no place where Mr. Duncombe will be missed so much as when the citizens of Fort Dodge come together to take counsel for some new enterprise involving the growth and progress of the city.

"It has often been said that if Mr. Duncombe had had different political affiliations he would have received at the hands of the people of Iowa all the highest honors of public life. It is probable that this is true, yet we cannot forbear to acknowledge the manly sincerity of a political career which throughout a long life was steadfast to the principles which he espoused in the days of his youth. This aspect of his career is only part of the solidity of character which he exhibited in all the relations of life. At such a time as this it is natural that those who knew Mr. Duncombe best should think of him not so much with reference to his professional, business and public activity as in those homelier relations which brought him close to the firesides of the people among whom he lived and died.

"He was gentle, kind, helpful and generous, as a neighbor, fellow citizen and friend. The poor and needy never sought his sympathy in vain. Upon his three score and ten years filled with labor and crowned at last with the fullest measure of success, there is no stain. As the people of the city which he loved gather about his grave they will be thinking not so much of the commanding talents which gave him renown and honor while he lived, as 'of that companionship and confidence which unite old neighbors in the closest ties, and give to friendship its fullest development, its most gracious attributes.'"

MRS. LOUISA K. HUGHES.

BY J. L. PICKARD.

"It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it."—*Ruskin*.

"A woman who is possessed of large intellect, graced with its specific piety, pours out her life like the fair light of heaven. Her love adorns the path in which she teaches youthful feet to tread and blooms in amaranthine loveliness above the head laid low in earth. Not content with blessing the few, whom friendship joins to her, her love enlarges and runs over the side of the private cup till it fills the bowl of many a needy and forsaken one."—*Anon.*



THREE words in the English language are unsurpassed in their heart searching power. HOME, WIFE, and MOTHER are never spoken in the hearing of any true man without awakening the most sacred memories, and inspiring to higher living. The home is the conservator of virtue, the disseminator of intelligence, the citadel of love. From it as a center flow all healthful influences reaching every department of human activity. Within its walls are garnered the fruits of industry. Intelligent thrift guards the stores till out of their abundance the wants of others are supplied and need is blessed for the opportunity it gives of affording relief.

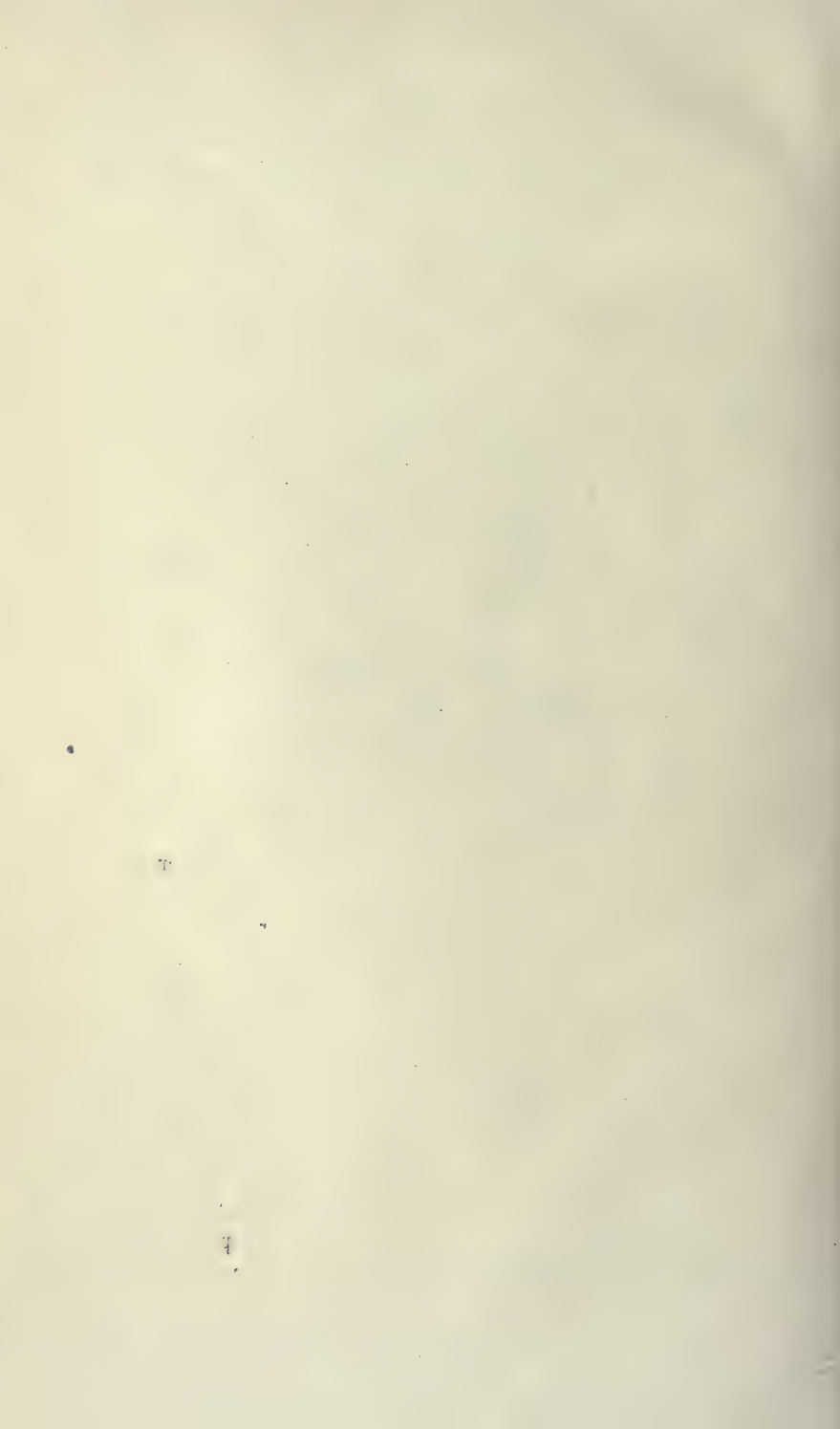
"Nor need we power or splendor
With hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender,—
These form the wealth of home.
There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not widely roam,
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home."

—*Sarah J. Hale.*

The wife, the mother is the maker of the home. In her



MRS. LOUISA K. HUGHES



quiet way she moderates the excitement, strengthens the courage and cheers the heart that safely trusteth in her. I find best expression of my feeling in the following extract from an article by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher.

“All really useful and happy homes have a heart center toward which every member gravitates, drawn by attractions resistless. The house-band that surrounds, strengthens and protects is usually the husband and father. The house-heart is usually the wife and mother. More than several times have we known the weak, the sick, the needy one of the family to become the house-heart, to and from which the activities of every member were in steady circulation. For her the best in the house was chosen. The parlor gave up its best chair. To her room came the first flower, the first berry, the first fruit of orchard and vineyard. The newspaper came into that room first of all. There the father reported on his returning, and left his good-bye when going. Thither the young girl dressed for a party, came in to be admired in the household-heart. Thither the son comes fresh with the last excitement and stories from the street. For her the concert, the lecture, and the sermon have been listened to and a story of them brought home. Her need has wrought a gentleness and unity through the whole family. Her tranquil judgment has tempered hasty speeches and taught the way of impartial thought. Around her chair, or couch, or bed, as around an altar thrice consecrated have come the daily worshipers with scripture, song, and prayer. And so through years of chastened enjoyment and trusting hope this family has found training in a life of purity, and unity, and love. The house has had a heart. The passers by said ‘afflicted.’ But the dwellers knew that affliction was working out fruits most peaceable and rewards eternal.

“The heart ceased to beat. The room was empty. The errands and the services of love ended. The stricken ones stood together and with voices low and earnest prayed. By the memory of the past, by the ache and emptiness of this

hour, and by the hope of the future, we vow a holy living in the Lord, and we beseech Him that in His house of many homes, we may have one and may she be the heart of it."

No one who has known the wives and mothers of Iowa will expect an apology for quotations which fit so aptly those who through their homes have been in a most important sense the makers of the State.

To none certainly will the fitness to the one wife and mother, the subject of this sketch, be more apparent than to the many who have had the privilege of knowing her in the home of which she was the "house-heart" for more than sixty years.

LOUISA CATHERINE FRANCES KING, the daughter of Gideon Terry King and Louisa von Busch King, of Baltimore, Maryland, was born in that city August 23rd, 1823. That her childhood home was one of intelligence and refinement will be doubted by none who have become familiar with the ease and grace displayed in the management of the home over which she presided in her maturer years.

Deprived of a father's support in early years, she came with her mother to Dubuque, Iowa, in the summer of 1839, where her mother supported herself by teaching a private school in which the daughter assisted for a time.

That the daughter's education had been of a high grade is shown in the fact that at the early age of sixteen she was employed as teacher of modern languages by Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Jr., in the first classical school established in the Territory of Iowa. That her work as a teacher was brief was due to her acquaintance with Thomas Hughes, then employed in the office of the *Dubuque Sun*, an acquaintance which ripened into a life attachment. Mr. Hughes established himself in his chosen profession as editor of a newspaper in Bloomington (now Muscatine) in 1840, but returned to Dubuque to claim Miss King as his bride on September 15th, 1841.

Then was founded a home which for nearly sixty-one years has been a model in all that constitutes a true home.

To the outer world plain but inviting—hospitable but never ostentatious—charitable without expectation or thought of return. To the inner world an exemplification of wifely and motherly devotion, of wise use of prosperity and of patient and cheerful bearing of adversity, of sincere devotion of son and daughters to the father in the affliction which resulted from his long imprisonment during the Civil War, and to the mother who was for twenty-one years confined to her house by reason of an accident which deprived her of the power of walking and caused at times most intense suffering. Still she found life worth living for the opportunity it gave her to help others.

With eyesight unimpaired and with hands skilled in fine needlework, she was never idle even when confined to her chair. Many a home bears today proof of her fine taste and deftness of execution in ornaments sent at holiday time as tributes of her affection. No sooner had the holiday passed than she was employed in some new piece of fanciful design to be laid aside when completed for another surprise. In the distribution of her gifts the homes of the poor were wisely remembered in useful articles that would bring joy of remembrance to the recipients.

Her temperament was always sunny, the sunniest when the deeper shadows had crossed her path.

Here I may insert portions of a sweet tribute to her memory prepared by one who had been a member of her home after the return of her husband from the imprisonment in that shadowless stockade in Texas, out of which he came with impaired eyesight and with the serious effect of a stroke of paralysis. Mrs. A. N. Currier writes:

“The death of Mr. Hughes in 1881 and the accident which a few months later left her unable to walk for the rest of her life, it might have seemed would end the fullness of living which so belonged to Mrs. Hughes.

“Had she only been concerned it might have been so, but from this time on, more than ever, she lived for others.

She came out of seclusion with a life long sorrow, and a burden of physical pain never afterwards quite lifted and often intense, but with a fixed purpose that neither should cloud the lives of others. How well that purpose was carried out her children and her many friends can testify.

"Of her rare personality it is difficult to speak fittingly. One feels what one cannot always put in words. The term 'friendliness' used in the beginning was used advisedly—it represents her. Her friends were of all classes and ages, and she was never happier than in making them happy. Little children were especially dear to her, as their grief on hearing of her death bears witness. More than one house which she had never been able to enter mourns for her today. Her church though deprived of her presence for so many years was helped by prayers and work and her pastor must often have found inspiration in her sweet and patient waiting.

"To voice the grief of those nearest to her, those taken into her heart of hearts beyond all friendliness—her family and the devoted band to whom her home has been for years a shrine, as it were,—is impossible. Even one who scarcely knew her personally said, 'I shall so miss her face at the window as I pass.' The face at the window, the dear voice, the clasp of the hands—those busy hands—are gone, but the greatest of all remains for

'Love lives on and hath a power to bless
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.'

"The end came as she would have wished. With full mental vigor, with happiness in living, still strong, she passed after only a few hours of suffering from the sheltering love of this life into the wider love, the closer shelter beyond."

In her social life she was the center of a wide circle. Those who were nearest the center of that circle often wondered at its extent as they met at her table so many from all walks in life who were upon her roll of friends. Quoting again from Mrs. Currier.

"From the first Mr. Hughes was prominent in political life and the home soon became the center of that rare hospitality and friendliness which has distinguished it for nearly sixty years. Members of the early legislatures, state officials and townspeople still living can recall how kindly and graciously the young matron welcomed them.

"Later when the opening of the University showed a lack of homes for the young people who came to it and because of that lack, Mrs. Hughes opened her home to them, and a long succession of young women and men reckon among the pleasantest memories of their school life the years spent under her care."

In a letter to the writer of this sketch, Mr. Peter A. Dey, of Iowa City, said: "I know of no one who will be so generally missed. The hospitality of that home was proverbial when I came here nearly fifty years ago, and it has continued and widened its sphere ever since. We shall miss her more than we can tell."

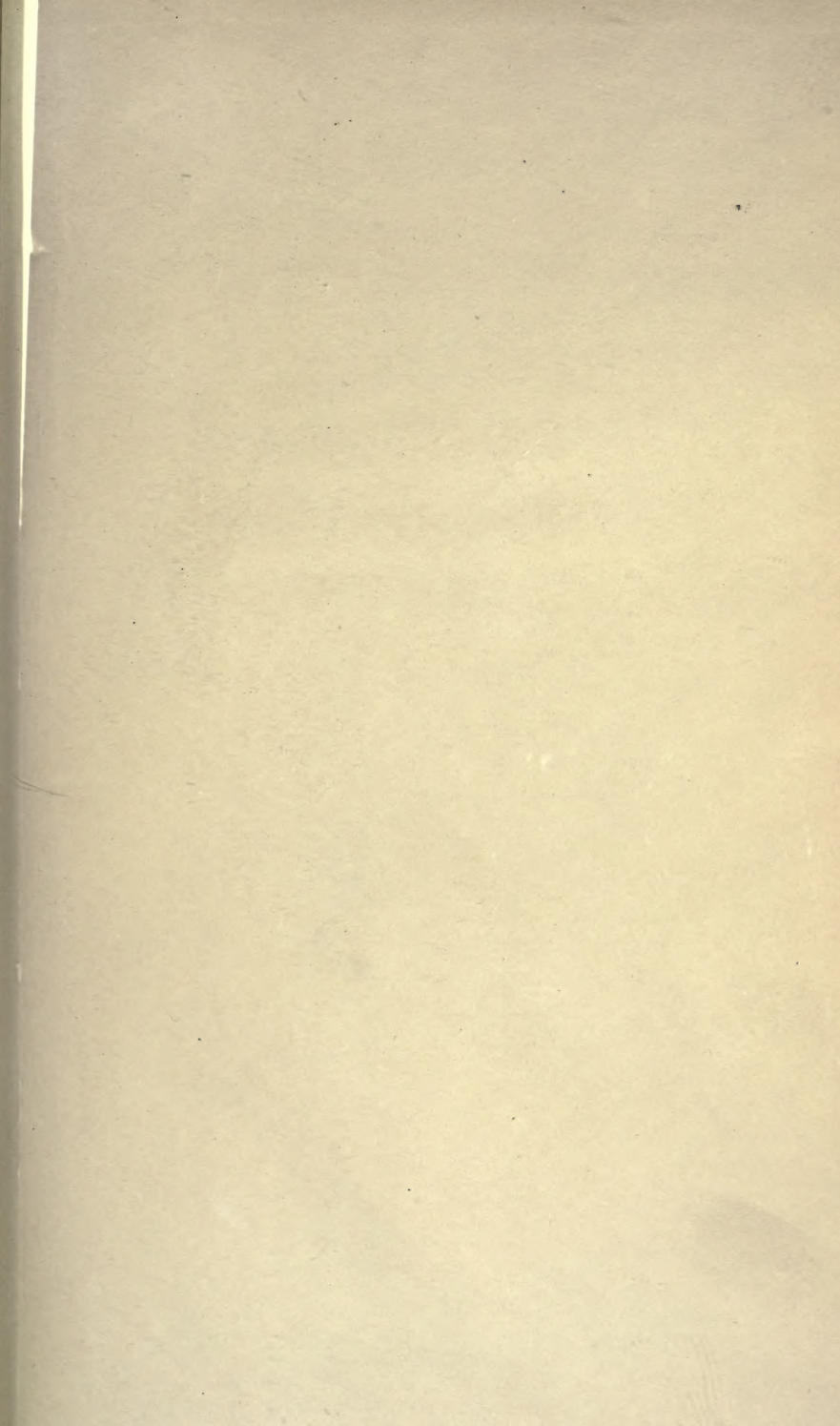
The writer, when first coming to Iowa City, spent a little time at her home and sat at table over which she presided with rare grace and dignity, with a Judge of the Federal Court, another of the Supreme Court of the State and with several University students, young women and young men, who have since gone forth into active life blessing her who for the years of their student life was to them as a mother.

One, who preceded her by a little space across time's threshold into the eternal world, found in her a friend who kindly introduced her to a society ever dear to her, and who maintained toward her the attitude of a sister beloved. For this the writer can never be sufficiently grateful.

The charm of Mrs. Hughes' personality was in her religious life. She was a member of the Presbyterian church, but still better, one who allowed no church affiliation to exclude from her friendliness any follower of Jesus the Christ.

Four children survive her—Mrs. James Gow, of Greenfield, Iowa, Ellis G. Hughes, of Portland, Oregon, Miss

Anna, who gave to the mother most devoted care during the more than twenty years of her suffering, and Louisa E., an instructor in the State University of Iowa; and three grandchildren, Mrs. Louisa H. Martin, wife of Captain C. H. Martin of the United States army, James Gow and Anna Gow, both graduates of the University and the former now in the employ of the United States Secretary of Agriculture in the Department of Forestry, and one great grandchild, Ellis Hughes, son of Captain and Mrs. Martin.



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